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731

GLEANINGS

IN

WALES, HOLLAND, AND WESTPHALIA,

WITH

VIEWS OF PEACE AND WAR

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

GLEANINGS

THROUGH

WALES, HOLLAND, AND WESTPHALIA,

WITH

VIEWS OF PEACE AND WAR

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

HUMANITY;

OR

THE RIGHTS OF NATURE.

A POEM.

THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.

BY

Mr. PRATT.

VOLUME I.

"See, content, the humble Gleaner
"Takes the scatter'd ears that fall."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

1796.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1897.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To offer to the Public a book of entertainment and of use, for the understanding, the fancy, and the affections; various in matter, and in manner unhackneyed—to check the heady current of national prejudice in some *instances, to animate genius and liberal thinking in* others; *to encourage the glow of* rational *liberty, and to curb lawless irregularity* in all: *to combine subjects for profound reflection with amusing remarks, and with the calamities of war to contrast the comforts of peace; diversifying and relieving the whole by appropriate narratives, and adventures, and imagery, has been the endeavour of the author in these Volumes: and he could not but consider the pleasure he had in writing them, in some sort, an earnest of their furnishing proportionate satisfaction in reading. The rapid dispersion of the first edition in times like these, and in an age of trips and tours—and the favor with which the work has been distinguished by persons of* all *parties, encouraging the belief that, after an almost ten years' absence from the press, the author has not again come forward unadvisedly;—a belief which,—assisted by the improving hints he has received from others,—has invigorated his best efforts to render the present impression more worthy its honours.*

In deference to the council of ſome reſpectable criticks, the author has entirely reviſed the latter part of the Third Volume, which painted the atrocities of the beginnings *of the French Revolution; and for the ſake of ſhuddering humanity, as well as in juſtice to the more manly ſyſtem of government now prevailing, he has abridged, or wholly left out many of the inſtances of horror: And the particulars he has ſuffered to remain are for the ſake of example to ſurrounding nations.*

Such miſ-ſtatements as have unintentionally been admitted in the firſt inſtance are put right in the ſecond—And it is hoped the additions, which are noticed in their proper places, will be found acceptable.

Note.—The author avails himſelf of a hint he has received as a further proof of the reſemblance betwixt the Welch and Germans, mentioned in page 244. vol. 3. noticing the colony from the Low Countries, planted by Edward the Third, in Wales, where evident veſtiges of their race, manners, and language, are viſible to this day.

☞ As the ſenſe in which the word *Chivalry* is uſed in a paſſage, page 246, vol. 3. has been pointed out as liable to miſconception, the author muſt obſerve that he did not, thereby, intend to expreſs the chivalry introduced into Europe in the eighth and ninth centuries, but merely as the beſt word he could ſelect to deſcribe that enthuſiaſtic ardour which has led men in *all* ages to great and heroïc atchievements.

DEDICATION.

BUT that the Author knows TRUE GENEROSITY is ever governed by TRUE DELICACY, he ſhould with Pleaſure and with Pride, enrich his Work with an Account of Actions, that would juſtify him in changing the humble Title of his Book into ſomething expreſſive of the copious *Harveſt*, which Talents, Virtues, and Misfortunes have been continually reaping from the Bounty of an Individual, whoſe Powers, though large, are far leſs ample than his Inclinations to do good.

Without farther Obſervation, therefore,

THESE LETTERS,

NOW COLLECTED INTO VOLUMES,

ARE OFFERED

AS A TESTIMONY OF SINCERE RESPECT

FOR GENERAL CHARACTER;

AND AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE

FOR PARTICULAR KINDNESS;

TO

RICHARD BARWELL, Esq. M. P.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is neceſſary to premiſe, that the unforeſeen delays which have attended this publication, have given time for great and material alterations in that part, an inconſiderable one, indeed, which relates to the ſyſtem of the French Republic. Softening gradually from wildneſs, ferocity, and tyranny, from the laſt exceſſes of more than ſavage rancour and aſſaſſination, into the milder forms of reſiſtance to authorities, which they are ſtill determined to queſtion; the obſerver, who before regarded that people with feelings of utter abhorrence and of complete indignation, as an horde of robbers and of murderers, trampling down every law of Nature, and Nature's God; muſt view them in their *now* altered ſtate, with different eyes and with different ſentiments.

ments. It was impoſſible for an honeſt man to ſee what was acting on the bloody theatre of the French nation, while ſuch an example of human degeneracy as Roberſpierre filled the ſcene and conducted the drama, without execrating every meaſure adopted by that *Scourge of Mankind*, and all his accomplices. But when, according to the ſtricteſt law, not ſimply of poetical or human, but of divine juſtice, thoſe

† "Bloody inſtruments which he taught
"Have return'd to plague the inventor,
"And even-handed Juſtice has commended
"The ingredients of his poiſon'd chalice to *his own lips*;"

And when in the fall of that *Hero of Enormity*, wherein all his petty inſtruments were involved—when by the bounty of Providence ſhewn in the ſalvation of his "taking off," the human race was in a manner *again*

† The reader is intreated to pardon the liberty here taken with the ſacred words of Shakeſpeare, in order to render them more applicable.

redeemed

redeemed from the utter deſtruction his inſatiate appetite for the blood of man had complotted; in ſhort, when the death of this tyrant proved the reſurrection of humanity, the degree of cenſure muſt diminiſh in proportion to the diminution of offences.

It is hoped there does not exiſt a man in Great-Britain, however warmly his affections might glow, and his heart beat in her cauſe, who thinks that the deteſted ſyſtem of thoſe tyrants above-mentioned has not been meliorated by thoſe who ſucceeded. The ſucceſſors were indeed the meliorators; and though there yet remains much to be done, ere a man who duly poiſes civil and political good and evil, ſhall dare to aſſert all that was wrong is done away; it would be as palpable an abſurdity to confound their former with their preſent conduct, as to compare utter darkneſs with the manifeſt rays of returning light.

While

While the French people were the moſt flagitious amongſt exiſting mortals, the author of theſe volumes reprobated them as ſuch; and he wiſhes that reprobation may ſerve the double purpoſe of *record and example*. Now that their ſyſtem is reformed in many of its worſt abuſes, he is as earneſt to congratulate as he had been to condemn. And he dares aver, that every conſiderate man in England—nay more, every conſiderate man who, in loyalty or terror, had ſolicited the protection of any *other* country—feels that the diſtinction here made is warranted.

He cannot, in any one feature, ſoften the portrait drawn of the horrors which, to the point of time he held the pencil, deformed a devoted land. Neither can he, with feelings that would ſatisfy his own heart, omit the opportunity of ſoftening many of the ſhades, and of expreſſing a wiſh, intereſting to every fibre of that heart, and he truſts of

millions more, that the picture not only of the bleeding land alluded to, but of every other over which the ſword of deſolation is yet drawn, may ſoon exhibit in the beſt light that PEACE WHICH IS MORE GLORIOUS THAN VICTORY.

The greater part, however, of theſe pages, being written on leſs local, and of courſe, more comfortable, becauſe more humane ſubjects—the beauties of nature and of art—will loſe nothing of their intereſt, by being thus "mixed with baſer matter;" for ſuch war muſt ever be conſidered, whether flushed with conqueſt, or humbled by defeat. The *utility*, indeed, of ſuch obſervations, as are deſigned to

"Guide the traveller on *his* way,"

and aſſiſt him in the article of expence, &c. &c. muſt of courſe be *practically* ſuſpended till

"Grim-viſag'd war has ſmooth'd his wrinkled front."

For,

For while every path abroad is clogged with blood, it is to be presumed that few, even of those who are disposed to quarrel with their country, will, uncalled by duty, forsake that happy land in whose bosom, amidst all their discontent, they still find a SECURE AND PEACEFUL HOME.

On a return to that *peaceful home*, after looking for so long a time on its turbulent contrast in other lands, the Author hesitates not to confess, that he felt all the ardour of a Briton, and amidst the laudable enthusiasm of that character, woo'd once more the Muse of * Sympathy, to pay her honest tribute to the country, which, in comparison of others, he found, literally, what that Muse had called it,

"Th' asylum of the suffering earth."

With the sacred effusions then, that on this conviction flowed from his grateful heart, he shall

‡ Sympathy, a Poem.

ſhall open his remarks—in the courſe of which he flatters himſelf no narrow prejudices of any kind will be found. On the contrary, prejudices will be ſtrongly combated, whether the growth of his own or of any other country.

O D E

TO THE

BENEVOLENCE OF ENGLAND.

ADDRESSED

TO

ALIENS AND NATIVES.

THESE VERSES,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE CHARACTER OF

THE BRITISH NATION,

ARE,

NOT HUMBLY, BUT *PROUDLY*,

FROM A CONVICTION OF THEIR TRUTH,

INSCRIBED

TO

ALIENS AND NATIVES

OF ALL PARTIES.

*ODE

TO THE

BENEVOLENCE OF ENGLAND.

I.

STRANGER! would'ſt thou ALBION know?
Aſk the family of woe.
Aſk the tribes who ſwarming round,
In her arms have ſuccour found:
Or, if one of that ſad band,
Thou haſt ſought her ſacred land,
To thy *Heart* thou may'ſt refer
For BRITANNIA's Character!
If that heart hath pow'r to feel,
This glorious truth it will reveal:

* This Ode, which has been ſo kindly received, was finely recited by Mr. Pope at Free Maſons'-Hall.

Be thou the humbleſt child e'en *Care* will own,
Or the illuſtrious ruin of a throne,
'Twas not thy rank or ſtation—'twas thy GRIEF,
Spread her protecting arms to offer thee relief.

II.

Yet, ſtranger! had'ſt thou brought her mines of wealth,
Or come beneath the *ſmile* of Heaven,
In all the gay feſtivity of health,
Thou hadſt but *bought* what ſhe has given:
Nor had thy purchas'd welcome been ſincere,
But never can'ſt thou doubt her homage to thy tear.

III.

Behold th' immeaſureable train of care,
Exil'd, like thee, to our BRITANNIA come!
She, their ſure refuge in the laſt deſpair,
The Child of Sorrow's univerſal *Home*.
Her Peaſants with her Princes vie
Who ſhall ſofteſt balms ſupply:

Thoſe

Theſe their Palaces beſtow,
And ſcepter'd Grief forgets its woe;
Thoſe uplift the lowly latch,
And beckon Sorrow to their thatch.
Friend to the Wretched! ALBION's equal eye
Warms, like the Sun, ALL human miſery.

IV.

But, favour'd Stranger! would'ſt thou know yet more
Her temper—ſee her in the grace of Pow'r:
Oh! if, by ſome reverſe of ſudden fate,
Conqueſt again ſhould on her Banners wait,
And her now exulting Foe
Yield to all-ſubduing woe,
And in the hour of need *her* aid implore,
From vict'ry fallen to diſtreſs,
The Lion rage of ALBION would be o'er,
Prompt to pardon and to bleſs;
Her mighty heart, would by the warmth of love,
Melt to the ſoftneſs of the mated dove.

V.

Ye fragments of each plunder'd coaſt!
Check the Muſe, if here ſhe boaſt.
No, ye ſad Band! who midſt your ruins ſmile;
Ye own, for ye have felt, the Genius of our Iſle:
ALBION ſuccours all who ſigh,
Such is *her* EQUALITY.

VI.

Sure, Pity's angel at her birth,
Breath'd bounty in her ſoul to temper Pow'r,
And bade her be, in deep Misfortune's hour,
Th' aſylum of the ſuff'ring Earth.

VII.

Say ye, who with her ſpirit proudly glow,
Her native ſons—ſay, have ye in her laws,
Ye who have dar'd to hope for Heaven below,
Found, as her earthly mark, ſome venial flaws?

Nobly

Nobly reform them—but, with filial hand,
Devote yourſelves to ſave a generous Land.
Who, in an hour like this, but would his force impart—
His arm, his blood—to guard a parent's heart?
Say ye, who now defended by her Laws,
Ye Strangers in her gate, would *ye* not riſe,
As her *adopted* Sons, to aid her Cauſe,
And, dying, triumph in the ſacrifice;
Yes! ye have ſeen the wretch, howe'er oppreſs'd,
To her ſhelt'ring boſom fly,
As if it were their tender mother's breaſt,
And there as in a cradle lye.

VIII.

And ſhall thoſe whom ſhe has bred,
Nurs'd in her arms, and at her boſom fed;
Shall her *own* Sons, whom firſt ſhe taught to know
The awful *Rights* e'en of that Alien's woe,
And all the ſacred truths which lye
In the rich code of Hoſpitality;

Shall

Shall they, forgetful of the precepts giv'n,
Call down the " THANKLESS CHILD'S" dread
curſe from Heav'n?
Ah! no! To ſave her from a *threaten'd* wound,
What hoſts have periſh'd on the reeking ground!
Nor ſhall th' embattled Thouſands that remain
Inactive view this criſis of their fate:
Her Patriots with a manly pride,
All little quarrels thrown aſide,
All petty ſtrife for place or power,
The conteſts of an idle hour,
Shall with one ſoul unanimouſly great,
By wiſdom and heroic deeds embalm their
Breth'ren ſtraight!

IX.

Nor ye, her Patriots, doubt BRITANNIA's care:
Nor think ſhe will with fatal raſhneſs, DARE
To waſte the treaſure of her Children's blood:
Alas! already has the crimſon flood,
Like life's rich ſtreams drawn from their parent
ſource,
Profuſely drain'd the all-ſupplying heart,
The maſs impoveriſhed in its wholeſome courſe,
And check'd the action of each nobler part!

This

X.

This awful truth she feels in every vein,
And feels it with an anxious mother's pain;
And though to guard inviolate her Land,
Her Laws, her Life, she claims the filial hand,
Ev'n while she views her loyal Sons in arms,
She trembles with a parent's fond alarms:
With pride she sees bright FREEDOM grace *her* Throne,
Nor grudge other States the blessings of her own!
She wars alone with ruthless strife
That dooms the Orphan and the Wife
To dungeons, chains, or death,
Because the Sire who gave them breath,
Or the lov'd Lord in trembling terror flew,
Proscription and his fate in view!
And what their crimes? Too oft the chance of birth,
Sublimer genius, or superior worth!
Foe to the cruel *means*—but to the END
BRITANNIA and her BRITONS are a friend.

Oh!

Oh! ne'er would ALBION quench the ſacred
flame,
Divinely bright! that gilt *her* path to fame,
Ah no! when the dread thirſt of blood is o'er,
And ruthleſs rage ſhall ſtain the cauſe no more,
With honeſt joy our ALBION ſhall embrace
Her Gallic foes, and own them of a kindred
race!

XI.

But when fair honour's voice—'twill be a voice
from Heav'n—
Shall cry Hold! hold! the *pow'r to ſpare* is giv'n,
Thy Land, thy Law, thy Liberty ſecure,
The offer'd Olive now will Peace enſure:
O! ſhould ſhe *then*, with fell diſnatur'd rage,
Waſte one rich drop of gen'rous ENGLAND's
blood,
The Muſe that freely gives this votive page,
Will pour indignant Cenſure's broadeſt flood;
Ev'n though, like ROME's firm Sire, to be
ſincere,
Juſtice ſhould ſtrike her victim with a tear!

The

THE GLEANER'S RETURN.

Connected with theſe ſentiments is a view at *Home*. During the courſe of the war, twice did the Author reviſit the benevolent land here praiſed. The date of his firſt return will be aſcertained, when he obſerves, that the cannon of Dumourier almoſt ſhook the battlements of the pleaſant and kindly remembered little frontier town, the * Brielle, of which a not ſcanty Gleaning will be found in its place. Doubtful, however, of events, he did not wiſh to abide the chance of being taken by the French, whom his country had irritated; he remained, therefore, on the apparently unſafe ſide of the water's *edge*, till ſelf-preſervation bade him ſet ſail for the other; for even as he ſat in the cabin of the Packet-boat, in which he embarked, the fire and ſmoke from the beſiegers and the beſieged at Williamſtadt,

* In Holland.

ſeemed

ſeemed to purſue the track of the veſſel, and made her tremble on the waves.

She reached, however, the coaſt of Albion without any adverſe *rencontre*, and the Author felt himſelf again, *literally*, on *terra firma*. This happened in an advanced part of the ſpring; he looked at the gardens of ſome cottages, running down almoſt to the rim of the Ocean at Harwich, and could not but exemplify *their* peaceful and proſperous ſtate, by applying—pardon him—a verſe of his own. Ah, happy iſlanders,

* "There's not a king dares rob ye of a roſe!"

A few hours before he had witneſſed, even at Helveotſluice, the internal, the domeſtic foe of Holland, unnaturally and almoſt openly aſſiſting the machinations of the foe without. The diſaffected patriots of the *diſunited* Provinces, had ſpiked ſeveral of the cannon, mutilated the corn-mills, and caſt obſtructions in the way of the water-works, to augment

* Humanity.

ment the difficulty, ſhould it become neceſſary to open the Dutch ſluices. The Author had the mortification to behold the Engliſh troops, who were ſent to aſſiſt the cauſe of theſe very people, received with an air of chagrin by ſome, and of poorly-diſſembled ſatisfaction by others; and although Breda had been taken on the one ſide, and Williamſtadt attacked on the other, inſomuch that the Republic was almoſt rent in twain, there was ſcarce a ſoldier or citizen who did not wiſh the tranſports that brought over the brave auxiliaries, with a Prince of the Engliſh realm at the head, at the bottom of the ſea. He even overheard a Dutch burgher exclaim, while the veſſels filled with his noble countrymen were dropping their anchors, "*the devil ſink every one of ye! * you have no buſineſs here!*"

At the time of gaining the harbour, the

* This is a pretty general opinion the Author finds at home as well as abroad,

weather

the weather had been ſo ſtormy, and the ſea ran ſo high, there could not be a ſafe landing made for the troops, who remained, therefore, on board the ſhips near three days. Had you ſeen, reader, how the redoubted *patriots* of the Dutch enjoyed this temporary diſtreſs of the brave fellows, who, unuſed to the ſea, ſuffered the more, you would have preſumed, that, inſtead of the troops coming to their protection, they were attempting to land only to make them priſoners; nay, I am perfectly ſatisfied, that a general wreck of near two thouſand of the fineſt men in the world, would have been a greater joy to numbers of the perſons, at that time aſſembled, than what did, for the moment, really reſult from their aſſiſtance*—the *Salvation of the Republic.*

* The Dutch patriots even then called it their *ſlavery*. Their country being now in captivity, they are become *free men*. How long it may be before they ſigh again for their former *ſlavery* it is impoſſible to determine. So true is it that

"Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh."

From a variety of malicious actions and expreſſions, the Author is free to ſay, that could they have poiſoned the water, or dared they to have envenomed the food, they would have been glad to do either.

After an abſence of ſo many years, his return at ſo ſingular a moment, when the emigrant enemies of his country ſued for its pity and protection, and ſued not vainly, was attended with thoſe ſentiments which on his ſecond return to his native land produced the Ode. He had been witneſs to the ravages of many fair countries, to the deſtruction of many beautiful towns, majeſtic caſtles, magnificent churches, and the terror, deſolations, and deaths of numbers of the human race; and although the ſcenes, which at that period of the war had paſſed under his eyes, were ſoft and *merciful* in compariſon of thoſe he has *ſince* viewed, and of which alſo deſcrip-

The Dutch are certainly an induſtrious but a moſt grambling hive.

tions will in due order appear: the contraſt was powerful enough for him, or for any man ſo circumſtanced, to have bleſt the Britiſh ſhore, honoured the Britiſh King, and venerated the Britiſh government, had he *not* been born under their auſpices, had he even been their *foe!*

For the reverſe of this picture then, he looked *at home*. In the midſt of the moſt vigorous preparations for war, he felt himſelf in the boſom of peace. The ſailors were ſinging, and as it were fitting out for victory, on the rigging, regulating the top, or guarding the bottom of their veſſels. The ſoldiers were merry in garriſon, or ſmiling on their poſt. The huzza of *God ſave the King*, re-echoed to the waves! French politics were ſcouted, and good old Engliſh maxims were recited with hereditary veneration. If even at *that* hour, treaſon prophaned the realm, it was conſcious of no leſs ſhame

than

than weakneſs, and like other unclean and ravenous beaſts it ſhunned the day. If ever the voice of loyalty was general, it then reſounded thro' comparatively the happieſt land. The contraſt empowered the Gleaner to feel it in all its force. In paſſing a little high-road village he ſaw a train of children of both ſexes, not forced into the ſervice of the Convention, at that time a new *Council of Blood*, not carrying in their feeble hands the mangled heads or limbs of the brother or ſiſter infants, on whom *they had elaborated a murder:* but a little battalion of boys and girls of Britiſh growth, who, catching the ſpirit of the times and of the country, formed themſelves into *volunteer* bodies, and employed their ſcanty allowance of play hours in a kind of *military* nurſery. Their pocket-money went to purchaſe drums, whiſtles, wooden ſwords, ſpears, guns, and other inſtruments of mimic war. A pair

of colours ſeemed to have been bought at the price of a flowered Sabbath-day ſlip and Sunday waiſtcoat; and a ſmart martial-looking lad, of about ten years of age, was the commanding-officer.

Gueſs, reader, the nature of the Author's ſenſations. Conſider the countries he had left, and that to which he returned; and when you are better acquainted with his uſual habits, you will not wonder he forgot that he had farther to go, and in the warmth of the welcome oblivion, which, though it loſt him a place in the coach, was no deduction to his pleaſure, he followed the little troop round the town like a new recruit. When it came to a ſtop, the youth who commanded made a ſpeech, which was a morſel of moſt exemplary loyalty indeed; for it bleſſed the king, and then bleſſed God for bleſſing the king at the end of every ſentence. Though they were by no means mercenaries,

mercenaries, they ſolicited a little help from the company around, juſt to anſwer military exigencies. The ſmall corporal preſented his cap, to which all the birds of the air appeared to have right loyally contributed a feather. The Gleaner's mite was not withheld. Indeed he was heated enough to have actually enliſted, had they invited him to join the corps. He left them with reluctance after they diſbanded for the night, which he paſſed at a little public houſe in the village. Here he met with an honeſt, kind-hearted ſlipſlop of a landlady, a love-ſick, pale-faced maiden, who ſaid *ſhe* hated politics, and a landlord who ſaid *he* was a profound politician. He had amuſement at the moment in *ſketching* them; but as their counterparts are to be ſeen in almoſt every public houſe,

"Where news much older than their ale goes round,"

he ſhall wiſh them to be as well as they are

harmleſs, and paſs on. He had intended to reviſit London. Some unexpected events determined him to another route, and reſolving to remain in the track of foreign intelligence, he repaired to a place whither two motives guided him: Firſt, its being a ſmall ſpot near a great paſſage-town; and ſecondly, in a part of England he had never viſited. Having time to ſpare, you ſhall judge of his ſatisfactions. He will endeavour to make you think you are a ſpectator of a *Day's gleaning in his native land.* He began to compare all he had viewed in other places with the ſweetly varied ſpots before him, not ſo much with reſpect to their beauty as their ſecure tranquillity. With regard to the ſurrounding reſidents he was amongſt ſtrangers, but they were human beings and his countrymen; or they were happy domeſtic creatures, under the protection of an eaſy government. He knew no one: yet by a certain magic

that

that works in the heart of every philanthropiſt, and without meriting that character, he fears no man can be a patriot, he ſeemed to be intereſted about every body: and all the objects which his eyes could reach his heart ſeemed to embrace. It appeared, on this ſingular occaſion, as if he had met with a large part of his own family, whom he had never before encountered: and coming from foreign lands, where anarchy and ruin had taken up their dwelling, his heart bounded to behold all thoſe who were at length brought ſo cloſe to him, in the fulleſt enjoyment of their lives and properties. In other countries, he had often ſeen the hired ſervants, the peaſant, and farmers, imperiouſly ordered to leave their own, or their maſter's affairs, and labour in the pleaſure-grounds, or palace of ſome petty prince, whoſe whole principality ſometimes does not meaſure to the acres of a good Engliſh domain. But in England, the ſeed which the huſbandman

had ſown, he was preparing to reap; nor is it in the wiſh or the *power* of a monarch to plunder him of a moment. His toil is his *own*, ſo are the fruits of it. And while he is getting in the copious harveſt, the expectations and efforts of the year are, in many other parts of the globe, ſeized on by lawleſs hands, or clotted by gore to prevent it. The carol of the *law-defended ſubject* touched all the chords of the Author's heart; the birds that flew over his head ſeemed leſs independent, and to have leſs of "perfect freedom." A party of haymakers were at the moment following the laſt well-heaped load, or ſporting on its top, their rakes wreathed with triumphant garlands, while a feaſt in the open air, and within view of the finiſhed hay-ſtacks, awaited them. Every ſyllable in the delicious deſcription* of the Britiſh Maro was illuſtrated.

* "Now ſwarms the village o'er the jovial mead," &c.

How

How different is the jovial ſcenery in the poet's deſcription, from the inhuman yell of *Ca Ira*, in the accurſed times of Roberſpierre; for then was his horrible power in force! oppoſite even as the ſong of rural innocence, and the diſſonant roar of guilt and rapine overrunning the fields! It was a pleaſant, an intereſting ſight; it warmed the boſom of the Author to its inmoſt receſſes; he was in humour with every thing; the comfort-looking huts, the ample downs, the ſheep that fed upon them, the ſoft and peaceful-ſeeming incloſures, the ſtretches of wood, water, and garden-grounds, the captivating interſperſed villas, the awful manſions and good old halls of hoſpitality, the very cluck of the Engliſh houſehold fowl, and the domeſtic rookery. He ſpoke to every labourer with the voice of a countryman and friend. The charm was indeed heightened by a viſit to the Engliſh cottages; the appearance of the ſturdy ſwains and blooming damſels who

inhabited

inhabited them—ſo utterly different, in air, dreſs, complexion, ſhapes and language, from the peaſantry he had quitted.

Such is the journal of a flowery day's ſenſations, in returning to the land whoſe ſcenery, places, and perſons, by a ſort of indefinable attachment, not only appears to belong to us, but of which one ſeems to be a *part*. Perhaps they were not the leſs agreeable to the Author for the pains that afflicted his feelings in other countries. How he wandered over, gazed on, and lingered in the ſcene! He had fled from a repining and oppreſſed people, oppreſſed beyond any power of relief, and took ſanctuary with the peaceful and contented. All ſeemed natal. The trees that ſhaded, the ſun that warmed, the earth that received him, and the air he breathed!

And are there thoſe who would reduce all *this* into a wilderneſs? Ye Britons, be

not deluded into misery! Even that which may be a good cause to one nation may be destructive to another.

" Think, O think,
" How good the God of Harvest is to you!
" Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields!"

Had the most clamorous, the most discontented, half the opportunities of the Author of these Volumes, they would, even with all its errors, think England the happiest country, and themselves the happiest people now on the face of the globe. As to *faults*, he can only repeat the wish he has earnestly breathed in the Ode, that they may be

" NOBLY reformed."

The Author could have wished, however, to have found the benevolence of the country, celebrated in the Ode, more *uniform*; and that, while it was holding out the hand of hospitality

hoſpitality to diſtreſſed *aliens*, who had been driven from their homes, that it had ceaſed to inflict tyranny and ſlavery on a yet more numerous body of unfortunates. He grieved to obſerve, even on his ſecond return, an *evil which, long before his ſetting out, was deemed inconſiſtent with the mild, humane, and, generally ſpeaking, wholeſome principles of the Britiſh Government, and which he had heard diſcuſſed on the Continent with every mark of wonder and reprobation. It is almoſt needleſs to ſpecify, that he alludes to the immitigable *perſecution* of more than half of the inhabitants of the globe, merely becauſe they differ from their *perſecutors* in complexion.

And yet we rank ourſelves amongſt the generous lovers of freedom, and have bled in her ſacred cauſe at every pore. It is ſomewhat humiliating, however, that the very men we are fighting on the ground of im-

* The Slave Trade.

puted

puted *barbarity*, and conſidering too we have ſo long debated the ſubject in the great aſſembly of the nation—to find that this *ſavage foe*, againſt whoſe ferocity we have raiſed the arm, ſhould have *done* that generous act in a ſingle day, which Britons have been ſo many years *talking* about. It cannot be denied that the French people have got the ſtart of us in giving real freedom to that unhappy race of beings, who, though they have unqueſtionably all the rights of men, are treated as beaſts of the fields, without *any rights at all*; nay, as condemned criminals, who have, by the proſcription of crimes, forfeited not only *thoſe* rights, but every kindred claim that attaches to *ſpecies*, or even ſprings from common charity. The Gleaner certainly has been amongſt the firſt, as will appear on the face of this Work, to reprobate ſuch parts of the French meaſures as juſtice, no leſs than philanthropy,

muſt reject; but he was one of the firſt to *honour* them for this part of their conduct. Their plan of Equality *there* was great, glorious, and exemplary; and even if it was but intended as a ſtroke of policy, it ought, like Abraham's faith, to be imputed to them as righteouſneſs. Strenuouſly has the Author inſiſted, and will for ever inſiſt, becauſe on the ground of eternal truth, that,

"THE RIGHTS OF MAN BY NATURE STILL ARE DUE,
"TO MEN OF EVERY CLIME, AND EVERY HUE*."

It is difficult to conceive indeed how the ſons of avarice can bring their feeble arguments to carry any weight, when in the oppoſite ſcale are to be placed all the motives of common honeſty, and every principle of juſtice and of reaſon. And yet, on coming home, the author of the Poem above-quoted, heard the ſame unwarrantable, unfeeling, and ſordid arguments for *continuing* this iniquitous tyranny, that had been pol-

* Humanity, book ii.

luting

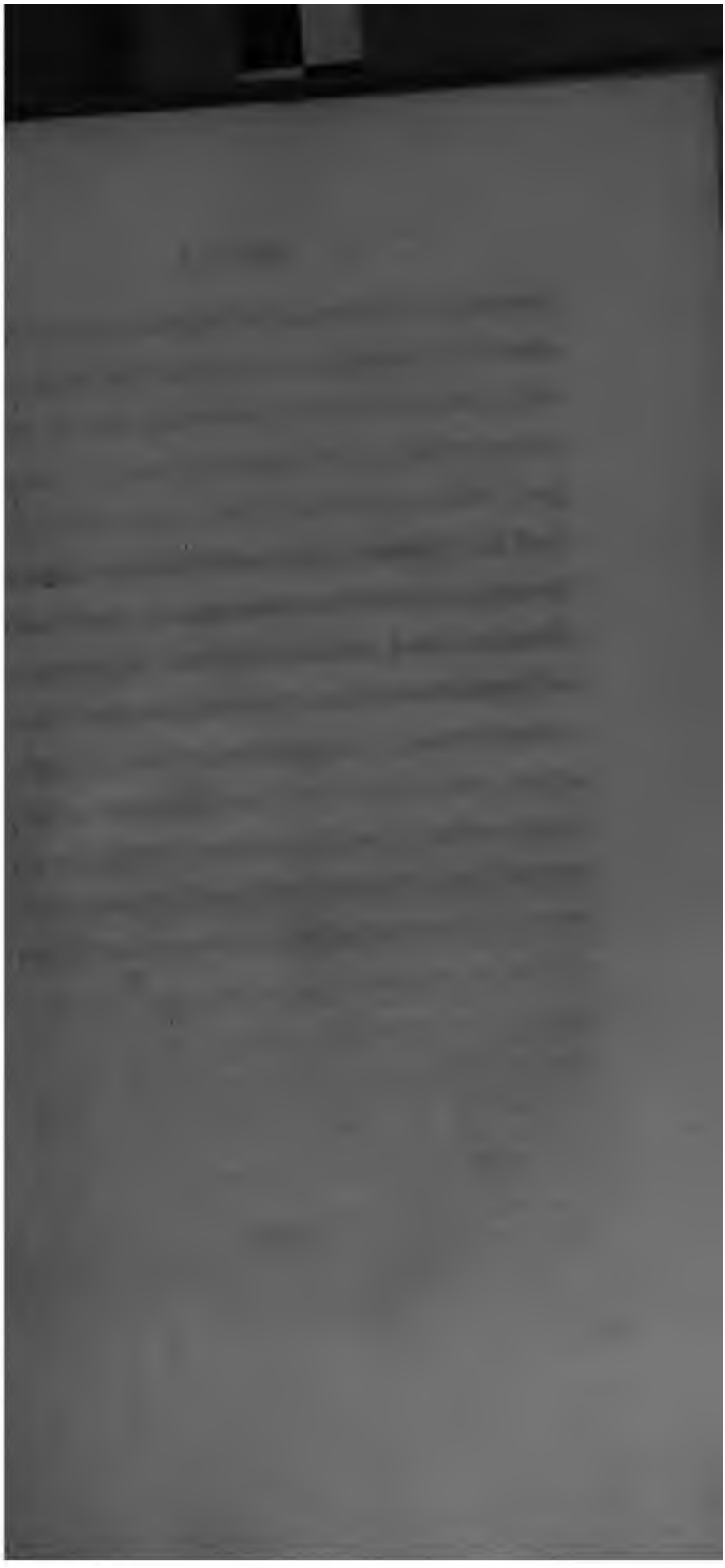
luting the *public humanity of the country* ſo many years. Nay, the truly worthy * mover of the Bill for doing away this enormity, has it ſeems been *baraſſed out* with the perpetual checks his benevolent plan received. It has been put off from time to time, till moſt probably it will totally die away. And all this in deſpite of the moſt liberal ſupport from men of *all* parties, led on by Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, &c.

No wonder then that the Lyre has failed to effect what the beſt and brighteſt Powers of the Britiſh Parliament ſeem to have relinquiſhed in deſpair. As a laſt effort however, the Author will place his mite a fourth time —and as much oftner as an indulgent Public may encourage the re-publication of his work—in the *way* of being ſeen by ſome of the advocates of this *unbleſſed, unchriſtian trade*; and ſhould but one purchaſer, or ſaleſ-

* Mr. Wilberforce.

man

man of his ſpecies, be moved to pity and redreſs the wrongs of one enſlaved fellow-creature, he will triumph in having put an end to the captivity of that one; or, if a niggard taſk-maſter ſtill holds him in bonds, deaf to the voice of nature and conſcience, the attempt will have been made, and both conſcience and nature ſhall unite to ſooth the diſappointment. Bitter, already, has been that diſappointment; for he who praiſed the BENEVOLENCE of Albion had hoped ſhe would have extended that freedom which ſhe loves, and which is the baſis of her happineſs, beyond the narrow circle of *her own land*; but as that is not the caſe, it ſeems a duty impoſed by compaſſion and juſtice on every man, to awaken the public mind, ſo far as in him lies, to a ſenſe of what it owes to this important ſubject. Impreſſed by a ſenſe of which, the Author's ſheaves ſhall be crowned with a wreath of HUMANITY.



THE introductory parts to our ſheaves having hitherto been employed in home-felt ſubjects, there will be a ſort of propriety in cloſing therewith. On which idea, our preliminary matter ſhall conclude with a Gleaning of the Engliſh Stage, which ſeems, like many other things, to have undergone a revolutionary ſhock; and like ſome others, we will not *now* ſay *all*, to be by no means the better for it.

MODERN THEATRES.

TO

J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

OCCASIONED

BY SEEING HIS ADMIRABLE PERFORMANCE

OF

PENRUDDOCK.

MODERN THEATRE S.

To J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

Occasioned by seeing his admirable Performance of

PENRUDDOCK.

LONG absent, Britain, from my natal isle,
Once more I sought and hail'd thee with a smile;
And tho' I found thee 'midst the storms of fate,
So sweet thy pity to th' unfortunate,
The sympathising Muse thy zeal admir'd,
And paid the tribute * filial love inspir'd;
For though a wanderer, can the Muse e'er roam
Where thou, O land rever'd, art not her parent home?
Yet, as I *knew thy griefs*, I thought to see,
Ev'n in thy sports some marks of gravity:

* Alluding to the Ode to the Benevolence of England.

Since all the ſhores I left were bath'd in blood,
And *thy own children's veins* ſupplied the flood,
'Twas ſtrange methought, in contraſt to the time,
To view thy Stage *one mighty Pantomime!*
And thy chaſte Drama, long a nation's pride—
The *Muſes* ſpurn'd—take *Momus* for a guide.
'Twas ſtrange in every ſcene HIS pow'r to trace,
And note his monkey *grin* on ev'ry face.
Say, is it thus my country hides her care?
Tries ſhe by arts like theſe to cheat deſpair?
Thus when *ſhe dreaded her impending doom*,
Prophetic *pageants* mark'd the fall of Rome.
Well ſung the ſage * ſublime, whoſe preſcient eye
Foreſaw the hour when Scenic Truth ſhould fly
Before the changes of a ſinking age,
And gaudy folly ſhould uſurp the Stage;
On flying cars when "Sorcerers ſhould ride,
"Where Royal *Lear* had rav'd, and *Hamlet* died."

* Dr. Samuel Johnſon.

That

That hour is come, confirm'd is Faustus' sway,
And many a shining bubble marks his way;
Instead of heroes drawn from Rome and Greece,
A score of Harlequins crowd every piece;
Instead of awful Phœbus and the Nine,
A Grecian Droll, or Roman Columbine;
The Tragic Muse, although by Siddons grac'd,
In the New Booth, is so obscurely plac'd,
That 'mongst the motley crew she holds a rank
Betwixt the Macedonian Mountebank,
Satraps all hair, and Amazons all wig,
And dumb Darius, dying to a jig:
Hist'ry herself, whose adamantine page,
Awful gave back the image of the age,
Now with her childish sports *profanes her dead*,
And plays the Romp, a fool's cap on her head,
Dances the hay, while Ossian-Pantaloon
Leads on Fingal to act some vile buffoon.

For thee, poor Comedy! the art's forgot,
Which once the sportive scene from *Nature* caught,

Thy ſtrokes of wit are now the haul, the flap,
And thy Ghoſt riſes from a mummer's trap:
Then murder'd Humour haunts the ſtage each
night;
Then glare the wounds of ſenſe to aching ſight.

To make an author or an actor great,
How brief, how new, how ſimple the receipt!
Give to your Hero all the bully air;
Croud trick on trick, and let him boldly *ſwear;*
A dozen damns in ev'ry act, at leaſt;
Oaths, quaintly vollied, are a glorious feaſt;
But, above all, remember to *ſurprize,*
For chiefly there the art of writing lies;
With more than hocus pocus, ev'ry ſcene,
Like jugglers' ball, ſhould hold a cheat within,
Something ſo odd, abſurd, yet done ſo neat,
Nature diſowns, yer laughs at the conceit:
Nor fail, for that gives ſpirit to your fable,
To let your hero overſet the table,
Toſs down the tea-board, ſmaſh, or force a door,
Rare jokes that ſet the Playhouſe in a roar!

A *ſtuffing* ſcene too might enhance the treat;
Fine jeſt, to ſee a modern actor eat?
And if he drinks as faſt, with jokes between,
'Tis the perfection of the modern ſcene!
In life to gorge and ſwill ſome cenſure draws,
But on the ſtage are certain of applauſe.
Note, too, your Hero ſhould work hand and foot,
And tear up ancient order by the root:
Inverting good old plans, once deem'd ſo wiſe,
Laugh all to ſcorn, if you would win the prize;
For he's now thought the moſt diverting creature,
Who writes, and acts, bleſt times! moſt *out* of Nature.

And is this fitting? while a bard * yet lives,
To whom her richeſt ſtores wrong'd Nature gives;
Whoſe magic powers theſe tricksters could defeat,
And inſtant drive them from the realms of wit;

* Mr. Sheridan.

Who

Who with the ſlighteſt waving of his wand,
Could re-enthrone the Drama's rightful band!
O, would he prove again that Drama's friend,
Soon would the reign of Merry Andrews end.
But ſtill the Patriot veils the poet's charms,
And Love aſſiſts to ſteal him from our arms.

Then bleſs'd the Muſe *, whoſe magic has
impreſs'd
Once more the moral on the public breaſt;
And bleſt the actor †, whoſe tranſcendant art,
In baby times, like theſe, has reach'd the heart;
Reach'd it by manly, not ignoble ways,
And bid revive the power of ancient days!
KEMBLE, all hail! thy wonder-working ſkill,
Without one ribald jeſt, has made us feel;
Wak'd in the ſoul a generous ſenſe of woes,
Ev'n in an age of *Sights and Puppet-Shews!*

Hence, may redawning Nature open wide
One Revolution, worthy Britain's pride.

* Cumberland. † Kemble.

The Stage Reform—methinks I ſee com-
mence,
Once more, the reign of Reaſon and of Senſe;
Feeling and Faſhion, union rare, ſhall join,
By Farren's power, to ſoften and refine:
And Elegance with every ſiſter grace,
Their beams ſhall play from her enchanting face:
While Jordan, ſkill'd alike, by wond'rous art,
To move with natural joy or grief, the heart,
Once more ſhall bid ſimplicity appear,
Chaſtiſe our mirth, and dare to raiſe our tear:
We hail, 'tis true, the ſun's enlivening powers,
But court no leſs the aid of tender ſhowers.

IN regard to the *Letters* themſelves, now to paſs from the cloſet of an indulgent circle of private friends to the public, I have by the nature and licence of the epiſtolary form of writing, been led to ſay ſo much in the firſt perſon, that, although I have done all in my power to reform this edition in that particular, I will not truſt myſelf to enlarge in this general Introduction; but conclude with quoting a paſſage in the account which has been given in one of the monthly publications, of a "Journey," nearly in the track of the Gleaner, by the author of "the Myſteries of Udolpho," and ſeveral other very beautiful compoſitions.

"It is not always eaſy to obtain information, that has not been communicated by ſome former pen, but it will always happen that the ſame objects ſhall be viewed in different lights, by different perſons, and that the reader will be inſenſibly delighted with the appearance at leaſt, if not the reality of novelty."

However

However completely this judicious obſervation may apply to the labours of Mrs. Radcliffe, the propriety of extending its application to the Gleaner, it is neither for him, nor even for the friends who have appreciated his ſheaves, to decide. They are going into a more wide and awful field; but if the Gleaner had not been taught by the wiſe and good, and did not himſelf think them, in ſome meaſure, worthy of the world's acquaintance, he would not have ſent them to the preſs.

* The author cannot mention the merits of this charming writer, without paying a tribute of no leſs juſtice in their different ſtyles, to the exquiſite pens of Mrs. Bennet, Mrs. Inchbald, Miſs Williams, and the very promiſing one of the Author who opened her literary ſtores with the hiſtoric romance of the Duke of Clarence; nor muſt I forget in this liſt of modern female worthies to mention, in the foremoſt rank of literary honours, the name of Mrs. Barbauld, one of a moſt ingenious family, but independently diſtinguiſhed by a rare union of talents—brilliancy of imagination, and ſobriety of judgment—the truly elegant Muſe of Laura Maria, the charming lyres of Anna Matilda, and many other ladies, and indeed of felicitating his country on the richneſs, variety, and what in the laſt age was by no means a common excellence, the *delicacy* of its living authors.

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GLEANINGS,

GLEANINGS, &c.

LETTER I.

TO THE HONOURABLE [illegible], &c.

South Wales.

WHEN I mentioned to a learned and elegant friend my deſign to paſs ſome years on the Continent, he cordially took my hand, and thus addreſſed me:

"You are going to travel: travelling, like "love, makes authors: authors make books: "men, women, and children, publiſh at home, "what they have ſeen or heard abroad;—Ergo, "were not you already an author, it would be "expected of you to *write a book*."

To travel then, and to publiſh, are become things of courſe, ſaid I? "As much ſo," rejoined my friend, "as cauſe and effect." It would be difficult, however, I preſume, to prove that though they may be equally in order, they are equal in value: for, to multiply *copies of*

copies of copies, is, ſurely, adding to the bulk of an evil that "has increaſed, is ſtill increaſing, "and ought to be diminiſhed:" I admit your obſervation, proceeded I, that every body publiſhes travels, but am in doubt about the uſe of the inference; for, if people who leave their own country *predetermined* to make a book out of what they meet with, what they ſee, or ſeem to ſee, in others, it either is an argument againſt the farther overſtock of the literary market, or a poſitive proof that the innumerable *travelling bookmakers*, who have "beat the beaten road" theſe thouſand years, have told us nothing we did not know better before; and, hereupon, a pretty curious queſtion ariſes: How far thoſe who have undertaken to conduct our perſons and purſes through countries, remote or near, have proved themſelves true or falſe guides? how far readers who have taken abroad with them ſuch publications as the Vade Mecums of their reſpective tours, have found themſelves more or leſs perplexed and miſled, than if they had been left to their own ignorance, and to the experience which, however dearly, perhaps more truly, corrects it?

. . . . . .

"You think then," reſumed my friend, "that an anſwer to theſe interrogations would

"deter-

" determine the propriety of giving, or refuſing
" to give, another book of travels to thoſe al-
" ready publiſhed: You imagine that a new
" edition every ten years of the firſt and only
" original work, marking the freſh modes by
" way of addenda, would preclude, and render
" uſeleſs, all the labours of imitative tra-
" vellers?"

I told him, this would be, perhaps, going too far, but that were the replies to be made by thoſe admirable critics the eye and the pocket, we ſhould "*ſee feelingly*" that our knowledge by no means increaſed in proportion to the number of our books on the ſame ſubject. "It
" muſt be acknowledged," interpoſed he, " that
" the regions, not of fact, only, but of fairy
" land, have been *over-run with travellers*:
" Every thing, therefore, of either uſe, or orna-
" ment, might be ſuppoſed, at this time of
" day, to

" Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong."

" But, the truth is, that much is always left to
" be found by him who is diligent to ſeek; and
" that, of the innumerable travellers who have
" gone the *ſame* roads, there are few who have
" not added *ſomething* to our ſtock of informa-

" tion, or amuſement: and, moreover, that " every perſon of talents *is, in reality, original,* " either in the matter or manner of exerting " them; no two people, even of equal abilities, " employing them on the ſame occaſion, ſeeing " or feeling the very ſame objects, or occur- " rences, in the ſame way; ſo that there muſt " be, I ſay, a degree of novelty in every work " not ſervilely purloined from what the plagiary " had neither candour to avow, nor ingenuity " to improve. But, even granting that the " greater crop of general obſervation has been " gathered by others who have made their in- " tellectual harveſt abroad, and brought it " home, *pro bono publico,* let me remind you, " by the help of an alluſion borrowed from " huſbandry, that the vigilance of the farmer " has never yet been able to clear the ground " of its produce, ſo as to leave nothing where- " with to reward the induſtrious *gleaner:* Some " ears of the valuable grain eſcape the jealous " rake even of avarice itſelf, and where the " fields are ſpacious, there muſt always be ſome- " thing worth ſtooping for, even where the " labourers are many."

Pleaſed and encouraged by this mode of reaſoning, I exclaimed, Be it ſo then: another

Book

Book of Travels shall be written, and, to shew my gratitude for the present conversation, the work shall owe its title to an idea that is this moment suggested by the agricultural images you have so agreeably played with. I will call my book that is to be, GLEANINGS, &c. gathering up whatever may be left to humble industry, or excursive curiosity, in the path of my wanderings,—now and then deviating into the fields of fancy, mixing thus my *wheat* with such *flowers* as grow in its neighbourhood, whether in hedge-rows or gardens, whether the productions of art or nature. "Good!" cried my friend, rubbing his hands together, "and at "length you shall bind your collected gleanings into sheaves—that is, volumes—and "present them, neat as imported from the "foreign markets, to your *friends and enemies*. "To both of whom," added he smilingly, and with a brisker friction of his hands, "they will "supply food of a different kind, the one banquetting on whatever you set before them "with hearty good-will, the other satiating on "the best you can offer, with as hearty malice. "Besides," continued he, "you will thus furnish a feast to yourself, and be entertained "while you entertain. *I will have it so*— "Farewell: Be sure you write a book, and do

"not return to me till you can come *volume in* "*hand.*"

He departed, without ſuffering me to ſay more, aſſerting that the beſt proof of my regard for him would be given in my adoption of his councils.

The councils were wholeſome, and I ſhall follow them. Before my leaving London it was ſettled, at another converſation with the ſame friend, that my *Gleanings* were to be diſpenſed by parcels to *him*, that he was to put them into the granary—that is, his library—till their bulk increaſed ſufficiently to be of public uſe, and not a month was to paſs without a ſmall *ſheaf* being ſent to him. Alas! it was decreed that ere the *firſt* month was expired this amiable counſellor and friend ſhould go

"To that bourne from whence *no traveller* returns."

The impreſſion made upon me by his death would, perhaps, have induced me to give up an idea, which could not be purſued without a ſentiment of regret for the loſs of him who inſpired it, had I not reflected that there exiſted ſtill *another*, whoſe mind, no leſs than my own, required amuſement; and, at length, to conclude, that the beſt mode of teſtifying my eſteem

eſteem and veneration for the deceaſed, would be to fulfil *his* wiſhes; even while I fulfilled yours, my dear ſurviving comfort, at the ſame time.

To theſe ends, I now addreſs to *you*, from the moſt beautiful part of the Britiſh Empire—for ſuch I think we may fairly call the principality of the ancient Britons—the firſt offerings of my Gleanings. An humble employment, perhaps!—to collect ear by ear, as it were, the *refuſe* of what others have either *overlooked* or *neglected*: but if, out of this lowly occupation, you and I, my excellent friend, in the firſt inſtance, and my readers, in the ſecond, when the corn is gathered into ſheaves, and bound up, ſhould be able to make that bread which ſtrengtheneth the heart, or preſs from the ſcanty vintage that vine of life, which exhilarates, and gives a cheerful countenance in the drooping moment:—if it affords the tranſient ſweets of a foreign ſhore, when the flowers at home are withered or deſpoiled, I ſhall not have ſtooped in vain.

Adieu, my friend! Our convention is ſettled, and you ſhall ſoon hear from me again.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

South Wales.

AS it behoves a *Gleaner* to be diligent, deliberate, and not hurry over his ground like thoſe who come to a *full crop*, and whom abundance makes careleſs, I have reſolved, not only for your ſake, but my own, to ſtay always ſome days, frequently ſome weeks, and not ſeldom ſome months in every town, city, or village from whence I ſhall write: an inverſion of the general rule. Inſtead of adding to the long liſt of *poſt-haſte travellers*, I am determined to perform my journies at a foot-pace rather than a full gallop, convinced, from a deal of experience, that, although "he who "runs may read," he who *rides, as it were expreſs, through a country*, cannot write any thing worth the attention even of a *running reader*— At leaſt, it becomes a queſtion worth anſwering, whether the deliberate mode is not more likely to diſcover and deſcribe what merits communication, than the *helter-ſkelter* faſhion of writing on the ſpur, whip, and wheel, accounts of people and places? I am of opinion it is; and I have the ſupport of good old people

people, and good old proverbs in Latin and Engliſh. "*Feſtina lentè*," ſays the one—"*He* "*ſtumbles who goes faſt*," echoes the other. To believe, therefore, that He who "*moves ſlow*, "*moves ſure*," is a reaſonable concluſion. Indeed, I have wondered, that ſo very few of my emigrating countrymen have been of this way of thinking. On the contrary, they hurry through the deſtined courſe, as if they were running a race againſt time, and were to perform ſuch a given portion of it, within the hour by a ſtop watch.

The moſt pleaſantly *fanciful* at leaſt, of all modern travellers, in his inimitable "Journey," has given us, in his own ſportive manner, a catalogue of travellers, with the epithets proper to, and characteriſtic of, each, ſuch as the ſentimental, political, idle, diligent, *et cætera*; but he has not, to my recollection, ſaid any thing about the *deliberate*, or more correctly ſpeaking, the *reſidentiary* traveller, who ſets out on a plan of ſojourning in the parts of the world he deſcribes, and mixes in the ſocieties of each long enough to obſerve *accurately* manners, cuſtoms, and events. The infinitely diverſified modes of theſe, muſt be overlooked, ſeen very partially, or not ſeen at all, by the modern

Mercuries

Mercuries who go at full ſpeed to the grand point of their deſtination—ſome of the capitals;—and ſcarce give time for the horſes to be changed at the intermediate ſtages: or, if they are under the *neceſſity* to ſtay a night at any of theſe, the moſt inquiſitive of them ſtroll thro' the ſtreets, or ſaunter round the ramparts, *while the ſupper is preparing*; the reſt throw themſelves on chairs and ſophas till aroused by the return of their companions, who generally come back diſſatisfied with their ramble; and, if they write at all, ſit down betwixt ſleeping and waking, and inſert, in the meagre journal of the day, a drowſy, yet ſplenetic account of what they met with in their walk; depending on the ſexton as the hiſtorian of the buildings, and on ſome chance paſſenger as the intelligencer of the inhabitants, environs, police, &c. &c. At day-break the next morning they are off, ſcarce allowing time for ſwallowing a comfortleſs cup of coffee, ſquabbling with their hoſt for extortion, curſing the country they are under the immediate protection of, and diſgracing the manners of their own. This done, they continue their expedition *as upon life and death*, and often,—alas, how much too often!—finiſh their folly, their fortune, and their tour, at the ſame time: for it is not till after their return to their native country,

country, that theſe *dashing travellers* diſcover, that their moſt precious things—time, money, and talents—have been waſted to receive only contempt, fatigue, and vexation in return—a ſad barter!

But not to circumſcribe the inutility of *rapid* travelling to theſe cyphers of ſociety, who in all countries are inſignificant, the remark, I fear, and the cenſure, involves, in ſome degree, perſons of a different deſcription; in as far as the cuſtomary method of *writing poſt*, on the policy, and practice of nations, muſt be injurious to the moſt reſpectable abilities, which cannot intuitively know occurrences, characters, and uſages, that ariſe out of *time, place, and circumſtance*; and cannot—except to a lucky traveller indeed, and to him very occaſionally—happen, while arrangements are making for the accommodation of man and horſe between ſtage and ſtage; and when all one can expect to ſee are the moſt ſlight and ordinary objects that float, like weeds and offal on the ſtream, on the ſurface of the places through which we paſs. Neither is the human mind, whatever be its powers, well diſpoſed to paint ſcenes and incidents when the body is worn down by the day's travel, and the ſpirits jaded by the fatigue of

motion: yet, if we look at the dating of our modern travels, the avowed objects of which are cuſtoms and manners, we ſhall find that moſt of the obſervations are the productions of *the moment*, written amidſt the duſt and hurry of going from the ſpot deſcribed to another, which is, in due time, to be diſpatched in the ſame way. Is it therefore to be wondered at, if we frequently find the common effects of an over-haſty judgment—miſtated facts, and falſe inferences?

All theſe convictions have ſtrengthened me in the reſolution of being a *reſidentiary* traveller, making a reſt in every country which I deſign to *glean*. This, you will ſay, my dear friend, is in character, but I ſcruple not to aſſert, on an experience which I hope to make you partaker of, that tour-makers of the firſt diſtinction and reſpectability, have left unnoticed many things highly worthy their and the public obſervation, and which could not have eſcaped, had they ſuffered their patience to keep pace with their penetration.

The illuſtration of this, I truſt, you will gather as we go along.

The

The ſcenery of *Nature*, in a ſummer dreſs, is a volume open to every eye, and a copious page may be read at a glance. The moſt nimble traveller might luxuriate as he runs by them, and his landſcape, though but the etching of an inſtant of time, muſt, if he has ſkill to catch the objects as they riſe before him, and richneſs of genius to tint them, be various and delightful. Here, the border of Brecknockſhire, which begins juſt where what is *now* called England owns its boundary, I was enchanted with the *firſt* view, but diſcovered at a ſecond, third, fourth, onward to a fortieth, in various excurſions to and fro, during a ſix months' reſidence, a thouſand and ten thouſand particular charms which a firſt general ſurvey could never afford. I devoted an equal proportion of time to the northern as to the ſouthern diviſion, of this paradiſaical principality; going to the extreme verge both ways, and traverſing backwards and forwards to look at their beauties in different ſeaſons of the year; and it is the reſult of theſe repeated viſits, which, at the preſent moment, I give you: I give it you, in the grateful warmth of my heart, for pleaſure received, not without an earneſt hope, at the ſame time, that you, and others who have taſte and affections to

reliſh the blooms of nature, and patriotiſm enough to admire them not the worſe for appertaining to their *natal iſland*, may be tempted to enjoy the ſame ſcenery.

That Wales hath a claim to pre-eminence on the ſcore of romantic beauty, can only be doubted by thoſe who have never traverſed it, or who, traverſing, rather run a race than make a regular tour. It is certain, that ſeveral detached ſpots, in ſeveral different Engliſh counties, exhibit to the eye of the traveller as much of ſimplicity, here and there, as much of the ſublime, and frequently more of cultivation: but then thoſe are to be conſidered as picked and choſen places, and are, therefore, particular: whereas, the natural graces of Wales, the ſpontaneous fragrance of the wild herbs and flowers, the unreſtrained redundance of the foliage, and the unlaboured fertility of the ſouthern ſoil, are general. They often expand from one ſhire to another with ſucceſſions both of the beautiful and ſublime, ſometimes to the ſtretch of thirty or forty miles, in the progreſs of which the fancy and the heart, the underſtanding, and all the higher emotions of the ſoul are, by turns, regaled and delighted. Hence it is impoſſible for a traveller of a juſt taſte

taſte not to catch pleaſure and inſtruction from that endleſs variety of land and water, hill and valley, dizzy aſcent, and apparently fathomleſs precipice, which, in Merioneth and Carnarvonſhire, would ſtrike his eye at almoſt every hour's journeying. The traveller of imagination would feel an unwonted glow of head and heart, perhaps, in a warmer degree, and of a more faſcinating kind, than the traveller of merely a juſt taſte. The poetic and pictorial traveller, endued with the enthuſiaſm proper to thoſe characters, would have a more animated pleaſure from a ſurvey of ſuch ſort of beauties, than a perſon who has been in the habit of deriving his ſatisfactions rather from the refined labours of art, than the eaſy operations of nature: but all degrees of underſtanding and feeling, nay the ſoul itſelf would be gratified in a tour through Wales, allowing time to do juſtice to nature and themſelves: and, indeed, none but the moſt worthleſs or diſſipated of human kind could obſerve, within the limit of a morning's ride or walk, ſuch an aſſemblage of natural wonders, viewed at any period of the year, without taſting a pleaſure of that moral kind, which, in looking above or below, muſt pronounce the objects of divine origin. I have ſtood gazing on ſome—Snowden and Plinlimmon,

limmon, the vale of Cluyn, for inſtance, till they ſeemed of themſelves to ſay—Traveller! well mayeſt thou gaze: we merit your pious admiration—for we are of God!

But my enthuſiaſm is running my letter into too much length. Invoking, therefore, the bleſſing of that God on you, I bid you for the preſent—adieu.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

South Wales.

A YOUNG painter of genius in a ſummer tour, from Abergavenny to Milford Haven, South, and from Aberconway to Holyhead, including the Iſle of Angleſey, North, taking into his route the intermediate landſcapes and ſea-pieces right and left, and making thoſe pauſes which are neceſſary to exact obſervation, and thoſe deviations from the beaten to the unfrequented track, where, indeed, the chaſter beauties of nature are to be found, as if they modeſtly withdrew from the gaze of every common paſſenger, could not fail returning home

home richly ſtored with materials for the winter exerciſe of his finiſhing pencil. Or more properly adviſed, and duly ambitious of being juſt to nature as his original, and to himſelf as her imitator, were he to employ the winter only in giving to his firſt ſketches a more correct form, then in ſucceeding ſummers to meliorate and improve, to catch new graces which new verdure may poſſibly have given them, to beſtow that mellowing, which the moſt vigorous mind and brighteſt fancy derives from preciſion, without which, indeed, every compoſition of human art can hope but tranſitory fame; were he then to occupy his ſecond winter to the laſt poliſhes, then ſend them to Somerſet Houſe, I will venture to ſay he would exhibit, to his country, one of the moſt beautiful, one of the moſt valuable collections that had, till then, been ſeen in the moſt ſelect of her cabinets; accompanied by this peculiar honour and novelty—that it was taken from an original properly her own: a truth which nineteen out of twenty who had never ſeen that original would be far from ſuſpecting: nay, I am furthermore convinced that even the beſt judges, the moſt celebrated artiſts, under the like predicament, would diſtribute the different landſcapes to as many different countries—appropriating the ſcenery of one to

Savoy, a ſecond to Lauſanne, a third to the beautiful Pays de Vaud, and ſo on: for all that characteriſe theſe lovely countries, aſſemble in the principality of Wales. The Cambrian excurſion I have here recommended to the young and ingenious artiſts of my country in particular, would, were they to travel pencil in hand, unite the merits of the patriots to the talents of the painter, and be productive of objects no leſs worthy the lovers of their art, than the lovers of [illegible]. It is hence, that I would [illegible] who are rich with abilities, and who [illegible] to devote them to the muſe of [illegible], to a [illegible] through Wales. [illegible]

and ſurrounding ſhores? They await him on the coaſt of Wales at innumerable openings. They ſalute him at the new and old paſſage, even as he firſt ſets his foot on the Cambrian ſoil. He meets them again, in various parts of Caermarthenſhire: they ſmile on him as he viſits the mouldering caſtle, and romantic ſcenery of the ſweet village of Laugharne, in that county.—At Kidwelly and Llanelthy, they again regale. Swanſea offers them to him in all the pride of charms, that have drawn the admiration of the faſhionable world. They accompany, refreſh, and delight him, even to Milford-Haven, where they loſe themſelves in unbounded ocean. Nor are the marine objects leſs beautiful in the northern diſtricts. At Towyn, Abereſtwith, Caernarvon, Harleigh, Penmorva, Bangor, Angleſey, Barmouth, &c. they increaſe in every grace of the grand and the minute.

Does the youthful enthuſiaſt pant after the ſublime beauties peculiar to the land? Here they are in the moſt profuſe abundance. The mountains are here, whoſe immenſe height illuſtrates and juſtifies that bold imagery of the Poet, whoſe deſcriptions would appear the work of fancy, and of fancy run riot, to all

thoſe who have never yet looked at the aſpiring ſublimities of nature as they preſent themſelves in Merionethſhire, and other northern parts of this iſland. The truth and the deſcription of it, are thus exactly given in the poetry of Goldſmith,

" As ſome tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
" Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm;
" Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
" Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head."

The clouds, indeed, ſeem ſometimes to iſſue from the feet, and ſometimes from the bowels of theſe mountains, in paſſing the ſteaming ſides of which the traveller is, on the brighteſt day, involved in the thickeſt miſt, while the ſummit of the mountain above, and of the valley below, are gilded by ſun-beams, which the vapours have not ſullied.

Or, languiſhes our child of genius for the mountain Cataract, whoſe white foam is precipitated by the torrent down its romantic, but rugged ſides, till it reaches the diſtant vale, where it rolls over the dark rocks, made yet darker by the thick oaks that overhang them; the deepeſt green moſs growing on the parts of rock not waſhed by the turbulent, but ſaved only

only by the gentle waves that occaſionally overflow them?—Would he wiſh to hear a beauty that he could not paint, the deſcription of which he muſt reſign to the poet, namely, the ſtunning ſound of the ſame Cataract, ſoftened by degrees into the ſtill, ſmall, and ſweet voice of the rill, which ſteals gradually out of hearing along the woody dingle, where it dies away? If his genius leads to theſe, they are to be met with in Wales. I have clambered up the mountains, where they were paſſable to human aſcent; I have followed the ſound of the torrents, from the firſt deafening impetuoſity, to the laſt of its meanders through the valley; and have been paid for my excurſion by innumerable beauties, which nature hides, as it were, in her nooks and corners, and denies the ſight or ſcent of to every one who does not deem them worth ſearching for. It is almoſt a partiality unwarranted to point at any place in particular, *where* theſe charms for the true lovers of nature may be diſcovered; ſo generally are they diſtributed throughout the principality: but if I am juſtified in giving the preference to any ſpots, I ſhould mention Merionethſhire, and the country about Pontipool, as moſt replete with theſe beauties—theſe and a thouſand more.

It is impoſſible for me, indeed, to give adequate ſketches of the countleſs charms a traveller of genius will diſcover in this route. The moſt vivid deſcriptions of Gilpin, joined to the ſolid narratives of Pennant, ſhould rather animate, than diſcourage, to the journey. The living eye of ſuch a traveller ſhould not be contented with any thing ſhort of the living volume; in every page and paſſage of which, nature will here preſent him with ſomething to admire and imitate—ſomething, which, though admired and deſcribed before, will ſupply new deſcription, new imitation. In truth, the proper objects of genius can here never be exhauſted, nor genius itſelf fatigued with repreſenting them. So redundant are the ſports of nature in this happy ſoil, that with a ſlight change of your point of view, the ſame ſpot of ground will afford a ſet of landſcapes: Taken from the top of the mountain you may ſketch the valley apart, and it is ſufficiently enriched to fill your canvaſs, and call your imitative powers into the warmeſt exertion; taken from the valley you have another ſeparate picture—the firſt intereſting, ſoft, and delicate: the ſecond noble, animated, and ſublime: join their ſeveral beauties by drawing them in a middle direction between both, and, reverencing nature and yourſelf, you will prove the truth

truth of my repeated aſſertion, that it is unneceſſary to quit your native empire, to gain the wreathe of immortality as a painter.

Excuſe me, I beg of you, for thus enlarging on theſe beauties, with a view to bringing them upon canvaſs; but beſides that I know you both love and cultivate the art in private, many of our mutual friends, amongſt which is the enchanting De Loutherberg, and the brother of the ingenious Barrett, worthy the relationſhip, are public ornaments of it. I am perſuaded that if the former of theſe artiſts were to viſit the ſcenes I have here alluded to, his moſt glowing and juſtly celebrated landſcapes from Switzerland, which we have ſo often admired in his deſcriptions, as well as on his canvaſs, would have companions of Welſh extraction highly deſerving that honour.

But it is time to commit my long letter upon paintings—which you may, perhaps, call an epiſtle to painters—to the poſt. Farewell then for the preſent.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

North Wales.

WHAT I have already ſaid, and what I ſtill wiſh to communicate, in regard to this finely romantic country, is, as I before noted, rather the reſult of the remarks I made ſome months ago, than what occurs at the preſent time.

The ſcenery of Mahuntleth is in the true ſtyle of awful grandeur, ſtupendous rocks riſing above one another in barren ſublimity, and forming a natural rampart round the town; in the neighbourhood of which, you ride thro' one of the moſt lovely vales even *your* imagination can conceive; the more delightful for coming unexpectedly; as, on your firſt leaving the town, you are prepared only for rocks; inſtead of which, you enter a lane, about half a mile from the village, which ſhuts you from the farther view of both rocks and village; and conducts you along a green receſs, continuing for many miles, every ſtep, almoſt, of which introduces a freſh beauty. Wood, water, hill and vale, can ſcarce take a form; the ſound

of ſtreams, the carol of birds, the diverſity of foliage, can hardly be fancied, by the moſt enthuſiaſtic lover of nature, which blends not in this ſhort excurſion. Every thing blooms around you; the mountains vegetate to the top; all the tints and ſhades of verdure are in your view; neat white cottages, and pretty farm-houſes, with here and there a modern villa, or ancient manſion, introduce themſelves to your eye, as you move on, at ſuch acceptable diſtances, and in ſuch happy ſituations, that even a *matter-of-fact traveller*, muſt forget all common-place circumſtances, and wiſh to be *reſidentiary*. What then muſt be the effect of ſuch ſcenery on the children of fancy? The poetical traveller, for inſtance, would be ſo rapt and entranced, that, giving himſelf up unreſervedly to the enchantments that ſurrounded him, he would feel a ſort of attachment to every object that contributed its beauty to the ſcene; nay, he would be abſolutely in friendſhip, in alliance, with the woods, as if he had vegetated with them. A ſober citizen, who ſhould obſerve a true lover of nature under ſuch influences, would pronounce him mad; yet, in this kind of delirium, ariſing from an heart and imagination delighted, and, as it were, carried beyond themſelves, by the charms of

nature,

nature, there is a pleaſure, which, what is properly underſtood by the words, "a ſober citi-"zen," never knew. Such a lover of nature as I have juſt mentioned, would, with ſelf-gratification, and grateful thanks to the bounteous beſtower, triumph in this exceſſive ſenſibility of vegetable beauty. He would tell you it began from the firſt hour he could diſtinguiſh betwixt ſterility and bloom. A garden, a wood, a rill, an immenſe mountain, an almoſt untrodden path in a valley, the interminable ocean, the contracted ſtream, and all that nature inherits, were my delight, would he exclaim, when my love of them was rather inſtinct than obſervation. The paſſion "grew "with my growth, and ſtrengthened with my "ſtrength."—It ſtrewed roſes over the years of my youth, and made me often forget the numberleſs thorns which environed them. The years of manhood that have ſtrengthened my reaſon, have in no degree abated my ſincere—I had almoſt written my tender—delight in theſe charms of the creation.—And ſhould any one call this *vain* glory, why, would he demand, ſhould I not glory in the affection I bear to ſuch objects? And why ſhould that glory be deemed *vain*? Do they not lead from things temporal to things eternal? from earth

hat to heaven? from creation to the Creator? not, therefore, the adoration I pay to them irtue? A part of religious worship? At the e I was enveloped—*enwrapped* let me call ather, in this blissful solitude, I felt that it a time more detached from the dross of world, and more pure, than probably the ſociety could have made it. Will the n of cold ſenſe pronounce all this viſionary? It is ſubſtantial—to me at leaſt it has n the ſource, and, I hope, will continue to of the higheſt ſentiments and contempla- . May I live only while I am ſenſibly alive he beauties of nature! For, in the hour this ction quits me, the ſacred ſenſe of the great thor of theſe beauties,—which my ſenſibility them kindles in my ſoul, which even the lieſt ſhrub, or ſimpleſt blade of graſs now pires—could no more aſcend to the power n whom I received this ſenſibility, than the umnal leaf, that has withered on the ground, again mount and flouriſh on the tree from ich it has fallen!

Do you not feel, indeed, that the pleaſure of ch I have been ſpeaking, is amongſt the few belong to the poetical mind, in balance of the

the numberleſs evils which are inſeparable from the votaries of the muſe?

But you have been muſe-led too long. I could here, in deſcribing what I know to be my friend's ſenſations on this ſubject, deſcribe my own; but we will return to the ſweet ſhades that kindled the enthuſiaſm, leſt it ſhould ſeduce me into ſelfiſh obſervations. I really abhor egotiſm, but in letters that mix the hiſtory of feelings, with that of our wanderings, it is the moſt difficult thing in the world not to be an egotiſt. All that can be fairly expected, indeed, in travelling epiſtles, is to make, as it were, our abſent correſpondent enjoy what we have enjoyed, make our pleaſures his own, and, if ever he takes the ſame route, warn him to eſcape the inconveniencies we have encountered. In this character of a friendly direction-poſt I may be uſeful: Take courage, therefore, and accompany me once more into the woods of Mahuntleth, and let me inſtruct you, by the way, that this is a little market town, in northern Cambria, in the road to Abereſtwith, a town in ſome reputation as a bathing place. If you, who, I know, pay an annual viſit to the ſea nymphs, ſhould direct your watery courſe hitherward, I charge

charge you in the name of Nature, to make a day's pauſe at Mahuntleth, where you will find good accommodation, and dedicate it to wood nymphs, in the ſylvan ſcenes I have been deſcribing: remembering, only, to take the horſe-road to Dolgelthy; another place abounding in vegetable beauty. The diſtance from Mahuntleth to the laſt-named town, this bridle-way, is ſcarcely ſeven miles, not to be complained of with a ſteed you have faith in, and even if the horſe had forfeited your confidence fifty times, while your eyes eſcaped you would forgive him for ſhewing you ſo many delicious ſcenes: what is better, he would annihilate the ſenſe of danger, by making you forget both his errors, and thoſe of every body elſe. Do you not perceive that my fancy is again kindling? An hazardous time to re-enter the woods! Is it not to be feared I ſhall loſe myſelf in them? Suppoſe then I allow myſelf time to cool before I venture again into this wilderneſs of ſweets? It may be as well perhaps for us both. Adieu then.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

North Wales.

AFTER about two hours riding in this charming country, you come to a ſpot ſo exquiſitely delightful, that it ſeems impoſſible for a poet, or a lover, whether his miſtreſs is nature, or a pretty woman, or indeed for any traveller, who has enough of romance to keep in motion thoſe paſſions, which, like wholeſome breezes, ſhould always ventilate to prevent the maſs from ſtagnating;—it is in ſhort, impoſſible for any but the ſordid worldling, not to pauſe in this place, and wiſh to paſs the evening of his days in its vicinity:

"Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ."

It is a part of the valley defended by an immenſe ſcreen of many coloured rocks behind, out of which ſpring, here and there, a few hardy ſhrubs and flowers; ſtupendous crags, which the hurricanes have thrown from a ridge of mountains, whoſe mutilated heads are ſtill in the clouds. Some of theſe crags have been ſtopped midway, where, though they menace a farther deſcent when aſſailed by the next ſtorm, they have ſtood the ſiege of the elements, unmoved,

unmoved, for ages. Other vaſt and miſhapen maſſes have found their way to the bottom, and lie at the ſide of the road—to the left of which is a broad ſtream of water, here foaming into natural caſcades, and there diſplaying a baſon ſo untroubled and limpid, that you languiſh to bathe in it; which you might very ſecurely do, for it is, in many places, ſo ſhaded, and, if you follow the labyrinths, will guide you to retreats, where, loſing the foot path, you reach a receſs where the Graces might bathe without alarm. Had Thomſon's Muſidora choſen this ſpot ſhe might have

"Stripp'd her beauteous limbs
"To taſte the lucid coolneſs of the flood,"

without the leaſt hazard of being ſurprized by a Damon—unleſs his reſidence in the neighbourhood, gave him knowledge of the ſecret haunt—or, as in Damon's Caſe, he was remarkably fortunate. For Damons there are, even here, I can aſſure you, and Muſidoras too, amongſt the peaſantry in particular, the ſwains being as hale, happy a ſet of round-faced, roſy-cheeked youths, and the damſels as well featured a race of white-toothed, black-eyed, red-lipped laſſes, as in any part of the world.

I ſhould not omit to tell you, that the natural caſcades,

caſcades, and tranſparent baths, before deſcribed, are ſo tinted by the refractions of the light and ſhade, and the variegated rocks, ſpars, ſhells, &c. at the bottom, that the water itſelf, as well as the flooring, if you will give me leave ſo to call it, exhibit all the colours of the rainbow, in no leſs inimitable dies. This is a natural beauty I never ſaw imitated by the painters; perhaps, the imitation of it is impracticable: indeed, I do not remember ever to have ſeen it, in nature, equally perfect as in this valley. Nor is it leſs worthy note, that the foliage of the fine woody mountains that riſe above theſe water works of nature, in nobly ſublime contraſt of the no leſs natural rock-work, on the oppoſite ſide, is not leſs diverſified than the ſtream. The vegetation is of every hue of which green is capable; and an adequate idea of its effect muſt be as difficult for the pen as the pencil. Let it be added, that your eye, beſide the already mentioned beauties, taken in the celebrated Caer-Idris, one of the loftieſt of the Welch mountains, the ſummit of which, like its famous rivals, Snowden and Plinlimmon, is covered with eternal ſnow: while numberleſs flocks of ſheep, whoſe fleeces, bleached by the wind blowing freſh from the heavens, are ſcarcely leſs white

white than that snow—feed, frolick, and repose, on its ample sides. The eye aches to view the top of this mountain giant, and the brain turns dizzy as it surveys, by a sudden transition, the depth of the valley below. Habit, however, familiarises both these natural wonders; and yet they seem for ever new.

My imagination was at work, to build just such a comfortable residence on this spot, as might hold all those whom I loved, and who had taste to share with me its beauties: amongst these, you, my dear friend, were not forgotten. The above ingenious artist had already consecrated an apartment to you, such as must needs have given you content. I had allotted another, adjoining to yours, to our charming friend, Mrs. L. S. whose spirit so accords with yours; and permit me the flattery of thinking with my own. This pleasant castle in the air went briskly, though insensibly, forwards as I rode on, and the edifice was begun and finished in the most commodious manner possible, with all appurtenances thereto belonging, such as good fare, good furniture, good wine, and good friends, in about a quarter of an hour: The herds and flocks that grazed on Caer-Idris, I had appropriated; some fine oxen at feed in

the paſtures below, were, with the paſtures themſelves, mine alſo: in ſhort, I had fitted up my place for the reception of company, and began to exult in the work of my own fancy, when, caſting my eyes to the left from that fixed ground-loving reverie in which they had been involved during theſe operations, I diſcovered exactly ſuch a manſion ready made to my hands. Conſider the ſtate, the heat of mind, in which I made this diſcovery, and wonder not if, in the firſt moment, I fancied I ſaw only my own edifice.—It ſtarted to my view preciſely, when I had given it the laſt aerial finiſhes; it was emboſomed in trees, juſt as I would have it: in a word, it was, to all intents and purpoſes, ſuch as I had been erecting and adorning. I need not tell you, who know my ſoliloquizing way, that I was ſauntering onward all this while—"Sometimes faſt, "and ſometimes ſlow," as the poet ſays.—Truly, it was a very odd ſenſation I felt, on being obliged, at laſt, to confeſs, that it was actually a houſe of more ſolid materials than imagination commonly works with. How ſhall I deſcribe this to you? I was pleaſed to ſee ſo pretty a villa in ſo happy a ſituation, as well as to find that others had taſte as well as myſelf; but I was a little mortified—forgive me

me—to perceive any one had, as it were, built upon *my* ground, and ſuperſeded me. Ye rigid people of the world, I pray your pardon: which of you has not erected his airy caſtle, been delighted while it was in progreſs, triumphed in its completion, and mourned its fall?

My chagrin, however, was but of a moment. I had been ſufficiently amuſed with the ſhadow, and was ſoon in friendſhip with the ſubſtance. I had ſoon reaſon to be ſo. The proprietor of this manſion, with a child in each hand, was ſtanding at his gate. He had one of the moſt inviting countenances I ever ſaw: it encouraged a ſtranger to begin converſation, and to aſk any queſtions, with an aſſurance of their being graciouſly anſwered. On my firſt greeting, he came down to the road-ſide, and, with an urbanity that would have graced a court, entered with me into diſcourſe. On hearing my eulogy on the beauty of the place, and receiving my felicitations on the enviable ſituation of his villa, he begged I would conſider myſelf as the maſter of it, as long as might be agreeable or convenient to me, aſſuring me of the moſt unfeigned welcome if I could put up with cottager's fare. To ſtrengthen his invita-

tion, he obſerved, that the ſurrounding objects could not, poſſibly, be duly ſeen at one view; —that the colouring of the water, its repoſe, its rapidity, the contraſt of the barren and fertile mountains, and of the rocks, had different beauties at different times of the day, and that after a night's refreſhment I ſhould find them far more intereſting; adding, that there were many others which lay out of the common track, in the like ſtyle of ſoftneſs and ſublimity, and to which he would be himſelf my conductor in the morning, on the condition of my being his gueſt that night. This was offered with ſo frank an air, with ſo much unqueſtioned diſintereſtedneſs, that I intreat of you and your party, if you ever take this tour, to make your beſt bows and curtſeys to this hoſpitable cottager. His villa is about the midway between Mahuntleth, and Dolgelthy; but it is impoſſible it ſhould eſcape your notice; for without theſe memento's, I am ſure here would your foot be fixed, and here your heart would warm.

Nor is this hoſpitality rare in this country. It anciently, you know, formed its characteriſtic. Modern manners have not altogether refined it away. I witneſſed its exiſtence, during

during my tour, in a great many inſtances. In taking the exerciſes of the field, for example, every farm, every cottage, is yours, as places of repoſe and refreſhment, and the bounty extends to your dumb companions as well as to yourſelf—milk, butter, cheeſe, and barakerk, oat-bread, a clean cloth, a platter of hung-beef, a jug of beer, and a can of cyder, are placed before you, as matters of courſe, without aſking for, and your being a ſtranger is a ſufficient recommendation: nay, you would be thought cruel to ſuffer from fatigue, hunger, or bad weather, while ſuch ſhelter and entertainment were within your reach. As this is amongſt the facts which a reſidentiary traveller only could know, and as it is really a truth, that runs through the country, eſpecially the northern parts, I feel myſelf the more bound to mention it. Nor is it confined to the low and middle ranks only. People of family are every where under a preſcriptive neceſſity of keeping up certain forms, but with reſpect to Wales, a very ſlight acquaintance would ſecure a moſt cordial reception in the houſes of the gentry and nobility: and many of theſe live in the ſolid faſhions, and keep up their good old cuſtoms of ancient days—ſtill retaining their hawker, their harper, their domeſtic bard, &c.

A venerable man *, member for the very county which ſupplies the ſcenes I have been deſcribing, may be quoted as an inſtance. His ſtate of health has, for ſome time, "check'd the genial current of his ſoul;" but his houſe has been long the temple of good humour, hoſpitality, and cheerfulneſs, in a ſtyle that might put to the bluſh the proud reſerves, and ſelfiſh pomps of upſtart greatneſs, and muſh-room pretenſions to ſtate and diſtinction.

Such, in very general expreſſions, are the farmers, peaſants, and gentry, of the country, which gives a title to the Heir Apparent of one of the moſt valuable crowns, and to one of the moſt accompliſhed Princes in the Chriſtian world. It were undoubtedly to be wiſhed, that, with equal truth, I could pay an equal tribute to the peaſantry, farmers, and gentry, in England; but I fear the unbought, diſintereſted urbanity of theſe to ſtrangers, whether of their own country or of any other, muſt be looked upon rather as exceptions than general rules. When I reflect upon the ſubſtantial charities and benevolence of the people of England, on all great occaſions, I

* Mr. Vaughan, member for Merionethſhire, who, ſince this letter was written, is dead.

triumph

triumph in being, myſelf, an Engliſhman: but I ſhall never ceaſe to regret, my friend, that in the ſpontaneous courteſies, the little impromptus of civility, that grow out of the wants and wiſhes of the moment, and are to be gratified by diſpenſing with all formal reſerves, tedious introductions, and ſuſpicious balancings, the Welch, the Scotch, the Iriſh, the French, and many other people are their ſuperiors.

Whence can this take its riſe? Is it pride, diſtruſt, an apprehenſion of being deluded? Is it an inſular kind of reſervation? A ſhutting up of the heart till it is woo'd and won? Or is it a mixture of all theſe? Whatever be the cauſe, the effect is to be deplored: for much pleaſure is loſt to him who has too much etiquette, fear, or dignity, to ſtoop to immediate occurrences: the opportunity of doing a kindneſs is loſt in a moment, and if our doors are to be opened only to receive a friend, and a ſtranger muſt bring credentials of his being entitled to the *en paſſant* benevolence, by being known to ſome of our friends or neighbours, though unknown to ourſelves, a thouſand urbanities, which might have been ſhewn, muſt be omitted. A temper betwixt the extremes of French officiouſneſs, and Engliſh phlegm,

would form a good middle character. From many obſervations, during my late intercourſe amongſt all ranks in this country, I am diſpoſed to think that Welch courteſy is the happy medium, ſo far as goes to the reception of, and good offices ſhewn to ſtrangers. The fire of the French, at firſt ſight, is too hot to laſt; the froſt of the Engliſh takes too much time in thawing, and, though their bounty is but the more ſolid and effectual, when the ice of their conſtitutional—perhaps only atmoſpherical—reſerve is diſſolved, like certain fruits of the earth, after the ſnow that long covered them is melted, the occaſion is paſt away, and the object that ſtood in need of our temporary exertions, may have gone even beyond the reach of our beſt ſervices, while the fires of benevolence are kindling. Not but I know many happy exceptions; amongſt which I ſhould not ſcruple, were I called upon, by way of challenge, to produce a native of the gloomy iſland, as foreigners ſometimes call it, who to peculiar tenderneſs of the affections, for particular and private friends, unites a large, and indeed univerſal philanthropy, the effect of which extends courteſy, gentleneſs, and generous actions to people of all nations, diſpenſing kind words and good deeds,

deeds, wherever they are implored, I should name yourself—and not without exultation, that I have the honour to be your friend.—Adieu.

P. S. I shall leave the northern and return to the southern part of Wales to-morrow, with intent to take a little sea-bathing, before I entirely quit the country. I will give you the rest of my Gleanings from the court of Neptune.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

Barmouth, North Wales.

I HAVE, as the date will shew you, altered my route; to which I have been induced by a wish to pay my parting tribute to the place from which I now address you. The road from Mahuntleth to Dolgelthy, I trust, my last has made you acquainted with: that from Dolgelthy to Barmouth, a space only of ten miles, can, like the other, be done full justice to only by your own eyes, for its beauties are so manifold and extraordinary, that they literally

literally "beggar deſcription." Suppoſe yourſelf mounted on your horſe, or ſeated in your carriage on a clear genial day, as able from health, as diſpoſed from taſte and temper, to enjoy the beauties that offer themſelves to your view. Under ſuch happy circumſtances theſe ten miles would be the ſhorteſt, and the moſt pleaſant you have paſt in your whole life. New paſtures of the moſt exuberant fertility, new woods riſing in the majeſty of foliage, the road itſelf curving in numberleſs unexpected directions, at one moment ſhut into a verdant receſs, ſo contracted that there ſeems neither carriage or bridle way out of it; at another the azure expanſe of the main ocean filling your eye—on one ſide of you, rocks glittering in all the colours of that beauty which conſtitutes the ſublime, and of an height that diminiſhes the wild herds that browſe, or look down upon you from the ſummits, where the largeſt animal appears inſignificantly minute—on the other hand, plains, villas, cottages, venerable halls, or copſes, with whatever tends to form that milder grace that belongs to the beautiful. —Such are ſome of the objects you will meet with in your excurſion to Barmouth: on your arrival at which place, ſo far from your proſpects terminating with your journey, they open

upon you freſh attractions, which are as ſingular as unexpected.

This little ſeaport conſiſts of a ſingle irregular ſtreet only, one ſide of which is built upon the ſolid, rocky mountain, that is of ſo ſtupendous an height, that the firſt view of it, upon the traveller's entrance into the village, or taken from the ſea-ſide, makes him not only tremble for himſelf, but for the aerial inhabitants. Out of that mountain rock are their habitations formed, and though the conſiſtence is rather weak than ſtrong, as, after much drought or rain, it will crumble under your feet as you tread on it, the houſes are in excellent repair, and ſeem, like thoſe that reſide in them, to ſet winds and waves at defiance. The villagers are, probably, more hardy than their native mountains—much more ſo, I ſhould judge, than their crumbling rocks, if their weather-beaten complexions, and hard hands, which, in my familiar, character-exploring way, I have ſometimes ſhaken—may be conſidered as ſamples. You ſeem to be careſſing a man of iron, and that iron appears to be covered with a leather, that has undergone the proceſs and taken the tan of the material, with which our Engliſh waggon whips are commonly made.

The

The chief food of the peaſantry is fiſh, which is had in the greateſt abundance; and it may be reckoned amongſt the pleaſant objects of the place, to ſee the natives in their little fiſhing boats, on a fine morning, when the ſea is calm. If you look at them from the rocky ſide of the village, the boats ſeem like buoys, and the people that guide them are ſcarcely perceptible. The village itſelf, viewed on the contrary from the ocean, is the moſt pictureſque you can imagine. On account of the excellence of the beach, it is an admirable watering place, and a good bath may be had almoſt every day. In tempeſtuous weather, the aſſemblage of objects, taken together, are the moſt ſublime of any in the principality. The dark ſhading and ſtupendous height of theſe rocks, which overhang the ocean;—the mountain billows, that, aſcending midway, daſh againſt them, as if diſappointed in their ambition to reach the ſummit;—the veſſels that ſeem crouding into the harbour, and almoſt taking ſhelter in the houſes upon the beach;—the buildings on the rocks, meanwhile, ſeeming to demand no protection, but to mock the ſtorm—the innumerable quantity of ſea birds that enjoy it;—all theſe go towards the ſcenery —and if thunder and lightning are added to it,

it, which are very frequent accompaniments, the reverberation of the ſound amongſt the rocks, the terrific charms of the flaſhes on the objects, both on ſea and ſhore, with the intermingled roar of the waves, finiſh the climax, if I may ſo call it, of the true ſublime. You may, perhaps, aſk, if this ſcenery is not in every mountainous country, near the ſea, pretty much the ſame? I anſwer, certainly, in a degree: but here it is the ſuperlative degree of awful grandeur; and all I have hitherto ſeen of the magnificence of nature, in the time of her trouble, has been comparatively feeble to her exhibitions in and about Barmouth.

But it is time, that I bring both you and myſelf, ſafe down from theſe Alps of Cambria, where you may, perhaps, think I have ſtaid with you too long, particularly when the black mountains were wrapt in ſtorm, and the nature of the ſurrounding objects made me in danger of becoming poetical, which is a rock worſe, to the ſober-minded reader, than any I have mentioned; yet on which, too many travellers ſplit. Nevertheleſs, I have only cropp'd a few of the flowers which others failed to gather. In traverſing a ſpacious garden, even with an avowed intent of forming a bouquet, it is impoſſible,

impoſſible, amidſt a profuſion of ſweets beſtowed in " the prodigality of nature," not to leave or overlook many flowerets, and particular ſpots of exquiſite beauty and fragrance. To pluck and to examine theſe, and occaſionally to borrow from others, what may be honourable to them in the repetition, as authors, and agreeable to you, as a reader, is the " head " and front" of my office as a Gleaner.

From the labours of the late Mr. Groſſe, you, and every reader of taſte, are ſo well acquainted with the abbeys, caſtles, and other reliques of antiquity, and of the time of more deſtructive men, in the ſhapes of Kings, Protectors, &c. who, like death, " put all things under their " feet," that I ſhall not attempt to re-conduct you to theſe remains of power, prieſt-craft, and ſuperſtition. Indeed, were I inclined to ſearch diligently, it is doubtful whether I ſhould be able to pick up a ſingle ruin; that accurate antiquary having left nothing for my gleaning. Neither ſhall I ſay any thing of Snowden, —nor aſk you to accompany me to the country, where

" Huge Plinlimmon rears his cloud-topp'd head."

Both of which have been introduced to you in the beſt manner, by Maſon and Gray, the latter of

of whom poſſeſſed a genius loftier, and more ſublime, than the mountains he deſcribed.

A few objects, however, *nearer the ground*, remain for me; and if you will condeſcend to accept ſuch humble offerings, after the giddy heights, and fearful precipices, from which I have juſt let you down, they are at your ſervice. A quiet walk in the valley, after clambering hills, and buffeting with ſtorms, may relieve you.

Suppoſe, therefore, by way of ſhewing you a ſpecimen of the hardy manner in which the poor natural inhabitants of theſe craggy abodes live, you ſtep with me into a hut belonging to one of the Barmouth peaſants. In point of ſituation it might vie with any hermitage, cot, or palace, that prieſt, peaſant, or prince ever fixed on for reſidence. A noble beach of the fineſt ſand ſpreads itſelf at the bottom: the ocean yet nobler extends in front, with all the ſcenery that moves on the face of the waters; the cliffs of Cardiganſhire bound the proſpect to the right, to the left are ſeen thoſe of Caernarvonſhire. Cloſe at its foot a rill, which is for ever heard but never ſeen, the ſhrub wood and weeds of a little half-cultivated piece of garden

garden ground bidding defiance to the moſt narrow inſpection; and cloſe at its back is part of that immenſe and continuous rock on which one half of the village is erected; but as thoſe are on the ſummit, this is at the bottom. The ſides, and far the greater part of this hovel, for it is little better, are ſo thick with ivy, that, at a ſmall diſtance, nothing but that romantic evergreen is to be diſcovered. A novel writer, or a lover, or a miſanthrope, could imagine nothing half ſo congenial to their penſive diſpoſitions: it belongs to neither of theſe perſonages. Enter it, and ſurvey the inhabitants. Perhaps there never was contained, in ſo ſmall a ſpace, ſuch a variety of occupations going on at the ſame time: nor, probably, ſuch a number of living beings crouded into one cottage, conſiſting not only of one floor, but one very contracted room; and that room built barn faſhion; with more light from the large gaps in the thatched roof, than from the window. Its walls were of avowed mud, for not ſo much as a common white waſh ever attempted to conceal their real compoſition. The family conſiſted of fourteen perſons, of which, three were too young to relieve their poverty, though juſt old enough to ſmile at, and diſregard it—the reſt were,

were, as I ſaid, buſily employed. The father of the family was making nets, the mother of it was ſhaving one of the innkeepers of the place—of her more anon—the eldeſt ſon was weaving ribbons—the eldeſt daughter weaving cloth—the ſecond ſon was mending a petticoat, that, for variety of patch-work, might triumph over Otway's Hag—the ſecond daughter was attempting to repair what I gueſs might have been intended for her father's breeches, in his younger days, and was now to be converted into a pair for his heir apparent—the third daughter (he had but three ſons) was combing the head of the fourth, who was, with no leſs induſtry, knitting a pair of ſtockings—the ſixth girl was making bread—the ſeventh was making broth, that is, a collection of potatoes, carrots, and other vegetables—the eighth, and laſt, was rocking the cradle of the youngeſt child with her foot, and dandling another in her arms—while the fifth was making firſt experiments at the ſpinning-wheel.

The tatters which were thrown over theſe poor artizans, were even more bare and ragged than the furniture, which conſiſted of only three miſerable beds, of which one only had curtains, and thoſe of yellow ſtuff, in ſo ruinous a ſtate,

that—as the Copper Captain ſays of the rats—the moths and other vermin "had inſtinctively "quitted it."—There was a fourth bed, of a little dirty looking ſtraw, in a corner of the room, with a covering of old ſacks. Never did I ſee ſo much indigence, and ſo much induſtry united; for though the latter was unremitted, the low price of labour, and the number to be ſupplied from it, and the tender years of moſt of the labourers, made the ſource inadequate to the demand upon it; but neither the induſtry, nor the indigence, had baniſhed the virtues, or the felicities: They were, indeed, within this lowly reſidence, in a more flouriſhing ſtate than is generally to be found in prouder dwellings. All the varieties which characteriſe happineſs, in different minds and ages, were preſented before me. The father, while he conſtructed his net, taught the alphabet to one of his ſmaller children, who was armed with an horn-book. The matron ſtrongly recommended the laſt piece of cloth of her eldeſt girl's making to the innkeeper, whoſe chin ſhe was reaping; thus contriving to carry on two bargains at the ſame time, and it is not eaſy to deſcribe to you the ſatisfaction with which the good man of the houſe kiſſed the dirty face of the child, on her getting thro'

her

ſter letters without miſcalling or forgetting more than ſixteen out of the twenty-four; or how the good woman chuckled, when her encomia of the linen conquered the reluctance of mine hoſt, who not only promiſed to become a purchaſer of the cloth, then under hand, but to ſpeak favourably of her daughter's handy-works to the gentry at his houſe. The joke, however, which was, meanwhile, carrying on between the ſecond ſon and daughter, about the *converſion* of their uſual occupations, which was a thing agreed on, out of pure ſport, ſupplied a mirth yet more ardent. The convention was "Siſter, if you will repair my breeches, "I will mend your petticoat. One good turn "deſerves another." Accordingly, both went to work; during which, a thouſand ruſtic repartees, and ſallies of uncultivated wit, which made up in harmleſſneſs what they wanted in brilliancy, paſſed in rebound; but the jet of the joke lay in a ſtruggle, that happened between them, in the progreſs of their buſineſs: the brother declaring his ſiſter was a bungler; whereupon, there aroſe a pleaſant contention, which was of ſerious conſequence to the breeches; for they were torn in twain, and, furthermore, ſo rent, as to be unfit for either father or ſon: this, though no trifling loſs to

a family under ſuch circumſtances, made the jeſt ſo much the better, that the father forgave the misfortune, for the ſake of the pleaſant manner with which it was brought about; aſſuring me, that there was more wit in that girl who had torn the breeches, and more ſlyneſs in the young dog that was laughing at it, than I could believe. The mother ſhook her head, ſaying, they were always at ſome miſchief, and would be the ruin of the family; but patted the girl on the cheek, and clapped the boy on the back, while ſhe paſſed the cenſure on them. Thus does the tenderneſs of nature adminiſter equivalents, for the poverty of her meaneſt offspring. The reſt of the family were no leſs ſucceſsful in mixing amuſement with buſineſs: The little ſtocking-knitter was telling to the bread-maker a ſtory of the lights being ſeen, and the groans heard, when there was no perſon to carry the one or to make the other: a ſuperſtition, by the bye, that is intereſting to children of a larger growth, than thoſe who were then liſtening to it, and of which in its place. The little cradle-rocker was ſinging a lullaby to the ſuckling, which was hugging an half-ſtarved kitten in its arms. Find me a family, at once ſo happy and numerous, my friend. When the innkeeper was gone,

I ſat

I ſat down in the ſhaving chair, and from that day have never ceaſed to wiſh there were at leaſt one female barber in every town I paſſed through. This, however, and another at Mahuntleth, were all I ever met with in my life, and both of them beat the men at a beard, all to nothing.

I truſt that you, who I know are delighted with the ſight of "happy human faces," wherever they can be ſeen, will not be diſpleaſed at my having taken you into this humble abode. It may ſerve to ſhew you, as a ſpecimen, the chearful and inceſſant labours of the induſtrious poor; for there are very many of this deſcription in Wales, and they are the more meritorious, as, though there is infinite poverty, there is ſcarcely any appearance of it, in the whole principality; it being a general, almoſt an univerſal principle of the rich, to take care of the poor—a principle which, like every other good, is often abuſed. For the number of common beggars, throughout every part of Wales, is aſtoniſhing: they come in tattered tribes to your doors, from which they never go away, if they have no worſe faults than idleneſs and indigence, without being relieved. It would even be thought impious to refuſe

them. Profiting hereby, there are whole families, who ſubſiſt ſolely on the charity of their better-ſupplied neighbours. The begging brotherhood of Saint Francis are not more vagrant, nor more ſucceſsful in their mendicatory pilgrimages: and it is not uncommon for the parents, who happen to have ſome compunction, on the ſcore of aſking alms, while they are able to procure the means of life by their labour, to ſend out their children to ſhift as they can, while they themſelves are at work: preferring this caſual, and diſgraceful mode of ſubſiſtence for their children, to the honeſt induſtry by which they procure their own maintenance. There is, however, as you may ſuppoſe, a material difference, even in the poverty of the induſtrious, and that of the idle; the former, as in the example of the barber of Barmouth, covering the ſhoulders of his family with *remnants*, which certainly ſpeak variety of *induſtry*; while the latter, though they are neither aſhamed to beg, nor ſteal, and of courſe get their cloaths with much leſs trouble, ſuffer them to get into tatters, merely becauſe they are too lazy to mend them, before they are irreparable. My friend, the barber, indeed valued himſelf on his true Britiſh blood, very ſeriouſly aſſerting, that notwithſtanding his

present condition, he was the first of his family, that had ever gained his bread by the sweat of the brow; and that his father sacrificed the estate, which should have descended to his posterity, to an act of generosity to the *unfortunate Prince*, meaning the Grandson of King James the Second, who, he added, pointing to an almost worn-out print of him, that hung on the wall, was more obliged to his father, and better deserved it, than he dare tell me. "Not," continued he, "but I am a true friend, and loyal subject, to his Majesty King George: but that poor Prince"—again pointing to the print—"was a disappointed out-cast man, wandering up and down this country, and I am proud that my father opened his door to him, though he let out at the same time what plucked up the hopes of his family by the roots. Hereby hangs a sorrowful tale, master," said he, sighing, "but it is of no use to trouble you with it: and as for me, it is but doing something instead of nothing, for my living, which is all the difference you know, Sir, betwixt a poor man and a gentleman: so work away my lads and lasses, work away old Dame Partlett—for, as the song says,—

"The world is a well-furnished table"—
"Where guests are promiscuously set."

ſung the mother of the family: Continuing the tune,—

"We all fare as well as we are able,"

carolled the eldeſt daughter, who had really a fine voice,

"And ſcramble for what we can get."

Chorus, boys and girls, chorus!—Here the reſt of the labourers took up the burthen, and the "long, loud laugh" ſucceeded, which not only "ſpoke the vacant," but the happy ſoul. I joined in it, with all my heart, and reſolved to recommend as many cuſtomers as I could to the independent cottagers. And, I hereby beg they may be had in remembrance, whenever either you, or your friends emigrate to this part of the world, and ſhould want either nets; ſhaving, in the eaſieſt manner; home-ſpun ribbons; home-knit ſtockings; petticoats repaired; or breeches deſtroyed. Adieu.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

South Wales.

I HAVE now resumed my southern route, and write to you from Aberestwith, in my way to which I met with another little cottage enterprise so descriptive of that happiness, in the most lowly stations of life, of which people in the affluent or even the middle ranks of this variegated world have no manner of idea, that I cannot but imagine a relation of it will be welcome to *you*, whom I know to delight in viewing all sides of the human picture, particularly such as represent any part of the happiness of human beings.

You are yet to learn that I performed, and am still performing, this Cambrian expedition upon the back of my old faithful steed, now in the twenty-fourth year of his age: a creature best calculated of all others for the purposes of a deliberate and residentiary traveller, having every disposition in the world to allow his master time for observation and reflection. His character is very truly given in the words of the good old axiom—"slow and sure." His own history is sufficiently interesting and event-

ful

ful to find a place in a heart like yours; and, in abridgement, I will here give it you. The whole life of this poor ſlave, till within the two laſt years, has been a continual trial of ſtrength, labour, and patience. He was broken to the bit by a Yorkſhire jockey, to be rode, the moment he was fit for ſervice, by an Oxonian ſcholar, who, whatever might have been his learning in the abſtruſer ſciences, was little converſant in the rudiments of humanity, though they are level with the loweſt underſtanding, and founded on the tender code of that great Lawgiver who has told us, "a juſt "man is merciful to his beaſt." During the very firſt vacation, this ſprightly youth ſo completely outrode the ſtrength of his ſteed, that he ſold him on the ſame day that he regained his college, at the re-commencement of the term, for two guineas, to one of thoſe perſons who keep livery ſtables, and at the ſame time have horſes to let. It was not eaſily poſſible for a poor wretch, ſo badly ſituated before, to change ſo much for the worſe: and of all the fates that attend a hackney horſe, that which belongs to the drudge of a public univerſity is the moſt ſevere: it is even harder than that of the ſervitors of the college. He remained in this ſervitude, however, ſixteen years, during which

which he was a thouſand times not only prieſt-ridden, but pariſh-ridden, and yet was rarely known to ſtumble, and never to fall. Is it not queſtionable whether half the pariſhioners, or even the prieſts (with reverence be it ſpoken) could ſay as much for their *own* travels in the rugged journey of life? His maſter, rather from policy than compaſſion, thought it moſt for his future intereſt to allow his four-footed ſervant a ſhort reſpite, and he was accordingly favoured with a month's run in what is called a ſalt marſh; but, before his furlough was expired, he was *borrowed* by ſome ſmugglers who then infeſted the coaſt, and who made him the receiver of contraband commodities, as well as aider and abetter in practices, which, like many other underhand actions, are beſt carried on in the night time. I ſay *borrowed*, becauſe, after a winter's hard work, in the company of theſe land-pirates, the horſe was thrown up by his temporary employers in the very marſh out of which he had been preſſed into their ſervice, and a leathern label, on which was marked this facetious intelligence, faſtened to his fetlock, "*Owner, I have been ſmuggled.*" By theſe means he unexpectedly came again into his quondam maſter's poſſeſſion, out of which, however, he departed the ſummer after in the

ſociety

ſociety of an old fellow-commoner, who, after many years cloſe confinement in the cloiſters, was diſpoſed to relinquiſh them in favour of a piece of church preferment in Norfolk, which happened to be in the gift of a lady about his own ſtanding in life, and who, in the days of her youth, avowed ſo ſtrong a partiality for this gentleman, that her father, diſapproving her alliance with a perſon who had only the hopes of a curacy before his eyes, thought fit to clog her inheritance, over which he had complete authority, with a formidable condition of forfeiting the whole eſtates, ſhould ſhe marry a ſon of the church: ſhutting out, hereby, the whole body of divinity to exclude the aforeſaid individual member. Faithful, however, to the merits of the man who had won her heart, ſhe was glad to find that the parental tyranny which had tied her hand, had left free her fortune; ſhe, therefore, took the firſt opportunity to preſent the object of her early choice with the only piece of ſervice in her power: a preſentation to the living of which ſhe was become the patroneſs; thinking this a better evidence of her ſtill-exiſting partiality, than if ſhe had ſet fortune at defiance, and ſacrificed not only her own advantages, but her lover's, to the gratifying a paſſion which would have impoveriſhed

d both. An example of tenderneſs this,
worthy the imitation of more romantic
ds. It was to be inducted to this living
our learned clerk now journeyed on the
ent ſteed, whoſe memoirs I am writing:
as he did not intend to reviſit the banks of
and had often been ſecurely carried to a
hbouring chapel, where he officiated, on
back of this identical horſe, he purchaſed
to the intent that he ſhould get into a good
ng alſo. But the turbulent part of this poor
te's adventures was not yet performed. His
on died without himſelf deriving what
ht have been expected from his benefice;
ſoon after the deceaſe of the maſter, the
ant fell into the hands of a man in the
e pariſh, who, to a variety of other en-
vours, to ſubſiſt a large and needy family,
ed that of letting out occaſionally a horſe.
hero, ſtill unbroken in either knees or
ſtitution, was deemed fit for his purpoſe;
being thought of little value, was obtained
an eaſy price. His new maſter removed
after to Loweſtoft, which you know is a
ſiderable ſea-bathing town, in the county
Suffolk, where the toils impoſed by his
ford tyrant were more than accumulated;
beſides dragging a cart all the morning
with

with loads of bread (a baker being amongſt the buſineſſes of his maſter,) he was, on account of his gentle diſpoſition, the horſe fixed upon to take a couple of gouty invalids in the bathing machine, after the more vigorous divers and dippers had finiſhed their ablutions. In the afternoon he was harneſſed to the London poſt-coach, which daily paſt from Loweſtoft to Yarmouth. The next morning by day-break he came with the return of the ſaid coach, and was then ready for the diurnal rotation at home, unleſs a more profitable offer happened to take him another way. Four years of his life were paſſed in this miſerable round of labours, and it was at this period of his hiſtory that he and I became acquainted. I was then on a viſit to one of the * beſt ſcholars, and beſt men in the world; and being in want of a little horſe exerciſe, my friend mentioned to me this poor but honeſt ſlave; recounting to me, at the ſame time, what I have now dilated of his ſtory; adding, that he did not exactly know in what condition he might be at that time, but that he could anſwer for what was left of him to be good; which is much more than can

* The venerable tranſlator of Sophocles, Eſchylus, and Euripides.

fairly

fairly be ſaid of a third of thoſe who are neatly worn out in the buſineſs of the world.

My affections were engaged, and I was predetermined to make a preſent to them of this horſe, for a ſight of which I immediately ſent my ſervant; but when he was led to the door of my friend's houſe, and though my reſolution to mark him for my own grew firmer, as I gazed upon his pity-moving careaſe, I totally gave up all ideas of his utility. The owner himſelf, confeſſed he was almoſt *done up*, at which thought a long ſigh enſued, and a confeſſion that he had been the chief ſupport of the family, obſerving, while he patted his neck, that the poor fellow might be ſaid not only to carry his children's bread to be ſold, but to make it.—"But it's all over with you now, my old boy"—continued the baker—"you may get me through the autumn, mayhap, and then"—What then, ſaid I? "He muſt hobble away to the kennel"—To the kennel? "Even ſo, maſter—What muſt be, muſt be: I can't afford to let him die by inches; and if I could, I don't ſee the humanity of that: better give him to the dogs while they can make a meal of him, and pay me a ſmall matter for their entertainment.—He will, however,

carry

carry your honour this month to come creditably."

Predetermined, as I ſaid, to ſpare the remains of this poor wretch, I bought him on the ſpot, convinced that it would be difficult to find any other perſon who would receive him on any terms. His appearance was ſuch as would have juſtified Roſinante in refuſing his acquaintance on the etiquette of comparative poverty. The aſſociation would have diſgraced that celebrated ſpectre; nor did Quixote himſelf exhibit ſo woeful a countenance. If ever, therefore, I could boaſt of an action purely diſintereſted, and which had unalloyed compaſſion for its baſis, it was the giving five times more than he was worth, that is to ſay, five guineas, for this old horſe; intending only, at the time, that he ſhould paſs the reſidue of his days in peaceful indolence, broken in upon only by the infirmities of life, and die a natural death. To this end I obtained for him the run of a friend's park, where I conſidered him as a reſpectable veteran retired on a penſion. In this verdant hoſpital he remained, unſought, unſeen, a whole year; at the end of which, being invited to paſs the Chriſtmas with the noble and generous owners of the park afore-

laid, I paid a viſit alſo to my penſioner, who had grown ſo much beyond himſelf on their unmeaſured bounty, that he ſeemed to be renovated. Do not wonder that I ſcarce knew him in his improvements, for he appeared not to know himſelf. The poor fellow's very character was inverted; the alteration reached from head to heel: he neighed, ſnorted, kicked, and frolicked about the paſture, on my firſt attempt to ſtop him, with the airs of a filly-foal. I reminded him that he ought to deport more humbly, conſidering the melancholy ſituation from which he was but recently delivered; yet ſo far from paying any attention, he turned from my morality with another ſnort of diſdain, toſſed up his ſaucy head, and threw up his heels, wholly forgetting, like other ingrates, his former condition. Like them too he appeared to conſider the world now made for him; and, therefore, betwixt jeſt and earneſt, I was reſolved once more to ſhew him he was made for the world.

The very next day I cauſed him to be taken from his green receſs, and performed the tour of the environs on his back. More airily, more pleaſantly, I could not have been carried, nor, towards the end of the ride, more ſoberly.

The ſpirit which he ſhewed in the paſtures was but as the levities of a hearty and happy old age in the plenitude of uncurbed leiſure; like the gaiety of a veteran, who, finding himſelf in health, might take it into his head to finiſh in a country dance; but theſe are ſallies for a moment. Ah! my friend, how many poor ſtarving wretches, worn down by their cruel taſk-maſters, goaded like this horſe by the "whips and ſpurs o'th' time," and driven out of one hard ſervice to another, might, like him, be reſcued in the extremity at ſmall expence, and by the hand of bounty be protected from farther rigours! even till they were renewed for a ſerviceable, inſtead of a diſeaſed, old age! How many half-famiſhed, hard-ridden creatures of the human race, I ſay, might, in like manner, be repleniſhed! Reject not this long ſtory—this epiſode—this heroi-comi-epic if you pleaſe—but I cannot allow you to call it a digreſſion. You will admit it to be in point when you are given to underſtand, that on this very horſe, thus reſtored by a little indulgence, I have meaſured a thouſand miles, and find my aſſociate in ſufficient heart to meaſure a thouſand more. In the four-and-twentieth year of his age we ſallied forth; and if the maſter had in courſe of his travels made

as

as few trips, as few falſe ſteps, as the ſervant, he might be a match for the ſafeſt goer on the road of life.

Should this correſpondence reach the profeſſional critics, think you that I ſhould "ſcape "calumny" for taking up ſo much of their time about an old horſe? And why ſhould I not pay an old, faithful, companion, to whom I owe much health, much happineſs, this grateful effuſion? If the Roſinante of Cervantes had more wit, the car of Montaigne more wiſdom, and the aſs of Yorick more ſentiment, none of them could be better qualified, as I before told you, for a deliberate traveller. He was, in ſhort, nay he is, being at this very minute at feed before me—the horſe in the world for a *Gleaner*. A month's cloſe connexion and converſe with each other, before I ſet out on this tour, in little experimental excurſions, gave him ſuch an inſight into my habits, that we perfectly underſtood one another by the time we ſet out on our northern expedition. He follows me when I wiſh to be on foot, waits for me at a gate or hedge, without tying, when I imagine there is any thing Glean-worthy out of the main road; and when, as is my cuſtom, I ſit down to make minutes of my obſervations,

or luxuriate on the ſcenery around me, although he has never diſcovered any remarkable reliſh for theſe ſort of banquets, he contents himſelf with picking a dinner from the graſs on the road ſide, or, if this *agrément* is wanting, he takes a comfortable nap as he ſtands, and leaves me to my reflections: after which, though often ſuddenly arouſed, he wakes in the ſweeteſt temper in the world, and is perhaps the only companion a traveller of my diſpoſition could go a long journey with, and not be extremely complained of: I have ſometimes ſet out at an early dawn with the intention of travelling, even in my ſauntering way, at leaſt twenty miles, but the beauty of the day, the abundance of the objects, and a frame of mind to enjoy them, have with difficulty permitted me to reach the firſt village, town, or cottage—for I ſtop any where, and am at home every where. Where is the man or woman who would find this ſupportable? Where is even the beaſt who would not think it a little troubleſome? I never, however, ſaw my poor old fellow even look as if he had leſs patience or philoſophy than myſelf. And ſhall not ſuch a horſe, for once in my life, be made the chief ſubject of a letter? How many worſe topics have filled folios? Forgive me, my friend,

I would

I would not build a palace for him were I as rich as Caligula, but I would, under your auſpices, dedicate to him this part of my preſent epiſtle, aſſuring you, if in my correſpondence you find any ſpirit, novelty, ſport, or information, as you flatter me you do, the meek pliability of this aged thing had his ſhare in producing it. As to the critics, ſhould I come under their laſh for the treſpaſs, I ſhall only beg them, as they value their own hobby-horſes, and love to praiſe them, to boaſt how well they carry, and how much ſafer and better they go through this dirty world than their neighbour's, to bear, this once, with the hiſtory of mine. But I promiſed you another cottage adventure, which this hiſtory has thus long poſtponed. You ſhall have it now.

In effect, it was a reflection on the groteſque ſituation to which both man and horſe were reduced, that brought upon you this curious morſel of equeſtrian biography. I ſet off from a lone houſe, on a ſandy heath, very properly called the barren iſland, about a mile on the Aberefiwith ſide of Aberavon, where I had paſſed a ſtormy night, rendered yet more troubleous by there being every hour brought to the Ferry-Houſe, the dead bodies of fiſher-

men, who had periſhed in a tempeſt, which a few nights before had wrecked a number of veſſels on the coaſt of Wales. It was the ſeaſon of the herring fiſhery, in progreſs of which there are many misfortunes of this ſort, and of other kinds; for a bad ſeaſon, or which is tantamount, bad luck, will ruin a whole family, ſometimes a whole village, the ſole dependence of which are the herrings, the ſtaple commodity of the inhabitants. At the time of my quitting the barren iſland the clouds made the faireſt promiſes, and a beautiful rainbow ſtretched its arch acroſs the heavens to confirm them, but I had not gone a league, before all theſe fair promiſes were broken, and my clothes were completely wet through, notwithſtanding my horſe did the beſt in his power, for both our ſakes, to prevent it.

We took ſhelter at a moſt miſerable-looking hut at the ſide of the heath, and accepted the protection it offered, with as entire good will as if it had been an eaſtern palace. My horſe was obliged to crawl into a kind of out-houſe, where a ſwine-driver and his pigs had the inſtant before taken refuge, and, while I was reconciling my ſteed to this ſociety, a Jew pedlar and his pack, and another traveller with his

his dog, crouded in. Neceſſity, as Shakſpeare ſays, brings one acquainted with ſtrange company: not that theſe are the words of that immortal Bard, and of courſe my memory has injured even the ſentiment: but you, who have literally his beſt ſentiments by *heart*, can do him juſtice.

A being, ſcarcely human in appearance, invited me to enter the hut. I enter'd.—Its inhabitants—How ſhall I deſcribe them? Fancy ſomething which aſſembles the extremes of filth, penury, health and felicity—perſonify theſe amongſt men, women, and children—give to each of them forms and features, which confer a ſort of grace and beauty on the houſehold of the barber of Barmouth by compariſon. Put all this filth, penury, health, and felicity into motion; and having formed your group, imagine that you ſee it unſhod, unſtockened, uncapped, and nearly unpetticoated and unbreeched. Young and old were buſied in counting the fineſt and freſheſt herrings I ever ſaw, that inſtant brought in from the fiſhing-boat. The father of the family, to whom the boat belonged, declared he had never had ſo proſperous a voyage; and, though he was almoſt blown away, he would hazard twice as

much danger for ſuch another drag: "look what a ſize they are off, and how they ſhine, my boys and girls—i'faith, they ſeem'd plaguily afraid of the hurricane, and came in ſhoals to the nets as if they took ſhelter in them—little thinking, poor fools, that this was a jump from the water to the fire; and now I talk of that, here put half a dozen of them into a pan, for I am deuced hungry, and mayhap this gentleman may be ſo too; and if ſo be that he is, he ſhall be as welcome to a freſh herring and a brown biſcuit as myſelf;—what ſay you, my heart of oak?" continued he, clapping me as familiarly on the ſhoulder as if I had been his meſſmate, and indeed treating me as hoſpitably as if I had been ſo, and we had both eſcaped from a wreck to his cabin. Perceiving my dripping ſituation, he ſaid, "Come ſhipmate, doff your jacket, put on this rug, come to an anchor in that corner, warm your ſhivering timbers with a drop of this dear creature, which will make a dead fiſh ſpeak like an orator—there—another ſwig—don't be afraid of it—one more—and now you will do while your rigging and canvas are drying."

All this time, mine hoſt of the hovel ſtood in

in his ſea-drench'd apparel, on my reminding him of which, he cried out ſmilingly, "Ah! you are a freſh-water ſailor, I perceive, and would take a deal of ſeaſoning, before you were good for any thing; but for me, all winds and weathers are alike to old Jack, while I can get good fiſh abroad, and good fleſh at home; ſo fry away Molly, for the wet has made me as hungry as a ſhark, and though I have drank like a whale, I ſhall now eat like a lion—and I hope, you will do the ſame, meſſmate." By this time, mine hoſteſs ſet before us out diſh of herrings, which, with oatmeal cakes, potatoes, and buttermilk, furniſhed one of the heartieſt dinners I ever ate; after which, the ſailor made me partaker of a can of flip—ſung a ſong, about the dangers and hardſhips of the ſea-faring life: and made me take notice, that he was the happy father of a cabin full of children, that I might ſee another was upon the ſtocks; and that if it pleaſed God to ſend him a dozen ſuch pieces of good fortune every year, for a dozen ſeaſons, he ſhould be as able, as he was willing, to procure a ſnug birth for every one; and meantime, maſter, we will have another ſip of grog to drink ſucceſs to the herring fiſhery.

Our regale was interrupted by the ſudden exclamations

exclamations from without doors, of—"She's "loſt, ſhe's loſt—ſhe can't weather it—ſhe "muſt go to the bottom—there is not water "enough for her to come in, and the wind "blows like the devil in her teeth—ſhe's "ſinking—the next ſea will finiſh her." All the cottagers ran to the beach, which was within a few paces. I followed inſtinctively. The hurricane was again renewed, the ſeas ran mountain high, and a ſmall coaſting veſſel was ſtruggling with them. In a few minutes the ſtrand was covered with numerous, but not idle ſpectators. The whole of the villagers hurried to give aſſiſtance. Amongſt the croud, I diſcovered both the pig driver and the pedlar, whoſe ſituation I had begun to relate to my kind-hearted hoſt: but the moſt aſſiduous of the whole multitude, was a young woman, who, while the tears ran down her cheeks, was amid the firſt to leap into a ſmall boat which had been anchored on the beach, and in which the maſter of our cottage and three others, reſolved to truſt themſelves to offer ſuch aſſiſtance as was in their power. The wind did not abate of its fury, but ſhifted a few points more in-ſhore; this, perhaps, in a veſſel of greater burthen, might have been fatal; but was, in ſome ſort, favourable to the little bark

in

in diſtreſs. She had, by tacking, gained a ſtation parallel to a part of the harbour, where ſhe might run aſhore, which ſhe did at length without much damage: and the only thing now to be apprehended, was the loſs of the boat that had gone out to her ſuccour. The people on board the veſſel were almoſt inſtantly on land, and one of them being ſhewn the boat, and told, at the ſame time, that ſhe went out to the relief of the crew, was amongſt the moſt active to throw out a rope, and try to return the favour intended him in kind. The ſame circumſtance, however, which brought in the veſſel, preſently befriended the boat, who venturing to ſet her ſail, was, after a few deſperate rolls, impelled over the billows, and driven, as it were, headlong on ſhore: but not before the ſailor, who had been handing out the rope, perceived the female in the boat, on which he threw himſelf on the ground, in the eagerneſs of catching her in his arms. You already feel they were lovers: they were more. The bands of matrimony had united them the week before. The very fiſhing-boat, which was now driven on ſhore, was the mutual property of the two fathers, who had agreed to give up each his ſhare to their ſon and daughter, as the wedding portion: two of the

men

men in the little ſkiff were the fathers: the profits of the herring ſeaſon were to be the children's fortune. How thin are the bounds that ſeparate the extremes of happineſs from the exceſſes of miſery! the former, however, were now realized: the veſſel brought in a good freight, the fathers were ſaved, and the children were happy. They all reſided, and were, indeed, natives of the village, but mine hoſt, whoſe houſe was neareſt to the place of landing, and had a heart ſufficiently expanded to fill a palace with people that ſtood in need of hoſpitality, inſiſted, that as ſoon as the Little Sally and Jack, which, it ſeems, was the name of the fiſhing-boat, could be left for half an hour, they ſhould paſs it with him: this being agreed to, all hands went to work upon the Little Sally and Jack, and if I had not been apprehenſive that my ignorance in what was to be done, would rather have confuſed than aſſiſted, my poor aid ſhould not have been with-held. Matters being put to rights, and leſs miſchief done than might have been expected, the company ſet off for the hut of my generous hoſt, who took a hand of each of the married lovers, walking between them, and told them, he hoped, that as they had ſo well eſcaped Davy's Locker this time, they would

tumble

tumble in a hammock together these fifty years. A fresh supply of fish was immediately ordered into the pan, my landlord, swearing a terrible oath that on this occasion—for there was a strict friendship between him and the parties preserved—the old saying should be verified, as to their swimming thrice: accordingly, for their second ocean, it was determined that the bowl, which, some years before, had commemorated an escape from a shipwreck in his own fortunes, should now be filled to the brim, to celebrate the success of the Little Sally and Jack. I was pressed to stay and take my share, on pain of being deemed too proud to be happy amongst poor people: and on observing, that my steed all this time was in a state which reproached me for staying so sumptuously, mine host starting up, declaring, that though he could not ride, he loved a horse next to a man, and that if mine would put up with a mess of bran instead of of hay, of which he had none, and a draught of ale instead of water, he should be as welcome as his own soul. I took him at his word, and staid to witness and join in the festivities, till there was just enough of the evening left to reach Aberystwith. I would have offered a small token of acknowledgment for what I had

received, but that I ſaw a tremendous frown gathering on the brow of my hoſt, and an oath quivering on his lip, which frightened me from my deſign, and made me only take his hand, with an aſſurance, that I would never paſs his houſe without ſtopping to ſee if all was well on board, and how the herring fiſhery ſucceeded. This ſo pleaſed him, that he made the bowl go round to my health, and wiſhing another gale of wind would blow me into his hovel, as often as I ſhould come along ſide of it; then led out my horſe, held my ſtirrup while I mounted, and huzza'd me in three hearty cheers, till I was out of ſight.

My dear friend, how fallacious, how contracted, are our judgments on that part of human nature, which we have not had opportunities of ſeeing, and which, therefore, we too often ſuppoſe does not exiſt! We lay much of what are called the courteſies, civilities, and intereſting humanities, to the account of education: we conceive, that, to enlarge the human heart, we ſhould refine it: in ſhort, we are extremely apt to circumſcribe elevated action to elevated life; or at beſt, to conſider the nobler effuſions, when they proceed from low-

low-born and uncultured men, as exceptions to a general fordidneſs, and vulgar way of *feeling*, as well as thinking. You will not ſuſpect me of an over-fondneſs for what is termed low company: the error of my life, perhaps, is to have paſt too much of it in the ſociety of what is called high company: for what, commonly ſpeaking, does it ſhew us, but the ſmooth ſhillings that Sterne has ſo finely deſcribed, as rubbing out all character and impreſſion in the act of poliſhing? I love, however, to mix with, and, as it were, blend myſelf in all ranks and orders of men; to ſee, converſe with, and weave myſelf into their moſt familiar habitudes; and as I never yet could bring any other perſon exactly into the ſame way of thinking, I have purſued this inclination for the moſt part *alone*, till, by long uſage, ſolitary travelling, though I truſt you will allow me to be of a ſocial diſpoſition, is become agreeable to me. And ſuffer me to ſay, that I think I have derived from this very ſingularity, a more thorough inſight into nature, the hearts and manners of human kind, than if I had gone the grand tour in what is denominated the *beſt company*. By means of my humbler, but leſs encumbered, mode of travelling, I am as free to obſerve what is paſſing as the birds that fly

over

over my head: like them, I ſtop to amuſe myſelf with a ſong, regale myſelf with gleaning what I feel to be ſolid food, but which grew up in places where another traveller would not go to look for it: like them, I enjoy the blazing hearth, and partake the crumbs of the peaſant, or pauſe to obſerve upon the magnificence and luxuries of the prince. I paſs in rapid tranſitions from one to the other. In a circuitous way, reviſit the places I have left, renew my acquaintance with particular perſons and places, glean the characters and hearts of the poor and the rich, break in upon them unawares, without formal notice, which gives folks time to put on the maſk of the world, and receive me in diſguiſe. I love to take them by ſurprize, and ſo diſcover my welcome. It delights me to lift the latch of a cottage, ſuch, for inſtance, as I have been deſcribing, towards night-fall, and to ſee the hearts of the inhabitants fly out ſuddenly to greet me. And to treat my friends in higher life in like manner—to ſteal into their familiar, family rooms, unexpectedly, and almoſt unſeen, at hours they are moſt likely to be gathered together. When a year's abſence is expected, it delights me to cut it ſhort; ſometimes to cut it in half, ſometimes even in quarters. Can there be any thing more pleaſant

to

to the traveller, than to ſee the countenances of a whole family, of whatever condition, and of whatever country;—for what points or boundaries of earth or water can ſet limits to a temper that cultivates the kind, the good, and the ingenious, wherever it meets them?—to ſee, I ſay, the countenances of ſuch lighten up at your ſudden appearance, and each perſon contributing to your welcome—one offering "the ready chair," another refreſhment, &c. &c. and thus, as I ſaid, feeling yourſelf at home with the worthy and hoſpitable in all countries? I proteſt to you that I bear a good-will, bordering on friendſhip, for even the trees, or hedge-rows, that have formerly afforded me ſhade in ſummer, or ſhelter, ſuch as they had to beſtow, in winter, and I do not paſs them by in my returns without a ſmile, and ſometimes a nod of acknowledgment.

Am I exhibiting traits of an humouriſt in all this? Be it ſo: if they ſerve to keep me in ſpite of many vexations from the world, in humour with *it*; if they open my eyes to the beauties of nature, and my heart to the author of them: if, in the cultivation of new friendſhips, they help me to forget, or forgive at leaſt, old enmities; if, in a word, they enable me to

draw both from ſolitude and ſociety thoſe ſatisfactions which, though unfelt or unknown to others, are extremely appreciated by me, would you wiſh me to forego them, in complaiſance to thoſe who think they are *right-on* travellers, and I a mere idler by the way, becauſe we perform our journey—the ſame ſhort journey, alas! with reſpect to human life—in a different manner, and with different degrees of expedition, as well as by different roads? No. You have too much philoſophy, too much toleration, too much affection about you, not to let every man amuſe himſelf, in his travels through life, in his own way; and with reſpect to myſelf, you would be in friendſhip with the moſt inanimate objects—with a clown that opened the door of his hut to me, but for an hour, amidſt the Appenines to lighten the toils of aſcending them, or with the ſimpleſt ſhrubs that ſaved me, but a minute, from the "pitileſs ſtorm" in the deſerts of Arabia.

In return, every thing that contributes to your eaſe, comfort, or happineſs, is intereſting to your friend; and were you to tell me, that a poor ſparrow that ſat on your houſe-top gave you pleaſure to have him amongſt your domeſtics,

tics, I muſt mourn the fate which ſhould bring that ſparrow to the ground.

How have I been ſeduced into theſe delineations of myſelf?—I know not. But I remember, that they grew out of an apology I was making for ſtopping ſo frequently on the road, going backwards and forwards ſo irregularly, and vindicating the humble companions amongſt whom I every now and then throw myſelf.

In the courſe of our correſpondence you have had reaſon, I truſt, to approve of the pauſes I have made in the moſt lowly dwellings. At the laſt reſting place, for example, did I not bring you acquainted with a ſet of as humane, open-hearted, ſincere, induſtrious, and innocent creatures, as ever ſtruggled with the winds and waves for a ſubſiſtence? Expoſed to the moſt furious elements, do you not feel that the gentleſt and the beſt are mixed up in their compoſitions, even while their lives are paſſed in the rudeſt occupations? Do you not ſee that the hardeſt hands, and the ſofteſt hearts belong, frequently, to the ſame perſons? Are not hoſpitality, good faith, good neighbourhood, and every ſocial virtue, that would em-

blazon a court, ſhut into that clay-built hut I have ſo lately left? And are you not in alliance with the whole party? Does not your heart warm to every individual member of it, though you will probably never know them but by my report? Does not your attaching ſentiment extend, in a manner, to the very veſſel that brought the happy pair again together, and to the adventurous ſkiff that braved the tempeſt for her relief?

Had I not been a *deliberate*, if you will have it ſo, a *ſauntering* traveller, and of the temperament I have pourtrayed, you would have paſſed your whole life, perhaps, without knowing there was ſuch a group in exiſtence, hid, as they are, from high-minded obſervers.

There is a beautiful ſentiment, ſomewhere in Shenſtone's proſe volume, which purports, that he never caſts his eye over a ſpacious map, but he fancies that in ſuch and ſuch countries are numberleſs amiable perſons he would like to know, and concludes with a ſigh of regret, that it is impoſſible he ever ſhould. The traveller of my caſt, certainly ſtands a better chance of hitting upon ſome of theſe, than he that is in and out of the country, as faſt as horſes

horſes, or wheels, can carry him, and, of courſe, though he paſſes by as many amiable people as even a generous heart could expect to find, knows as little about them as thoſe wheels, or horſes. Whatever, therefore, you were before, I ſet you down from this moment as a convert to reſidentiary travelling: and, moreover, whenever you next examine your map, to trace the wanderings of your correſpondent, you will be pleaſed to know, what you certainly did not know before, that upon the ſide of a barren heath, at the edge of a roaring ſea, between Aberavon and Abereſtwith, there ſtands a ſolitary hut which would open to diſtreſs as readily as to proſperity, and afford its impartial bounty to whoſoever is in want of it. Ah, that truth would warrant our ſaying ſo much in praiſe of half the houſes, that have the moſt room to ſpare, and the beſt accommodation to beſtow, in the great city of London, or any other great city?—but, as Cowper ſays, very ſweetly, though, perhaps, a little quaintly,—

"God made the country, and man made the town."

After all, there are good people every where, if we take the trouble to look for them; and to expect them without trouble, or reſearch,

in a world like this, is prepoſterous. As cities have their virtuous characters, cottages have their villains, and whatever cenſure is *general*, it is in life, as in literature, perhaps,—

"Ten cenſure wrong for one who *acts* amiſs."

At leaſt, the practice of condemning in the lump, and erecting our panegyric on cottages, on the ruins of old threadbare ſatire on courts, is my abhorrence. In either ſtation, one of your principles would be a juſt object of the love I bear you. Is this a letter, or a volume? Leſt in looking back, you ſhould *aſk what it is about?* I will abruptly end it, by bidding you adieu.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

Abereſtwith.

TRUE, my friend, I plead guilty to your accuſation of ſilence: it has been a whole month ſince I laſt addreſſed you; but I underſtood by yours, which came to hand ſoon after mine was diſpatched, that you were in your bed of ſickneſs, and that heavy grief for the loſs of one of the earlieſt adopted, and moſt

dearly loved, of your friends occaſioned it. I have the moſt rooted diſlike to interrupt, or to be interrupted, in the awful duties and inclinings of diſtreſs on theſe occaſions. It is uſual, I know, to write a very long epiſtle of condolence, and conſolation on ſuch caſes: but did not the intention ſanctify the practice, I ſhould pronounce it impertinent, if not impious. It is obtruding upon our ſorrow in its ſabbath. One whom we have long valued, long converſed with, will be ſeen by us in this world no more: the day that bereaves us, and the days of mourning that ſucceed it, ſhould be kept holy. It ſhould be hallowed with our tears. Such tears often "do us good," or, at worſt, they do us leſs harm than an unſeaſonable attempt to wipe them away. And ſuch efforts are always more or leſs ineffectual: the eloquence of Cicero, cloathing the morality of Seneca, would neither reach our hearts, nor convince our underſtandings, under the recent impreſſions of grief for the death of a long-tried, and long-loved friend. The ordinary applications are packs of proverbs, and ſtrings of maxims, which tell us what we know to be true, and *impracticable*. Had I inſulted you with any of theſe, I ſhould have diſhonoured both the living and the dead. I am not to learn, that you have

"the virtue to be moved," and that her you mourn, had a double claim on your tender regret—her own admirable qualities, and her veneration for yours.

As there is a point, however, beyond which ſorrow ſhould not paſs, ſo is there one that ſhould bound the ſalutary ſilence of a friend. That point is, methinks, arrived to you, and to myſelf. Your favour, by the poſt of yeſterday, convinces me—

> "Diſcretion hath ſo far fought with Nature,
> "That you with *wiſeſt* ſorrow think on her;
> "Together with remembrance of yourſelf."

Your obſervation, that there was a reſemblance betwixt me and the deceaſed, in the conſtruction of our minds, or, at leaſt, in the formation of our taſte, is extremely flattering, particularly in an hour like this, when you have been, as it were embalming the qualities that moſt pleaſed you in the latter, with your tears. I remember, you was formerly of this opinion. The difference of our ages made nothing againſt the ſimilitude of our ſpirits. The few days I paſſed in the company of this ſecond De l'Enclos, at your houſe, in the winter of —— were amongſt the few that hurried away from life, without feeling one moment too long.

Shall

Shall we ever forget the enthuſiaſm of ſympathy, that by an involuntary impulſe threw us into each others embraces, on our diſcovery, that we both held long converſations with ourſelves, and as regularly went on with queſtion and anſwer, as if we had been in the heat of debate in a room full of company? You remember, likewiſe, I truſt, our ſatisfaction on finding, that we had been both ſet down for people out of their wits, and that we ſhould both deſcend to the grave with the reputation of having been diſtracted; that is to ſay, having had the power of extracting ſweets from thoſe flowery trifles, which others, who are as pleaſed with trifles not a whit better themſelves, reckon amongſt the weeds of life.

Her journey to the tomb of her grandmother, from whoſe bounty ſhe had received many valuable things, and from whoſe pious conduct in life the rich legacy of a virtuous example, is never to quit either your memory, or mine, my dear friend. The diſtance between the ſpot where ſhe herſelf lived, and that where her venerable anceſtor was buried, the difficulties ſhe encountered on the way, and the pleaſure of accompliſhing her purpoſe, were all circumſtances to intereſt her excellent heart:

heart: but how was this pleaſure augmented by the little adventures ſhe met with in the village, where the bones of this amiable relative were depoſited! Her own eloquent manner of relating is neceſſary, to give the portrait of both the cauſe and effect, on that occaſion. The face and figure over which Beauty's great deſtroyer, Time, could gain but a partial and imperfect victory ſhould be before you, to feel the fulneſs of her happineſs, on her hearing from the whole neighbourhood, who had her in remembrance, a long detail of the worthieſt, kindeſt actions. She made the tour of the village, and in almoſt every houſe, ſaw or heard of ſomething to make her proud that ſhe ſprung—

"From unattainted blood,
"And claim'd a *birthright* to be good."

What, indeed, muſt have been the tranſport of a mind like her's, on gathering from one poor family, that to the deceaſed they owed their preſervation from a priſon; from another, the portion of a daughter; from a third, a timely reſcue from the jaws of poverty, and ſo on in benevolent ſucceſſions! This village too was the abode of her early days. How vivid were the pictures ſhe drew of her reviſitation to the ſcenes,

ſcenes, which had made upon a ſuſceptible heart, the firſt impreſſions, and which half a century's abſence had not power to impair! Like a lover, faithful to his firſt affections, ſhe told us, you know, how ſhe ſaluted many of the green lanes, alleys, and old inhabitants as friends, for whom, though long parted, ſhe retained a kind remembrance: ſhe paid particular reſpect to the yews that ſhaded her relation's grave, and had a long interview with ſome elms, now grown into ſtately trees, which were of her own planting: ſhe called them her children, and told them, ſhe rejoiced to ſee them do well in the world, and proſper.

But that which had more magic for me on this occaſion, was, I confeſs, the very points which your very ſober, ſenſical people, who are vain of their rationality, would be the leaſt ſatisfied with—the romantic means ſhe uſed to bring this journey of her heart to bear. Nothing could favour it more—even a writer of romances could not,—than the character and diſpoſition of the reſident clergyman of the village, who, in anſwer to her letter of inquiry reſpecting the poſſibility of a few days' accommodation, and deſcribing the motives, ſent her a preſſing, and, indeed, irreſiſtible invitation

invitation to his own houſe; aſſuring her at the ſame time, that himſelf, and every part of his family, entered ſo cordially into the virtuous ſpirit of her intended adventure, that they were deſirous to give it every encouragement and aſſiſtance; begging her, withal, to remember, that the moment ſhe entered the Parſonage of ———, ſhe was at *home*, becauſe, wherever there is *ſympathy*, there is *natural affection*, and, of courſe, though perſonal ſtrangers before, they meet on the terms of near relations, whom a wiſer and better Director than Chance, has at laſt brought together.

Her firſt grand point being thus carried, and, ſo much in her own way, the reſt was of no difficult attainment, for though Mr. L. S. her huſband, is a man of the world, and well knows how to traffic with it, the ſpirit of trade had not ſo far abſorbed the ſpirit of conjugal love as to obſtruct any innocent diſpoſitional impulſe his wife wiſhed to follow. The Quixotiſm before mentioned, indeed, appeared to him carrying the joke too far, and it was no eaſy matter to make him believe the fair Quixote ſerious. His reaſoning upon it was ſo characteriſtic of the man of buſineſs, that it formed the fineſt contraſt to the ideas and expectations of the woman of genius.

"What

"What! my dear, take a journey of an hundred miles, to viſit the grave of your grand-mother!—Write a long rig-me-role epiſtle, which, I dare ſay, is very fine, and all that, to a man you never ſaw! Why, what ſort of anſwer can you expect? Depend on it, the gentleman will ſet you down as a mad-woman, and ſo write you no anſwer at all."

And when the anſwer did come, "all I can ſay, is," added Mr. L. S. "he is as mad as you. "Go by all means," continued he, heartily laughing in a good-humoured manner; "pray go, wife, for 'tis pity two houſes ſhould part you. Have your frolic out, I beg; only if, when you get together, you ſhould make one another worſe, and ſhould wiſh for apartments nearer Moorfields, drop me a line, and I will do the needful——."

Our heroine, you know, was too much in earneſt to be laughed either out of her feelings or her object, and ſet off, at "peep of dawn," on her expedition. The worthy family more than juſtified their promiſes; and the congenial ſpirits, which were thus made known to each other, enjoyed a higher "feaſt of reaſon," or at leaſt, "flow of ſoul," than they had ever before experienced. On her return, Mr. L. S.

received

received her with the ſame good-nature he had ſuffered her to depart, and contented himſelf with pleaſantly obſerving, that as ſhe had overſtayed her intended time of coming back many days, he hoped ſhe was as happy as ſhe had expected to be; on which, "my dear," cried he, embracing her, "I have only to ſay, that your fine ſentimental people of genius, about love, friendſhip, ſympathy, congeniality of ſouls, and all that, are the moſt forward, thoughtleſs, and impudent folks in the world; for I could no more go to a ſtranger's houſe, and feel myſelf at home in it, without having any manner of buſineſs with the family, than I could fly in the air.—I hope, however, you have had the grace to invite them here by way of *per contra*, for we are deviliſhly in arrear to the gentleman at preſent; and as, I truſt, I am a tolerably honeſt man, though, thank God, no genius, I ſhall be glad to aſſiſt you in paying the debts you have contracted with all my heart. But now tell me fairly, as 'tis all over"—added he—"did you find it anſwer? Was you not plaguy ſick of each other, of yourſelves, and of your old granny into the bargain, before you had been there three days, only you were aſhamed to own it for fear of being laughed at."

"Sick,

"Sick, tired!" reiterated Mrs. L. S. "why I was in Paradiſe! and we could have paſſed our whole lives together without knowing a weary moment! Tired! there was not a dry eye in the whole family when I got into the carriage to come back; and for my part I thought I ſhould have broke my heart."

"I thank you for the compliment, however, with all my heart"—replied the huſband—taking off his hat, and making her a bow—"In Paradiſe was you: well, that is amazing! for I know I ſhould have been the moſt miſerable fellow in the world—nevertheleſs invite the ſtrange gentleman and his ſtrange family here, that we may ſettle accounts and ſtrike the balance—I have no more to ſay upon it."

How wonderful, my dear friend, is it to conſider the *variety* of human minds! We are told, there are more different ſorts than of moſs.—Ought we not rather to ſay the ſorts are as numerous as there are ſands on the ſhore? In every ſingle family, there are uſually as many different taſtes and tempers as there are perſons; and if in ſome there happens to be a *family likeneſs* in *feelings*, as in features, though the reſemblance may be ſtriking in

ſome

ſome things, there is almoſt always a marked difference in others; and with reſpect to pains and pleaſures, the means of avoiding the one, and of promoting the other, are as diverſified as the objects which produce them: nay, the fond prepoſſeſſion we have for our own amuſements and purſuits, gives us ſo ſtrong a prejudice againſt thoſe of other people, of other diſpoſitions and habits, that we too often want candour and toleration enough to ſuffer our neighbours to be happy in their own way. Perſons of a vigorous fancy and a warm heart accuſe thoſe who are leſs ardent of being inſenſible; while theſe, on the other hand, *cenſure their cenſurers*, as eccentric and viſionary; on both ſides, with as little reaſon as we ſhould condemn the greyhound for wanting the ſagacity of the pointer, or the pointer for being leſs ſwift than the greyhound; each being gifted by nature with the talent and quality beſt accommodated to its eaſe and felicity.

An ingenious friend of mine, who, by the bye, takes many curious ways of making up his own happineſs, is uſed to ſay, whenever he meets with, or hears of, any thing that does not accord with his plans of acting or thinking, "*there muſt be people of all ſorts.*" Now, as there

there is certainly room enough in the world *for all sorts of people*, it seems rather selfish that we should jostle against each other in the journey we are all taking, "fall out by the way," because some are able or willing to go faster than others; because one takes delight in the objects which another passes unnoticed. All that can fairly be said on that is, should any one be disposed to find fault, these are *my* objects, friend, though they are not your's: I was born to relish them, you were not; when we come to your's, I promise you you shall stop to enjoy them as long as you please; and though possibly I shall find as little satisfaction in them as you do in mine, *considered in themselves*, yet the thought of their giving you pleasure shall make me endure them: meantime I trust you will bear with mine.

Can any thing be more equitable? Can any thing be more easy? yet half the bickerings of the human race, in civil affairs, proceeds from a scorn of this fair dealing betwixt man and man; each insisting not only in taking the road he himself likes best, but that others of tempers and business, utterly different, and whose objects, perhaps, lie in a quite contrary route, must take it too; and, if they refuse, be

ſet down as obſtinate mortals that are reſolved to go their own ways.

I do really think this a very unreaſonable mode of proceeding, eſpecially, as I before ſaid, there are objects ſufficient for us all; and, certainly, I may with as much propriety quarrel with a perſon for having a different complexion, as a different taſte, and juſt as rationally expect he ſhould, to humour my caprice, take my ſkin, and throw away his own, as to caſt off thoſe feelings which naturally belong to him, and put on mine: yet the beſt and kindeſt-hearted people often diſpute the point. Were the worthleſs only engaged in and hurt by the ſtrife, and were the matter in debate only a choice of vicious purſuits, one might be content to let them battle it out; but I have ſeen, indeed every body ſees, many inſtances where perſons of good minds and underſtandings, yet differing in the mode of exerciſing them, have ſo little reſpect for what pleaſes others, and ſo great a veneration for what pleaſes themſelves, that unleſs they are all pleaſed with the ſame thing, they effectually take care that there ſhall be no pleaſure at all. Ah! my friend, how many elopements, ſeparate maintenances, diviſions in friendſhip, diſorders

diſorders in the church, and diſturbances in the ſtate, has this ſelf-willed tenaciouſneſs occaſioned? Unqueſtionably, "the aim and end of "our being" is happineſs; but it is to be found, aſſociated too with equal innocence, in ten thouſand times ten thouſand paths,

"Each happy in his own:"

"The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
"The fool is happy that he knows no more,
"The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
"The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
"See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
"The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
"One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain,
"And not a vanity is giv'n in vain.
"Whate'er the knowledge, paſſion, fame, or pelf,
"Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf."

All this is the very perfection of poetry, and it has a conſiderable degree of truth; but though each *is* thus "happy in his own," there is not one of the characters here deſcribed, who is not, at times, out of humour even with himſelf, becauſe his neighbour is, or wiſhes to be, as happy as he, but begs leave to borrow it from *another ſource*. Surely this is not aſking too much, and yet it is "hardly granted."

Poſſibly, my highly endowed, and highly reſpected friend, I may, all this time, have

been forcing *you* out of the path of your contemplations into mine; but I had a better motive for it than moſt intruders can give; and I truſt my deſign is in ſome meaſure anſwered. *Our* deſires and averſions, you know, are for the moſt part the ſame. I exult in the reſemblance; and wherever we are of oppoſite ideas, I am ſo ſatisfied you have the beſt reaſons for your oppoſition, that I immediately ſet about examining my own ideas, and have been more than once the better for the ſcrutiny. In life, and at death, I will thank you! Farewell.

P. S. I have a month's Gleanings to preſent you with, and ſhall lay the whole ſheaf at your feet in my next. It would be doing a violence to my feelings, were I to mix any matter with this letter, not in keeping with the object to which it is ſacred. You can account for this. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

Aberystwith.

THIS town is neither good nor bad. The ſtreets are beyond compariſon the dirtieſt I ever ſaw, a proof of which is their being at this moment indicted by the inhabitants. No wonder, therefore, if ſtrangers complain. Indeed, they muſt be rugged and unpleaſant at all times, for the country here is flat, ſtony, and rugged. The environs are neither barren nor fertile, and the only walks, or in truth *walkable* places, are thoſe at the end of the town, round the ruined caſtle, another, round the church-yard, and another, very ſhort, by the ſide of the harbour. The beach is impaſſable, and the bathing places difficult and unchearful. In fine, it is in almoſt all reſpects the reverſe of Barmouth, except that it has the advantage in the number of houſes, and, of courſe, in the company. I ſhould not have thought any thing here worth mentioning, had it not been to give you a few hints by way of directory, not to let the greater popularity of this place draw you from the other (Barmouth), where your bath will be more comfortable and your *agrémens*, from the ſur-

rounding objects, out of all compariſon whatever.

For want of other allurements, I choſe this place, to throw together the obſervations that were ſcattered about my note-book, reſpecting certain cuſtoms, uſages, and a variety of other things, it may be proper for a traveller to be apprized of, particularly the articles of *expenditure*.

In the firſt place, it is a ſettled uſage and cuſtom, throughout the principality, for the trading part of the people to over-reach you in your little marketings or bargains with them; that is to ſay, they will aſk all ſtrangers, of genteel appearance, about a third more than they would aſk a native or countryman; but even allowing this, you will have almoſt all the neceſſaries, and moſt of the luxuries of life, at leaſt, by a third cheaper than, with very few exceptions, in the cheapeſt parts of England: at firſt you may put up with a little extortion, which will diminiſh as you become reſidentiary. All places, as they get into reputation for any beauty or convenience, and are, therefore, the reſorts of people that, ſince they can afford to travel, are ſuppoſed to be

be wealthy, grow dear, at firſt imperceptibly, till, in a few years, that commodity which you could procure for ſixpence, is not to be obtained for a ſhilling, and ſo on in proportion. This is remarkably verified in Wales. Ground, houſe-rent, and the neceſſaries of life, are ſo much raiſed in price ſince my firſt tour of this country, about twelve years ago, that were not the fact univerſally admitted, I ſhould be afraid you would ſuſpect me of profiting by the licence *expected* to be taken by travellers, were I to mention the comparative difference betwixt that time and the preſent, in both North and South Wales.

Nevertheleſs, a good economiſt might, in the family way, even at the preſent day, make one hundred pounds tell in this country to three hundred in any other belonging, properly, to England. I here ſpeak, however, of comparative prices in the ſmaller towns and villages; in the cities, the eſtimate muſt be about two to one in favour of Wales. In Caermarthen and Caernarvon, for example, the one a principal town to the ſouthward, the other northward, you get fiſh, fowl, butcher's meat, eggs, bacon, and firing—certainly the

grand articles in domeſtic eſtabliſhment—on an average, at the following rates:

	s.	d.
Salmon, freſh and fine, from the market, per pound	0	2
A fine turbot, ditto	0	2½
Fine cod, each	0	1
Eggs, eight, nine, ten, for	0	1
Couple of ducks, or fowls, fit for killing	1	0
(Very often)	0	10
Chickens half grown, each for	0	3
A fat gooſe, or turkey, each	1	0
Bacon, per pound	0	5
Beef, mutton, &c. &c.	0	3
Coals, or rather culm, per buſhel	0	2

In little villages higher up the country, both ways, the cheapneſs, for want of a market, is ſtill more extraordinary; if we except the remote places of England, near the ſea-coaſt, and certain parts of Cornwall and Yorkſhire, this ſtatement, which you may depend on as the correct reſult of reſidentiary remark, will convince you that this principality is not more abundantly ſupplied with the ornamental than the uſeful: and that, as thoſe who have taſte, fortune, and talents, could not be more gratified than

than in vilifying it on the ſcore of romantic beauty, ſo they, who found it expedient to retrench, to narrow their eſtabliſhment, and yet to diminiſh none of the comforts to which they have been accuſtomed, could not any where find a more peaceful, plentiful, and healthy retreat: With this additional *agrément*, that almoſt all places are ſo ſurrounded by good neighbours, and there is really ſuch a diſpoſitional, as well as hereditary hoſpitality, amongſt the native gentry, that a new ſettler never need to be in want of agreeable ſociety.

I inſiſt upon this, the rather, as it is not more the chimera of perſons of genius, going into foreign countries for fine ſcenery, than it is for people of ſmall or broken fortunes, to gather the wrecks of their property, and carry them *abroad*, on the falſe ſuperſtition that they may there ſooner *repair their ruins*, and, as it were, rebuild themſelves and families than in any part of the Britiſh dominions. I muſt own that, although I have travelled too much, not to have rubbed off all the little, or great, national prejudices, that cling to my honeſt friend *John Bull*, and although, I have had abundant reaſon to prove, that Providence has been far more equal in its indulgences to all the inhabi-

tants

tants of the globe, than ſtay-at-home people can ever be made to believe, I am Engliſhman enough to adopt that ſentiment of a brother wanderer, which adviſes us not to ſpend more money out of our own country than is neceſſary. Methinks, indeed, it is but fair to give our own country the preference, where advantages are, at leaſt, equal. Thus, if a family finds an arrangement in London, or any of the provincial towns no longer ſupportable, and can accompliſh all the objects of a change of place, as well at the end of two hundred, as two thouſand miles, I humbly conceive, that the ſhorteſt cut to the land of economy is the beſt; in which, the good old maxim of chooſing the leaſt of two evils is confirmed by common ſenſe. Should any of your friends, therefore, henceforward, find ſuch retirements worth looking after, they may be found in almoſt any part of the principality, north or ſouth, two hundred miles from the Britiſh capital, and if the other hundred be added, the expence of making it, would, in the end, be well repaid by the beauty of the country, and the reaſonableneſs of proviſions. Houſe rent is likewiſe a very important article. A friend of mine occupied an exceeding large, well-furniſhed houſe, ſufficient for his numerous family, and had

had more than enough of garden and orchard ground to fupply it with vegetables and fruits, and paſturage for a couple of horſes and a cow, at the yearly rent of 25l. free of taxes. I ſaw many others on a ſmaller ſcale at 15l. and 20l. Unfurniſhed houſes, with land enough to pay a conſiderable part of the rent, and reſerves for your own uſe, may be had in the moſt beautiful ſituations at a proportionate rate. You will pleaſe to note, that this is not meant as characteriſtic of partial places, but as general information with reſpect to the whole country.

The exceptions to the rule are made not ſo much by the people of Wales, as thoſe of England and Ireland; the imprudence of whom I ſhall enlarge on in its place. At preſent I ſhall content myſelf by obſerving, that when they have loſt their eſtates, it would be well for them, if they could contrive to loſe the folly by which their inſolvency was produced. But, unfortunately, that prodigal ſpirit which attended them in affluent, accompanies them in ſlender circumſtances; and wherever they go for refuge, they carry their expenſive ideas and habits along with them, abſurdly ſuppoſing, they can reconcile their former notions with their preſent

preſent ſyſtem of economy; as if, like a perſon in a fever, they imagined a cure could be performed by merely changing their poſture. A great deal more is neceſſary in a family reform, than quitting the haunt of its former follies or misfortunes. They come into a new country, find it reaſonable, take the firſt opportunity to play off their pride againſt their poverty; ſhew the people they mix with, that they ſtill wiſh to be looked on as perſonages of diſtinction; boaſt of what fortunes they have already ſquandered, and what they can ſtill afford to laviſh; put the natives firſt upon extortion, furniſhing them with the *hint* to cheat, and then, but too late, quarrel with them for *taking* it. Thus deep play, late hours, and every exceſs of London and Dublin, are, at the time I am now writing, together with clubs, and other town-bred luxuries, in the *high ton of folly* in many places, where the inhabitants grow rich and roguiſh by ſupplying them. I extremely diſlike perſonality, or could give you no inconſiderable catalogue of ruſtic gaming houſes, White's, Brookes's, &c. in the very heart of Cambria. In as much, therefore, as they have degenerated from the ſimplicity of ancient manners, and from the honeſty of ancient maxims, into the *refinements* of the world,

world, on which we so much pique ourselves, the fault is originally our own, and we must take the consequences. Luxury is a wide spreading evil, my friend, and soon passes from one country to another, making proselytes as it goes. Assure yourself it has travelled into this country, and has its votaries in the mountains. They contain more than one farmer, who, in imitation of their English brothers of the plough, keep their geldings for the chace, and side-saddle pads for the ladies of the dairy, who feather their caps with the finest of the farmers' wives and daughters, whom we have seen at the rural assemblies —— and ——, acting the characters of duchesses, for that night only. Although some twenty years back, when the town had not quite journied so far into the north country Welch-ward, at least these new-made gentry were contented to trudge on foot ten or a dozen miles, after the duties of the morning were over, to a rustic hop, at the summons of a blind harper; and the dames and damsels thought themselves well off if they could get into one of the carts, or mount by pairs on the back of one of the cart-horses, to give the Corydons of the hills the meeting. The corruption stops not at amusement; it extends to business; the first must be supplied by

by the laſt; but as this cannot be done in the way of ordinary, it muſt be effected by extraordinary means. Supernumerary horſes, dreſſes, &c. are not to be maintained at the old market profits: theſe, though equivalent to the neceſſaries, are inadequate to the luxuries of life; and luxuries once indulged, ſoon become neceſſaries: for where is the ſwain that having, as it were, *flown* over the mountains on a hunter, will ſtoop again to *creep* over them on "Dob-"bin, or the foundered mare?" or the nymph who will, for the ſake of economy, diſmount her feathers, and exchange again the glaring folly of ſhewy attire, for her wheel of cottage induſtry? It is out of the nature of pleaſingly pernicious effects to expect it: *ergo*, the price of their commodities muſt be raiſed: and it is but reaſonable, that we, who occaſioned the folly, ſhould contribute to its ſupport.

As we advance, however, into the interior parts of the country, and the farther from the route of modiſh travellers, always the better—as we get more into thoſe unfrequented places, from whence "the ſober wiſhes" of the inhabitants have "not learned to ſtray," and which none but literary and gleaning travellers delight to explore, we find this hardy and happy race

people rejoicing, like their country, in the
pleſt charms of nature; and Mr. Gray, who
ſe a philoſophical tour of Wales you know,
ſt have had numberleſs living reaſons, in the
eſe of it, to exclaim—

"Since ignorance is bliſs,
"'Tis ſully to be wiſe!"

to ſee the ſentiment brought to the teſt,
h indeed warrants our carrying the ſenti-
t much farther: for in this caſe the wiſdom
the world is worſe than fooliſhneſs: it is
very.

have ſeen groups of poor people in the
ſtered ſpots of both North and South
les, ſporting among the precipices, or in
glans, with a "content ſo abſolute," as to
k on any objects leſs in a ſtate of nature than
nſelves as unwelcome: at the ſight of an
xpected man of the world, they will run
a rocky cavity, like a rabbit into its hole,
plunge into the thickeſt ſhade of the valley,
f they were eſcaping from a beaſt of prey-
re they to know what a ſnaky train of
ſions are probably folded up in the boſom of
t well-dreſſed worldling, which never crept
these breaſts, they would often have reaſon

to

to believe he was the moſt dangerous monſter they could encounter, and double their diligence to avoid him.

. . . . . .

And here amongſt the uſages and cuſtoms, I muſt not omit to inform you, that what you have, perhaps, often heard without believing—reſpecting the *mode of courtſhip* amongſt the Welch peaſants,—is true. The lower order of people do actually carry on their love affairs in bed, and what would extremely aſtoniſh more poliſhed lovers, they are carried on honourably, it being, at leaſt, as uſual for the Paſtora's of the mountains to go from the bed of courtſhip to the bed of marriage, as unpolluted and maidenly as the Chloes of faſhion; and yet, you are not to conclude that this proceeds from their being leſs ſuſceptible of the *belle paſſion* than their betters: or that the cold air, which they breathe, has "froze the genial "current of their ſouls." By no means; if they cannot boaſt the voluptuous languors of an Italian ſky, they glow with the bracing ſpirit of a more invigorating atmoſphere. I really took ſome pains to inveſtigate this curious cuſtom, and after being aſſured, by many, of its veracity, had an opportunity of atteſting its exiſtence with my own eyes. The ſervant-maid of

the family I visited in Caernarvonshire, pened to be the object of a young peasant, walked eleven long miles every Sunday thing, to favour his suit, and regularly rored the same night through all weathers, be ready for Monday's employment in the ls, being simply a day labourer. He usually ved in time for morning service, which he stantly attended, after which he escorted Dolgiora home to the house of her master, whose permission they as constantly passed succeeding hour in bed, according to the ons of the country. These tender sabba- l preliminaries continued without any inter- tion near two years, when the treaty of nce was solemnized; and so far from any ch of articles happening in the intermediate e, it is most likely that it was considered by h parties as a matter of course, without iting any other idea. On speaking to my nd on the subject, he observed that, though certainly appeared a dangerous mode of king love, he had seen so few *living* abuses t, during six and thirty years residence in t county, where it, nevertheless, had ays, more or less, prevailed, he must con- de it was as innocent as any other.—One of of its being *thought* so by the parties,

is the perfect eaſe and freedom with which it is done; no awkwardneſs or confuſion appearing on either ſide; the moſt well-behaved and decent young women giving into it without a bluſh, and they are by no means deficient in modeſty. What is pure in idea is always ſo in conduct, ſince bad actions are the common conſequence of ill thoughts; and though the better ſort of people treat this ceremony as a barbariſm, it is very much to be doubted whether more *faux pas* have been committed by the Cambrian boors in this *free acceſs* to the bed-chambers of their miſtreſſes, than by more faſhionable Strephons and their nymphs in groves and ſhady bowers. The power of habit is, perhaps, ſtronger than the power of paſſion, or even than of the charms which inſpire it; and it is ſufficient, almoſt, to ſay a thing is the *cuſtom of a country* to clear it from any reproach that would attach to an innovation. Were it the practice of a few only, and to be gratified by ſtealth, there would, from the ſtrange conſtruction of human nature, be more cauſe of ſuſpicion; but being ancient, general, and carried on without difficulty, it is, probably as little dangerous as a tete-a-tete in a drawing-room, or in any other full-dreſs place, where young people meet to ſay ſoft things to each other. A moon-light walk in Papa's garden,

garden, where Miſs ſteals out to meet her lover *againſt the conſent of her parents*, and, of courſe, extremely agreeable to the young people, ten times the peril.

Amongſt the cuſtoms that had peculiar attractions for me, was the tender veneration paid, externally at leaſt, to the dead; the church-yards being kept with an attentive decency which we, in vain, look for in many other countries. There is ſomething extremely ſimple and pleaſing in the *idea*, as well as in the practice, of ſtrewing flowers and evergreens over the graves of departed friends and relations. Every Saturday, ſome of the ſurvivors perform the eſtabliſhed duty at the family grave. This conſiſts in clearing it of all weeds, repairing the mould, dreſſing the verdure, mending the little fences of white tiles or ſhells that ſurround it, and, in ſhort, putting it in order againſt the Sabbath; then the whole pariſh are to be eye witneſſes of the pious cares of each other. I have ſeen graves ſo diligently cultured, as every week to have been planted with the choiceſt flowers of the ſeaſon; others have been ornamented with the more permanent ſhrubs, and the little hillocks ſacred to infants have, literally, beſtowed on them

"All the incenſe of the breathing Spring!"

Several good purpoſes are anſwered hereby. I will recount ſome of them to you in the words of a Pembrokeſhire widow, whom I lately ſaw decorating the graves of her huſband and a child, their firſt born, who died in the ſame year. The following is a faithful copy of our converſation.

"Your employment muſt be very intereſting to you.

"It is our way in theſe parts, Sir. Some think it a trouble: I have no pleaſure now that equals it, yet I am ſure to have wet eyes all the time it is doing."

The relations then, at whoſe graves you are performing this ſadly pleaſing duty, muſt needs have been very near and dear to you.

"They could not be more ſo. This was the beſt huſband, and the moſt honeſt man in Wales; and the roſes and violets, which I have juſt been ſetting at the head and feet of this grave, are not ſweeter or prettier than the poor little girl who lies under them. But they are in a better place, and I ought to be happy, and ſo I am."

Here ſhe wept very bitterly.

ſee

I see yonder, an old man entering the church-yard with a large bundle of young plants which he can scarce carry.

"That man is in his ninety-third year, and has buried all his family: the last was a grandson, to whose grave he is now going, and which he will make like a garden before he leaves it. Almost all that end of the church-yard are *his dead*, and he is very neat and nice about the graves of all, but the grandson's the most."

Then he was the favourite of the family: as the last and youngest, perhaps, he was the poor old man's Benjamin.

"On the contrary, he lov'd him the least, and some think, that an unlucky blow given by the old man was the cause of the young one's death, but it cannot be proved, so he escapes, but by his care about the poor young fellow's grave, our townfolk imagine his conscience smites him: though, for that matter, we all dress our dead here, whether we love or hate them, it is quite a scandal to let a Saturday pass, without making every grave as clean as ourselves for the Sabbath."

exceptions are for the moſt part confined to the path-ways, and the green avenues that ſhade them, the reſt of the ſpot being left in a condition both ſhameleſs and indecent. In the northern diſtrict of ——ſhire, two church-yards were indicted as nuiſances by the pariſh, and a third, much nearer the ſeat of magiſtracy ſupreme, was in ſo abominable a ſtate, that the clergyman and overſeers, after many fruitleſs complaints on the part of the inhabitants, were cited to anſwer accuſations in the Spiritual Court.

"Good heaven! we want no overſeers, biſhops, or ſpiritual court, to make us keep our dead (which ſurely, Sir, are a part of ourſelves, whether above the earth or under it) as free from ſuch as we can. If the grave we clean holds a good relation, we ſhew our gratitude in our diligence: if a bad one, our conſtant attention is a mark that whatever treſpaſſes he or ſhe may have committed againſt us, they are forgiven. If a nettle or weed was to be ſeen to-morrow in this church-yard, the living party to whom it belongs, would be hooted after divine ſervice by the whole congregation. I would part with my laſt farthing rather than ſee theſe two little heaps go to ruin: nay, except a few feet of earth I cultivate for uſe, I

It is a very commendable cuſtom, and I wiſh with all my heart, it were adopted in England, where, too generally ſpeaking, the repoſitories of the dead are ſhockingly violated. Horſes, cows, ſheep, are often ſuffered to feed upon the grave; nay, the parſon himſelf frequently turns his pad to fatten on his deceaſed pariſhioners. This you will ſay, is being prieſt-ridden with a vengeance: ſtill worſe, the hogs of half the pariſh are allowed to rootle up the earth and bones.

"Bleſſed be God, the bones of my dear dear babe and huſband, do not lie in England!"

And as to cleanlineſs in other reſpects, that article ſo properly an object of your care, is very rarely attended to with us. The weeds and nettles are permitted to choak up half the graves in a church-yard, and every other ſpecies of negligence and filth is thrown there, as if, inſtead of being the decent receptacle of the forefathers of the village or town to which it belongs, it were the common ſewer of the pariſh. Some few indeed are kept a little more orderly, becauſe they are either public walks, and have therefore a degree of faſhion, or the biſhop of the dioceſe is reſidentiary there; but even theſe exceptions

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decorate my garden with flowers and ſhrubs only for my dead, and look upon it to be as much theirs as if they were both alive."

The good woman here finiſhed her diſcourſe, during the greater part of which, ſhe was on her knees, plucking up every thing which was unſeemly, freſhning the mould, faſtning the looſe tile-work, and forming with a mixture of maternal and conjugal tenderneſs, the roſe-lips and violet roots, into forms expreſſive of her affection.

I cannot tell you how much I was moved. Nor is it neceſſary. You have an heart, that has a beating ſacred to ſuch incidents.

This cuſtom is, I believe, peculiar in European countries, to Wales, and the Swiſs Catholic Cantons; but in the latter, to an iron croſs is ſuſpended a bowl, containing holy water, with which the relatives ſprinkle the graves of the deceaſed as often as they come to church.

Shakſpeare ſays, and with his accuſtomed ſweetneſs—

"With faireſt flowers, while ſummer laſts,
" I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave; thou ſhalt not lack

" The

" 'The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primrose,
" Nor the azure harebell like thy veins; no, nor
" The leaf of eglantine, which, not to slander,
" Outsweeted not thy breath."

I trust, my friend, you will long continue your good wishes to the Pembrokeshire widow.

It is in this part of Wales that the women dress their heads in a peculiar manner; they wear a cumbrous gown of dark blue cloth, even in the midst of summer; instead of a cap, a large handkerchief is wrapt over their heads, and tied under the chin: in other places, the women as well as the men wear large hats with broad brims, often flapping over their shoulders.

These gleanings, however, in the churchyard, are a little out of place, for when I was on the subject of Welch courtships, I ought to have immediately gone to Welch weddings: this being, you know, the natural order, unless you are of opinion with not a few, who assert that marriage and death are pretty much the same thing; and that the former is only burying the living instead of the dead. Many of my fair countrywomen, I fear, think the latter would be a resource to them.

The ceremonies of the Cambrian peaſants, in the unpoliſhed parts of the country, are no leſs ſingular than thoſe at their wooing. The friends and relations of both parties, not only teſtify the uſual demonſtrations of joy during the day-time, but keep it up the whole night; the men viſitors putting to bed the bride-groom, and the females the bride; after which the whole company remain in the chamber, drinking joeund healths to the new-married couple, and their poſterity, ſinging ſongs, dancing, and giving into every other feſtivity, ſometimes for two or three days together.

Prepoſterous enough you will ſay! but as this, generally ſpeaking, happens to a man and woman but once in a life, and gives now and then an holiday, that is, a few hours or days' reſt from labour to a race of harmleſs, hard-toiling creatures, it may be diſpenſed with. Their relaxations are few, and our own many. There is, undoubtedly, leſs refinement, perhaps, leſs delicacy in theirs; but are they not as innocent, as reaſonable as ours.

" A little ſofter, but as ſenſeleſs quite."

Of

Of you who are always—

——— "bleſt yourſelf,"
"To ſee your fellows bleſt."

I need not aſk allowance for the ſtrange, but unoffending uſages of theſe humble children of nature. Pride looks down upon them: yet is not pride more truly an object of pity? But for theſe clods of moving earth, as they are arrogantly called, feeling themſelves contented in their "happy, lowly," ſituations, what would become of that helpleſs part of the ſpecies, who neither "toil nor ſpin?" How frequently does it happen, that an honeſt hind, who ſeems ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable from the ſoil which he works into bread, is of more uſe in the great community of mankind, and, of courſe, a better member of it, than a whole generation of thoſe conceited beings, who ſpurn his cottage, and ſquander the noble inheritance of their anceſtors amidſt the vices of refinement! How preferable the virtues of ruſticity!

LETTER

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

I Aſſerted that the lower order of people in this country are ſuperſtitious. They were ſo at all times. Anciently its contagion tinctured the more enlightened. One of the old hiſtorians very gravely recounts numberleſs preternatural inſtances of caſualties, which he conſtrued into divine judgments. Amongſt others, he tells us, that in the reign of Ivor, the third prince of Wales, there happened a remarkable earthquake in the Iſle of Man, which much diſturbed and annoyed the inhabitants; and in the year following that it rained *blood* both in Britain and Ireland, inſomuch that the butter and milk reſembled the colour of blood. What ſanguinary torrents, my friend, muſt have fallen to have thus changed the nature of the graſs, and literally to make "the green "one red!" He adds, theſe accidents of nature might probably preſage ſome tumults and diſturbances in the kingdom. The ſame author, I remember aſſerts, that as a prognoſtic of the death of Elbodius, archbiſhop of North Wales, there happened a very ſevere eclipſe of the ſun, and the year following there was an eclipſe of the

the moon, and upon Christmas-day! and these he considers as portents that boded no good to the Welch affairs. By way of making out the prediction of the effect of these fatalities, we are solemnly informed they were followed by a very grievous and general murrain of cattle; which impoverished the whole country, and the year preceding, A. D. 808, was marked by the West Saxons laying the city of St. David's in ashes. Thus it is, my friend, that soothsayers of every age first frame their prophecies, and then inveterately fulfil them; for the very next good or evil event that takes place, is brought in evidence of what was foretold, and however absurd in the nature of things, or contradictory to the point in question, at the time is tortured and twisted to answer the purpose of illustrating. Hence the most improbable, physically speaking, the most impossible and heterogeneous circumstances are forced into contact; and effects are traced to causes with which they have no sort of connection.

The present descendants of Cadwallader are true to the faith of their forefathers on this article. I saw it operating during my residence amongst them in a thousand ways; but in none more than in the instance which follows. In a little

a little village betwixt Caermarthen and Haverfordweſt, beautifully waſhed by the ocean, I walked by the ſide of the ſea, where a mixed multitude were gathered on the beach. I enquired the occaſion, and was told, that the peculiar roaring of the waves to the weſtward, indicated that ſome fatal accident would ſoon befal certain poor creatures out at ſea: for that, in the memory of the oldeſt man living, the billows were never known to make that hideous noiſe from that quarter, without being ſucceeded either by the wreck of a veſſel, or the deſtruction of ſome of the crew, or both: that this being the firſt day of the roaring, the diſaſter would probably happen in the courſe of two days more, *three* being the uſual term of theſe grumbling notices; and therefore they were now come down to the beach, as well to ſee whether any veſſel had hoiſted ſignals of diſtreſs, as if too late for aſſiſtance, to receive their dead, ſhould any of the bodies be thrown on ſhore. The time at which this happened was that of the herring ſeaſon, when, profiting by the previous calm weather, a great many fiſhing-boats were out; and it is by no power that I have over language, nor indeed in language itſelf, to give you a juſt idea of the conſternation of many perſons of both ſexes now gathered

gathered together, moſt of them being wives, children, maſters, or relations of thoſe whoſe deſtiny was thus denounced by the troubled ſpirit of the waters. The fiſhing-boats, however, in the courſe of the next day and evening, all arrived ſafe, with their crews, and with ſingularly good cargoes. Some other veſſels, which had ſtood farther out to ſea on coaſting voyages, took ſhelter in the ſame harbour, till the ſtorm ſhould ceaſe, or rather till the fair weather ſhould be more confirmed; for it had conſiderably cleared and calmed before they pointed their canvaſs to the ſhore. All they wanted was a ſlight repairing, which could not be conveniently given at ſea. The little fiſhing-ſmacks performed ſeveral lucky excurſions after this; the other barks proceeded on their reſpective voyages, and, though in the mean time, there were not heard any more prophetical growlings, the people were not in the leaſt ſtaggered in their belief of ſome calamity having happened, roundly aſſerting, that the voice of the ocean was always oracular; that its mouth was opened by God; and that it could not therefore utter the thing that was not. Another evidence was, that more than one inſtance was within the recollection of every man, woman, and child, in the pariſh.

About

About a month after, happening to paſs through this village in my way back from Milford Haven, I underſtood, from the landlord of the inn where I ſtopped, that, notwithſtanding my incredulity about the roarings, the ſea did not roar *without reaſon*; for the bodies of two ſailors were floated into the harbour the very day after I went away. This you are to know was above three weeks after the tempeſt; but on my venturing to doubt the connection betwixt the effect and the cauſe, on account of the diſtance of time, mine hoſt grew ſeriouſly angry, and aſked me whether I was a believer or an heathen? I did not think proper to reply to this angry queſtion, convinced that a man, *predetermined* either to believe, or diſbelieve, —whether in politics, religion, or any other matter—hardens his heart againſt every thing that does not feed his faith, and is prepared againſt all arguments, human or divine; and, like a cat pent up in a corner, is only more ſpiteful and reſolute, as it appears difficult to break away. Juſt as the Oſtler was leading my horſe to the door, a couple of ſailors came to the inn, and, in preſence of my landlord, informed me, that they were brother and uncle to the aforeſaid dead mariners, who had deſerted after mutiny, were brought

brought back once, and pardoned: then threw themselves overboard, thinking to swim ashore, and would have been hanged if they had not been drowned, as 'twas on board a King's ship. Thus you see the poor sea was made to sympathize with these offenders; unless you can borrow a little of my landlord's faith, and believe that it drowned them in a judgment, and then sent forth its roarings, to shew its sense of such wickedness as a warning to others. "There," exclaimed mine host with much exultation, "is not the thing plain enough now? Was the sea in the right or not? But some folks will never believe till a judgment falls on themselves!" Perceiving a tempest gathering in the countenance of this friend of the roaring sea, I thought it the wisest way to leave him in full possession of a faith which had certainly the merit of being impregnable to all attacks from within or without.

A second superstition, universally prevalent in South Wales, is of a nature no less extraordinary. You will scarce meet with a peasant, or even a manufacturer, who does not pretend to have heard the groan, or sigh, of a voice ruth like a sudden wind from out of the earth; and

ſometimes entering into a very long and ſolemn harangue on the topic, either of this world or the next. Sometimes it aſſumes the tone of a friend, ſometimes of a foe; ſometimes it is the well-known ſound of a perſon living; but more uſually one that has been in the grave long enough, one ſhould have thought, to have done with converſation.

A third object of Cambrian credulity is, that of a lighted candle ſpringing up before you, without a moment's warning, and going the way of your intended walk or ride for a number of miles together; for it perfectly knows the road you are to take: and what is no leſs ſingular, the candle is carried by ſome inviſible agent, who was never known to make his appearance; though ſome ſay it moves by a power of its own. With reſpect to the moral agency of theſe, it is generally allowed by the believers, that both the voice, and the light, are ſent on "errands full of love." The firſt is thought to be literally a *warning* voice; and the laſt, with a little more difficulty, though nothing is, in the end, too arduous for ſuperſtition, is made to be no leſs ſubſervient to the purpoſes of a faith which even in its exceſſes leans to virtue.

For

For this reason I have seldom attempted to argue down, or treat lightly, these and other little traditionary credulities in constant circulation amongst the uneducated part of mankind; since I am perswaded, that what they want in philosophy they make up by a much better thing; for there is almost always a spark of religion accompanying these village legends. A person who sees, or seems to see, these sights, or hear these sounds, is too sensibly affected by his imagination to mix immediately in worse wickednesses. The invisible voice will never argue in favour of a guilty deed; nor the visionary candle conduct the man it attends to scenes of debauchery. On the contrary, the former will more surely suggest repentance to the erring swain, and the other light him on his way to at least harmless thoughts and actions. Could we, therefore, say to superstition, "thus far shalt thou go, and no further," the simple of life and of heart might enjoy those little wanderings uncontrouled.

But superstition, like power, is amongst the encroachers we dare not trust. Indulgence makes her bold and unreasonable, till in the end she becomes the parent of the worst disorders to which the human soul is incident. You

will hardly ſuppoſe that the moſt foaming ſectaries infeſt the innermoſt receſſes of this country: the methodiſts of all denominations make the mountains reverberate with their fulminations, louder than the anathemas of Rome, and that there is ſcarce a village, or a dozen ſcattered hamlets, which receive not twice or thrice a week the effuſions of a ſtrolling preacher.

Something more affecting than curioſity, has made me ſeveral times an auditor of theſe flaming diſcourſes, which are held in barns, ſtables, or the open fields. It ſeems incredible that half the congregation ſhould be contained in the villages; but the fact is, that on the preaching days, the people come pouring in from all quarters within the diſtrict, and vales and mountains give up their inhabitants. I ſhall not ſpeak to you of the doctrine, which is pretty much the ſame every where; and England is ſufficiently over-run by theſe itinerants to make its jargon familiar to every one; except that both the doctrine, and the way of delivering it, is more vehement and vociferous in Wales than I ever remember to have witneſſed elſewhere. In ſpeaking of the Lamb of God, the preacher aſſured his hearers,

that

that if they were sincere believers, they would feel it move, and hear it bleat within their hearts; that, if lifted up by the Holy Spirit, they might see it; that if they folded up their hands, they might reach it, touch it, and embrace it, as he did, under divine assistance, at that moment.

Previous to this last round in the ladder of fanaticism being gained, like the Delphic God, "his voice enlarged, and his form was "*more* than ruffled;" but on mounting the climax, his bellowings could be equalled in horror only by his contortions. No bull, driven into madness by the annoying dogs and more distracting men, so flounced or so shifted his attitudes, or roared with so much mingled rage and agony: but if the phrenzy of the preacher could have been surpassed; it would have yielded to that of the congregation: the tears, sighs, and yellings of which, accompanied by the extravaganzas of action, really threw at *fuller* distance all that I ever saw, all that I ever heard of human or of bestial violence.

I do not know whether this intemperate zeal obstructs or promotes the industry of these poor creatures; whether they return to their

ſeveral occupations with more or leſs aſſiduity; after theſe ebullitions; but as the preachings begin about noon, and continue ſome hours, it muſt abſorb a great deal of that time, which might be paſt in more uſeful, though leſs violent labour; for I dare venture to ſay, the hardeſt work they were ever put to for a day together, never ſo waſted their animal ſpirits, ſtrained their muſcles, or wearied their limbs, as two hours paſt in this religious fury.

But even this is better than the oppoſite extreme of ſitting arrogantly looſe to all religions; or, what is worſe, ſcoffing at the faith of others, and affecting to have none ourſelves: errors into which the ſons and daughters of ſimplicity rarely fall. It is reſerved for the children of refinement, to ſpurn at all things holy. With them religion is a mighty convenient, well-contrived bugbear, to keep the ſlaves of the world in order, juſt as birds are ſcared by a maukin; but that more enlightened ſouls cannot be expected to give into the illuſion: ſo that the rich, the proſperous, and all thoſe who have received the greateſt bounties and indulgences at the hands of Providence, are the only perſons who think themſelves

ſeizes exempt from the duty or neceſſity of acknowledging it.

My friend, I have lived in the world, and travelled over it, long enough to be convinced, that what ſuperficial pretenders call philoſophy, has done infinitely more miſchief than either ignorance or ſuperſtition. Every conceited ſpark that has courage enough to avow himſelf an Atheiſt, and juſt wit enough to ſport the old threadbare arguments in ſupport of it, is now a philoſopher; that is, he can laugh at the jeſt he breaks on religion, and repeat with vivacity, the blaſphemous *bon-mots* that others have made againſt the author of it: not reflecting that indecency in wit, like immodeſty in beauty, is a baſe proſtitution of thoſe ſacred gifts which are truly delightful only in proportion as they are innocently exerciſed.

But this irreverence of things holy, is by no means the effect either of true philoſophy, or true courage: for both theſe are friends to piety; and there is as much difference betwixt a common-place Atheiſt, and a Chriſtian philoſopher, as betwixt an hero and a coward. Pretenders to infidelity are, indeed, always cowards: they are afraid of their own conſci-

ences, the "compunctious viſitings" of which they attempt to eſcape by a loud laugh, as children and common country people endeavour to diſguiſe their terrors in paſſing through a church-yard in the dark by making a noiſe, or whiſtling as they run. Look at the modern affecter of philoſophy, that is of infidelity, in his hours of ſickneſs, or in the moments of death! Did thoſe friends or relatives, who are then behind the curtain, ever report ſatisfactory or conſiſtent accounts of the philoſophy of the expiring guilty? The inſtances are rare, even where the moſt illuſtrious *philoſopher-atheiſts* have died, without either formally diſavowing, or by implication believing their miſerable ſyſtem!

Will you not then come into my apology for a village ſuperſtition under certain reſtrictions? Sacred be the viſionary candle, and the fancied voice! They may lead perhaps to the paradiſe of ſimplicity, but will not ſeduce the eaſy of faith into the paradiſe of fools.

May faith, philoſophy, and the virtues, which are their offspring, be your guide! Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

I Rejoice to hear, by yours, that you are well amused with the subject of my last; for I have not yet done with it. I have in reserve another Welch superstition, by way of *Bonne-Bouche*; for, if I can give it to you with any of the impressions it made on me, you will find it more entertaining than any I have yet recounted.

Contrive to be serious, I beg of you, while in soberness I acquaint you, that queen Mab, and all her Elfin train, however banished out of England, have at all times had both house and land in Wales. There is not a more general received opinion throughout the principality than that of the existence of *fairies*. Amongst the commonalty it is, indeed, universal, and by no means unfrequently credited by the second ranks. My insatiable curiosity in tracing this fact, has enabled me to discover it in more than one instance among the first. During my residence in Glamorganshire, I was told of a clergyman, who had not only a belief in these little creatures, but who had written a book containing a great many of their exploits.

exploits. The gentleman who gave me this information was acquainted with the author, to whom I was introduced, but was apprized by my conductor, as we walked along, that he was generally thought to be "a little cracked." As I well know that all ſorts of people, who follow up any purſuit or paſſion out of the common track of action, or ſentiment, with the enthuſiaſm neceſſary to excel in it, are accounted more or leſs out of their minds, and as I have, myſelf, been long in the enjoyment of this reputation—for ſurely it is a kind of *fame* to ſuffer in the opinion of the cold and unfeeling for one's warmth of heart—I laid little ſtreſs upon this part of my guide's information. The ſubject which the author had choſen, and the ſolemn manner in which he treated it, went much more in my mind to impeach his judgment than his intellect; but as every man has his hobby-horſe, a fairy *tale*, is, perhaps, as pleaſant to carry one to fairy *land*, as any other; ſo I made my bow to him without prejudice; for juſt as his friend, my companion, had finiſhed this very friendly account of him, we came within view of his parſonage, at the door of which he was regaling himſelf with a pipe. We entered into familiar converſation almoſt immediately after we

we had changed the civilities of meeting: for he had been apprifed of our coming, and was fo full charged with his favourite topic that he went off like a rocket. The firft fhot being his, I had no opportunity to return it, till he had moft folemnly atteſted every ſtory of his book to be apoſtolical. He related to me as much ſupplementary matter, intended to enrich a ſecond edition, as would have made an eighteen-penny pamphlet of itſelf. But our Parſon rode his fairy pad ſo furiouſly, that it not only rode away with him, but with our dinner; and though I have all poſſible diſpoſition to indulge people in theſe fallies, hoping for, and inſiſting upon the like complaiſance, when I am galloping away on my *own* poney, I felt ſuch an incorrigible deſire on this occaſion to weigh "ſolid pudding againſt the empty "praiſe" of theſe little imaginary beings in Elfin Land, that I left the good prieſt to his "lenten entertainment," and made the beſt of my way back to a more eleemoſinary banquet.

Did I not tell you, quoth my introducer, as we went home, that the poor man was mad? though I think he was more *compos* to-day than I have ever known him. Indeed! replied I, if this is his lucid interval, what muſt be

be his perfect diſtraction? O, this is nothing, anſwered his friend; I have known him run on about the fairies till he has foamed at the mouth like a mad dog, and ſworn that there were then a thouſand in the room with him, viſible only to himſelf, on account of his great reſpect for them; and I remember once, on our townsfolk laughing at him in one of theſe fairy-fits, he fell into a paſſion, and ſaid he would make theſe little miſchiefs pinch and haunt them by day and night for their tauntings; and, as ſure as you are alive, continued my guide, upon two of the company ſnapping their fingers, and ſaying, they neither cared for him nor the fairies, he made them both repent it: for that very night, and all the next day, the poor men were ſo tormented by theſe little devils, God forgive me, that they were obliged to make intereſt with Parſon ———, the gentleman we have juſt left, to get them off the premiſes.

Then you believe in their exiſtence yourſelf?

Heaven forbid! that I ſhould not. I have been ſufferer enough by them, I know, to have my creed well ſettled in that reſpect. But to tell

tell you the truth, they always had a ſpite againſt me and my whole family, and for a trifle which would not have put a fly out of temper.

What did you do to vex them?

Only barred up a window next to the room where you ſlept laſt night.

What objection had they to that?

Why, they uſed to throw up the ſaſh every night, and ſteal every thing they could lay their hands on.

Are they ſuch diſhoneſt brats! The little rogues! who could have thought it?

The greateſt thieves in the world, Sir, little as they are.

Are you ſerious? Do you really believe in them?

Believe! I wiſh you would to night ſleep in the barred room, that's all.

With all my heart.

I would not adviſe you. You had better not. I wiſh I could throw it out of my houſe, without pulling the whole building to pieces.

I'll venture, however.

No you ſhan't. I won't have your life nor your limbs to anſwer for; beſides, the little toads begin to be tired of hankering about, and if I keep it cloſed another year, I expect they will find another haunt; for they don't fancy any apartment but that.

If there is a ſimilarity in the faith of you, and your friend on this article, why laugh at him, or conſider him as out of his ſenſes?

Let us call a better ſubject, Sir; for, you ſee, we have got ſafe home, and if you are half as hungry as I am, you will think a ſpare-rib of pork, which I expect to find on the table, though betwixt hot and cold, is worth all fairy-land.

Thus it is, my friend, we are accurate critics, in diſcovering and expoſing the weakneſſes of others, but are quite blind to our own, *though of the*

the same size and kind. How true it was from the beginning! How true it will be to the end! that "we see the mote in the eye of our "brother, but discover not the beam in our "own."

Believing that I had fallen, partially, amongst the votaries of the fairy legions, by meeting with two men, who, though of different manners and characters, had nearly the same degree of credulity; the one a worshipper from fear, the other from reverence; I resolved to see further into the subject, before I concluded the opinion about these airy spirits to be general: for to tell you the truth, I came with a mind little favourable to admit the impressions which Camden and other Cambrian biographers had attempted to make upon it. Shall I confess, that I not only confelled the fact itself, as to the agency of these beings, as sincerely as I did those gentry of Lilliput, about their own supposed size and dimensions, but I thought the report of these historians *likewise* a fiction allowed to travellers as an indulgence, in the way that we grant a poetical licence to the votaries of the muses? Having, therefore, an equal degree of leisure and curiosity, I was fixed to make farther inquiries; accordingly,

the

the day following, I accepted the offer of an agreeable and intelligent companion, who propoſed an excurſion to the hills in the neighbourhood of Pontipool, which had been immemorially celebrated for the ancient and modern haunts of this tiny people. In this little tour the beauty of the day, and of the country, rich in whatever could gratify a traveller, I collected abundant living evidence that the *belief* in theſe ſmall perſonages was ſolemn and general. "Thoſe," ſaid my aſſociate, pointing to a chain of ſtupendous, and even Alpine hills to the left, "thoſe, though I believe it not, are thought to be every night traverſed by thouſands of fairies; the centre part of the middle mountain is called their table, and on numberleſs green circles, which grow greener under their footſteps, they are ſaid to revel." We entered with freedom ſeveral little picturesque cottages, ſcattered round theſe delicious hills and vales, and I perceived that on the ſubject of fairies, the creed of every peaſant was the ſame: in every hut I found ſuperſtition had a ſeat: but I found that better, at leaſt, more hoſpitable gueſts, were alſo the inmates: health, happineſs, ſimplicity, induſtry, innocence, and paternal love. The heart-echoing kiſs, which a labourer gave to his twelfth child, the nurſeling,

ling, while ſix others were gathering round him, after a ſeparation only of a few hours, and while bread is all his utmoſt toil could work out of the mountains, was a ſight that might have taught wiſdom to a philoſopher, envy to avarice, and humility to a monarch. It reached my very heart. It will not be remote from yours; but to move, to melt it, in the ſame degree, you muſt make a viſit to the fairy mountains, and on ſuch a day, amidſt ſuch ſcenery, have your mind *poſſeſſed* with ſuch objects upon the ſpot where they grow.

It is ſingular, that there are particular places all over this country, where the malign influence of the fairy tribe has made the people look upon them as under a ſort of ſpell. Thus if we put the collective accounts together, we ſhall perceive, that the fairy race are rather bad than good neighbours: for you will hardly meet with a Welch peaſant who is not provided with ſome inſtances to their diſcredit, within his own knowledge. It is incredible to what lengths the malice of theſe ſprites will go, if we are to believe the aſſeverations of the ſwains they live amongſt: inſtead of being in good fellowſhip, as might be expected of well-diſpoſed fairies, they take delight only in cheat-

ing and annoying them. There are ſeveral houſes, particularly ſome antique halls, which are ſo ill-famed for being *haunted* by the fairies, that the pooreſt perſons in the country would rather ſleep unſheltered, and

"Bide the pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm,"

than have the fineſt apartments therein: I am certain, they would not paſs a ſingle night in any of theſe *proſcribed* places for the fee-ſimple of the eſtates thereunto belonging.

The outrages ſaid to be committed nightly by the fairy generations, exceed the pranks of that order of young fellows, or old fellows with young follies, known by the ſpirited names of bucks and bloods; and their thefts and depredations about the country, ſurpaſs thoſe of the gypſey tribes: with this aggravation too, that there is no conſtable to take them up, nor any juſtice able to make them keep the peace, or commit them to the houſe of correction, or even bind them over to better behaviour. They are above all law, and of courſe, beyond the reach of an act of parliament; which is certainly a great hardſhip on the Welch peaſants, who, though overrun with them, and put nightly into bodily fear, can neither ſue for treſpaſs, nor

nor recover damages, nor make them pay for an aſſault!

Their malicious devices would fill as many folios as Sir John Hill's Vegetable Syſtem, and their petty larcenies are as numerous. And theſe are not confined to the neighbourhood of Pontipool, but extend northward to the boundaries of the Principality. I heard of their naughty doings again in Merionethſhire, Carnarvon, and Angleſey; not only the firm belief in their exiſtence extending to theſe places, but as thorough a conviction that they are, with very few exceptions, as errant a pack of Little Pickles as any in the world, and a kitten with a cracker at its tail, or a bird with a ſtring to its leg, is more likely to find reſt in the hands of a parcel of ſchoolboys than a poor ſwain or damoſel in the clutches of an offended fairy.

It was impoſſible in theſe inquiries, not to have often in mind the many beautiful deſcriptions of Shakſpeare: and my old friends, Puck, Peaſeblоſſom, and Robin Goodfellow, were frequently playing their waggeries in my fancy; but little did I ſuppoſe when I have been delighted with theſe perſonages, that there was a part of the world appertaining to my own

country, where a countleſs number of really ſhrewd people believed as firmly in the exiſtence and potency of theſe creations of ſuperſtition, as in that of their God.

I have forborn the relation of a thouſand ſad and merry fairy tales, the reſult of my reſearches into this curious ſubject, becauſe one is as good as a thouſand; and that one you ſhall have here as a ſpecimen of the reſt.

In my way to England, I ſlept a night in the village of Feſtiniog, and being the only traveller then in the houſe, had the choice of the bed-chambers. I fixed upon that which I thought the moſt commodious, and after I had taken my ſolitary repaſt, was preparing to retire, when my landlady made her appearance, and ſaid, that ſhe could not anſwer it to her conſcience to let me go to reſt, without telling me that the apartment I had choſen, though the beſt in her houſe, had the misfortune to be troubled by the fairies; that had I been an ordinary ſtranger, ſhe ſhould not have mentioned it, but being recommended to her houſe by one of her beſt friends and cuſtomers, ſhe felt it her duty to appriſe me of the circumſtance; after which, I might do as I pleaſed. She concluded this

this awesul intelligence, by informing me, ſhe ſhe had ſoundly rated the chambermaid for her careleſſneſs in ſhewing that apartment, the door of which was never opened but when the inn was full of company, and not another bed to be had.

Whether it proceeded from that queer propenſity in human nature, to do what you are warned not to do, or from a ſpirit of reſiſtance to theſe ſimplicities of faith, I do not know: I can only tell you, that my landlady's caution determined me not to profit by it. I thanked her, however, for the hint, and deſired to be ſhewn to the haunted chamber, declaring to her, at the ſame time, that I had been ſo great an admirer of fairies, ever ſince I read one of our great Poet's account of them, that I was perfectly ſatisfied they would rather look on me as an old acquaintance than a ſtranger, and treat me as ſuch: and furthermore, as it was exceſſive cold weather, if fifty, or an hundred of the little gentle folks were diſpoſed to paſs the night with me, they would be extremely welcome to part of my bed, and I did not doubt but that, ſhould this be the caſe, I ſhould be able in the morning to give a very good account of my bedfellows.

For that matter, Sir, ſaid mine hoſteſs, one of your great poet-men, and who was a lord into the bargain, took a fancy, likewiſe, to that very room, where he ſlept three nights, and paſt his days where you are now ſitting, after clambering up and down the mountains for hours together.

Well, and did *he* make any complaints of the common diſturbers of that chamber?

He was too mild and ſweet-tempered a gentleman to make complaints about any thing; but on my aſking, if he ſaw or heard more than he wiſhed, or found his window thrown open, or any of his things toſs'd about the room, or any pattering of little feet, or, in ſhort, any fairy work going forward? He ſhook his head, and ſaid, it was almoſt impoſſible for a man, he ſaw plainly, to be in the moſt retired parts of the world, but he muſt be annoyed with buſy bodies, and impertinents that would be aſking queſtions, and forcing themſelves, uncalled, into company.—This was pretty plain, I think, Sir.

I think ſo too, and will, therefore, go to bed landlady; for you have mentioned a reaſon,

for

for my preference of that chamber, that out-weighs all the fairies of Merionethſhire, were they every one, at this moment, making merry in my bed. The great poet you allude to was Lord Lyttleton: I know he was at Feſtiniog, and am glad to find that accident has conducted me to the ſame inn, and even into the ſame apartment. I have read what he wrote here.

Aye, he was always *ſcribbling*, poor dear gentleman when he was within doors, and when he was without, he ran up and down hills and dales in ſuch a manner, though neither young nor ſtrong, that folks, hereabouts, thought him a madman; but his *valet de ſham* told us, he was only a poet, and was making a book about us Welch people, and our country; tho' what he could find here worth putting in a printed book, I cannot think; yet, he was quite beſide himſelf with joy, and often told my huſband, that we ought to think ourſelves very happy, as we lived in Paradiſe; for that matter, we do not live amiſs, conſidering a poor, lone place; we get fiſh and game of all ſorts in plenty, and now and then, can ſhew a joint of meat with any body, as your honour ſhall ſee if you ſhould like to ſtay with us as long as the Poet Lord.

Finding that the good woman had no other idea of Paradiſe than that we ſhould there be ſure of the beſt proviſions, and choiceſt rarities for the palate,—which idea is, by the bye, to the full as refined as that of numberleſs inhabitants in polite cities,—I again bade her good night, and withdrew to the haunted chamber.

I declare to you, that the honeſt people who are terrified about theſe little fellows, y'clept fairies, never more earneſtly wiſhed they might be free from their viſitations than I did for their appearance; at the ſame time, that I deſpaired of being honoured by this fairy-favour. Nevertheleſs, I was kept ſome hours from the leaſt deſire to ſleep; the night was pierceingly cold, but it was about the third quarter of the moon, whoſe froſty clearneſs, threw into the apartment, preciſely that ſort of elfin-light which theſe little perſonages are ſaid to love; and certainly, if they have any human ſenſations about them, or are at all ſenſible to the change of ſeaſons, on their tiny frames, which, by being ſo often ſeen in *propria perſona*, muſt be occaſionally corporeal, a ſnug birth in a warm bed-chamber would be preferable to any thing they could meet with on ſnowy moun-

tains, or in ley vallies. I had neither talked, nor thought myself into expectation or hope; yet whosoever follows up an enquiry of any kind, with undiminishing ardour of curiosity, will be less disposed to slumber than he whose investigations have attained their proposed end.

As I lay in this wakeful state, I ran over all the pretty things that have been said by our Poets on the fairy subject.

I repeated, aloud, several of the favourite passages from the beautiful poems of Parnell, in *his* "Fairy Tale," and in the "Ode to "Indifference." I invoked the sprites even by the Spirit of Shakspeare, which, I cannot but believe, has a potency far superior to their own. In this musing mood I remained till the peep of dawn, when it is admitted that these children of darkness, like all others of that cast and character, *steal* off. I, therefore, composed myself to a short sleep, after which, I rose with an intention to prosecute my journey.

The very moment I got down stairs, my landlady took notice that I looked very poorly, and

and no wonder, ſaid ſhe; I was ſure your honour could not ſleep, for all your *braggadoſia:* I heard you, Sir, talk to the fairies for half an hour together; our rooms are parted only by a thin boarded partition. I warrant, you had your room full of them: don't deny it, Sir, becauſe I heard you ſpeak to them as plain, and, indeed, louder than I now hear myſelf: nay, if it had not been for fear, I would have come and knocked at your door, for they cannot bear to be ſurpriſed at any of their tricks.

It ſeems I had been taken in the fact of reciting the verſes, which my landlady interpreted into addreſſes to the fairies; for as to repeating at ſuch a time of night, and in ſuch a chamber, for my own diverſion, it could neither enter voluntarily, nor be driven coercively, into her head, without admitting at the ſame moment the moſt thorough conviction of my inſanity. Beſides this, there is ſomething ſo unwelcome in combating any notion a perſon has taken up and is pleaſed with, that I contented myſelf with leaving the matter open to the good woman's interpretation, by ſaying, in the words of Beatrice: "I confeſs nothing, "and I deny nothing." It was therefore taken for

for granted, that I had not only ſeen, but diſcourſed with the fairies all night; that I had intreated them to be civil; that I had begged pardon for not before having faith in them; and that, if they would ſpare me only that once, I promiſed to build a temple for them, to kiſs their "tiny footſteps, and to worſhip "them for ever." To this effect did mine hoſteſs conſtrue the different recitations; many of which, you, who are verſant in all that our great bard, and the minor poets, have ſung or ſaid on the ſubject, will recollect to be applicable to the occaſion, particularly the following paſſages:

"Ye Elfin ſprites,
"Come, now a roundel and a fairy ſong,
"Come ſing me now aſleep, then let me reſt."

This, my landlady ſaid, was begging what they never granted, for they always broke people's reſt when they got into their bed-chambers.

After I had laid about an hour, without any viſitant, I invoked Queen Mab herſelf, and in language which, had ſhe been within hearing, ſhe muſt have anſwered in perſon, or been looked on as a fairy of no taſte or genius:

"Thou art (I know) a ſpirit of no common rate,
"Thou canſt give fairies to attend me ſtraight;

"Can'ſt

" Can't bid them fetch me jewels from the deep.
" And ſing, while I on preſſed flowers do ſleep.
" Hop in my walks, and gambol in my eyes;
" Feed me with apricots and dewberries,
" With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries:
" Steal for me honeybags from humble bees;
" For my night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
" And light them at the fiery glow-worms eyes,
" And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
" To fan the moonbeams from my ſleeping eyes."

Yes, yes, quoth mine hoſteſs, I heard you begging and praying them to fetch you fruit and honey, but the deuce a grape or a morſel even of bees-wax you get from them. You ſoon was of that opinion too, your honour, I fancy, for you gave them their true character ſoon after. I judge ſhe interpreted the malign properties attributed to them by our great bard in the ſubſequent lines, which, I remember, I repeated with a ſort of malicious energy, as if filled with their ſubject, I felt myſelf piqued at their refuſing to pay me a viſit. We know a thing is not very little likely to happen, and yet we work up our wiſhes to a warmth ſo fairy-like, as to be frequently diſpleaſed and diſappointed that it does not. Who has not found this unreaſonable ſally in himſelf?

What! will none of you appear ye little tormentors, cried I, in my ſoliloquiſing way?

" This

" This must be the sprite,
" Or I mistake, of that shrewd knavish sprite,
" Call'd Robin Goodfellow,
" That frights the maidens of the villagery,
" Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the quern,
" And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn,
" And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm,
" Misleads night-wanderers laughing at their harm."

I have heard of your pranks, my little masters, continued I, and presume you are upon some now. Each mischievously employed, I warrant you:

" Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds
" Or war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
" To make them coats!

And as for you, Master Puck,

" Up and down then up and down,
" You are fear'd in field and town;
" Over hill, over dale,
" Through bush, through briar,
" Over park, over pale;
" Through flood, through fire,
" You do wander every where;
" Swifter than the moon's sphere,
" You do serve the fairy queen,
" To dew her orbs upon the green."

Nay, I have heard you boast you could

" Put a girdle round about the earth
" In forty minutes."

My

My landlady told me they were capable of taking all ſhapes; but ſhe gave into the common notion of their tripping off at day-break. On her aſking my opinion of this very gravely, I with no leſs ſolemnity pretended to believe it in the general, but that a very great Poet in my country, greater than her friend, Lord Lyttleton, and who had a mighty veneration for all theſe little perſons, declared, that although many of them

" Wilfully exile themſelves from light,
" For fear that day ſhould look their ſhames upon;
" Yet there are ſpirits of another ſort,
" Who with the morning light have oft made ſport;
" Who, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
" Even till the eaſtern gate, all fiery red,
" Opening on Neptune, with far bleſſing beams,
" Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams."

Your fine poet-men ſeldom ſpeak ſo as a poor body can underſtand them, ſaid the good woman; all I know is, our Welſh fairies are ſeen only at night; but I am glad you believe in them or they would do you an ill turn before you get home. Now, though I had as much belief in the wall and moonſhine of Pyramus and Thiſbe, I pretended my faith was fixed: I was a convert.

By way of preſent comfort and future ſecurity,

rity, however, mine hoſteſs promiſed me, on my expreſſing a deſign to paſs another night under her roof, to put me into the yellow room, to which, ſhe aſſured me, the little tormentors had a particular objection. Determined to humour the jeſt, I affected to be highly ſatisfied with this, and ſhe then told me the ſtory of a neighbour who had loſt a cheſt of drawers, and ſeveral other pieces of furniture, which were found, after many days, above a league off upon one of the enormous druidical ſtones, as at the top of an high mountain; where, added ſhe, not an hundred men could drag it; and that, therefore, it muſt be *ſpirited* away by fairies. Upon my ſhewing tokens of ſurpriſe, that theſe miſerable Lilliputians ſhould be more powerful than an hundred men, my landlady informed me that it was all done by magic, and that they had been known to move trees, and carry away men and horſes out of their warm beds, and ſet them faſt in the middle of a quagmire, or drop them on a bare heath merely by charming! As I wiſhed to ſee a little more of this fairy land than was to be diſcovered through the windows of my inn, I ended the converſation, by obſerving to my hoſteſs, that this was carrying the ſlight of hand to a wonderful perfection indeed; and it would be highly

worth

worth while for Meſſrs. Jonas, Breſlaw, and the other *Preſto-paſs* gentlemen, who *live by enchanting*, to come and make a few improvements in the art of magic, or "delicate deceptions," as they have been called by the *profeſſors* in conjuration.

Such a fall of ſnow had happened in the night, in addition to what was on the ground before, that though the ſun did the beſt that it could for me at that ſeaſon of the year, neither my old horſe, nor his maſter, were diſpoſed to proceed that day any farther, at leaſt together; ſo I made a tour of the mountains and vallies on foot; vehemently refuſing all offers of a guide, whom in a ramble of this kind I have all my life conſidered as an inſupportable interruption; for it is amongſt my ſupreme pleaſures to find out the wonders and beauties of Nature with my own eyes, to reaſon about them with my own underſtanding, and to extract all the knowledge they are able to give me out of themſelves, before I aſk other people; who officiouſly tell you every thing before you come to it; and then, it is ten to one, but their account of the fact and the fact itſelf, is at leaſt as wide from each other, as would have been my own unaſſiſted conjecture; beſides that it deprives me

me of the *pleasures* of conjecture, which are—to an inquisitive mind, that is, to a mind that likes to answer its own questions,—always *something*. Moreover, I have found these common-place historians of the village, or country, to be not a whit more useful, though full as learned as those biographers in great cities, appointed to explain the wonders of St. Paul's in London, or St. Peter's at Rome; their explanations being nearly as illustrative of the objects, as the elaborate commentators on the text of Shakspeare, or the Holy Bible. The volumes of Nature and Religion, my friend, rarely require any of these darkling elucidations; for both are so simple, and so intelligible, that in general, he that runs may read and understand them; and, wherever there are difficulties in either, they are usually made worse and more intricate, by bungling guides, who confound confusion. For all these reasons I perambulated the environs of Fellinog alone, and thus added another instance of my obstinate adherence to my own plans, which produced a portentous shake of my landlady's head.

Just as I was going out of the door, she hinted that the young peasant she designed to accom-

pany me, was thought a good *ſcholard*, and could talk Engliſh by the hour together. Had it been poſſible for my former reſolution of being a ſolitary, to have received any acceſſions of ſtrength, this intelligence would have the more determined me; for the affectation of ſcience, amongſt common people, produces ſuch inſufferable jargon, that it is even more nauſeating, than the pompoſity of pedantry itſelf. Had the guide only ſpoken Welch, or been gifted with abſolute ſilence, he might have had his uſe, juſt to keep me from two or three pitfalls into which I tumbled head over heels in the courſe of my walk, the ſnow having treacherouſly covered their ſurfaces. But to eſcape theſe little caſualties, at the expence of having one's ears aſſailed by a *good ſcholard*, while the ſtupendous works of Nature were inrolled in volumes before me by the Divine Author; unſullied volumes that reached almoſt to the ſkies—would have been blaſphemy. For never, ſurely, in any part of his *creation* did the *Creator* diſplay himſelf with more awful magnificence, with more aſtoniſhing grandeur, than in the precincts of the little village of Feſtiniog on the day that I made my ſurvey of it.

This, you are already appriſed, is the place,

the Summer dress of which Lord Lyttleton so agreeably describes. He tells us, that at the time he visited it, it was in the perfection of beauty. From the height of this Merionethshire village, which is the most lovely one my eyes ever beheld, you have, says his Lordship, a view of the sea: the hills are green, and well shaded with wood: there is a delightful rivulet which winds through the bottom, on each side are meadows, and above are corn fields, on the declivities of the immense mountains; at each end are mountains still higher, which seem placed there by nature to guard this charming retreat against any invaders. With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, one may pass an age there and think it a day. If one has a mind to live long, and renew his youth, let him come and settle at Festiniog. Not long ago, there died there an honest Welch farmer, who was an hundred and five years of age: by his first wife he had thirty children, ten by his second, and four by his third: his youngest son was eighty-one years younger than his eldest; and eight hundred persons, descended from his body, attended his funeral.

My second visit to this happy vale in the

ſpring, juſtified the above luxurious account. Its aſpect, when covered with ſnow, gave to the reſpective objects, a ſublimity, which *cannot* be done juſtice to, but by the memories of thoſe who have ſeen a country abounding with aſpiring mountains and humble glens, and every other grand irregularity of Nature, under the domination of froſt and ſnow. Theſe, in flat countries, preſent nothing but one uniform, unintereſting waſte: amidſt the mountains there is the cataract, which reſiſts the powers of ice; the variety of ground, that throws even the ice itſelf, and the ſnow, into a thouſand fantaſtic forms; the hardy peaſants that brave the weather in a manner utterly unknown to ſouthern regions; the adventurous animals, that, impelled alike by the element and their appetite, dig the ſhrub on the points of the rocks, hunt for the periſhed herb through mountains of ſnow piled on mountains of earth, and an infinity of objects there only to be obſerved.

Full of this kind of imagery I paſt ſeveral hours of the coldeſt day; but therewithal the brighteſt of winter. The ſnow had drizzled for about half an hour, but more radiant ſunſhine ſucceeded; yet the froſt was ſo much ſtronger than the thaw, that the flakes encruſted

on

on my hat and cloaths as they fell, and I was as complete an icicle on my return to the inn as any of the ſurrounding objects.

The ſurrounding objects, indeed, on my return were in perfect contraſt to thoſe without doors. The whole peaſantry of the village of Feſtiniog appeared to be got into the public houſe, where the blazing hearth and vacant hilarity ſet froſt and ſnow at defiance. Theſe happy groups are very frequent in North Wales, and particularly in thoſe ſeaſons when the rigorous elements drive men more upon their internal reſources. This, indeed, was an extraordinary occaſion. The Member for Merioneth, in which county ſtands this ſweet village, had given a fat ſheep, and a barrel of home-brewed to the poor of every pariſh within his diſtrict to counteract the inclemency of the froſt: and this animal was roaſting whole in the kitchen, while the gueſts, in bliſsful expectation, were gathered together in a room adjoining. All that could beat an alarm to appetite, or give to appetite gratified its moſt perfect tranquillity, was at work: an harper played the Triumph of Wales in one corner, a poet ſung his own compoſitions, in imitation of the ancient bards, in the other, ſeveral

Welch damſels joined in chorus; the firſt foaming jug of ale was drank off to the founder of the feaſt; the ſnow fell faſt, and was drifted on the windows, and the warmth of heart that reigned within, when the roaſted ſheep made its appearance, was more than enough to baffle the rigour of a December in Siberia.

You know enough of my diſpoſition to be certain I mixed in theſe jovial doings with all my heart. Without ſtaying to be aſked, I ſaw that I was welcome. I was in a land of hoſpitality; and had I not been ſo, the company were, at the moment, too replete with feſtivity to be churliſh to a ſtranger. Could one enter the houſe of a miſer while he was enjoying himſelf on the bounty of a friend, he could ſcarcely ſhut his heart to one that wiſhed to be happy alſo. Happineſs is naturally benevolent: and as the poor in their hours of relaxation are, perhaps, the happieſt of the happy, ſo are they, when they have any thing to give, the moſt bountiful of the generous. Many of theſe will—I have known them to do it—ſhare their laſt ſhilling; their laſt meal, with a good will, as fervent an urbanity, and as courteous, as if they were only dividing with you the ſuperfluities

superfluities of their ordinary table. The poor of Wales are, on all festive occasions, the kindest of the liberal. "Late, drank, and was merry," and in process of the evening, every gambol that health, innocence, rusticity, and good fellowship, let loose from toil, could devise, took its round. Since the days of Cadwallader, to those of the present Prince of Wales, there never was seen a more comfortable set of human creatures on a more stormy night, through which many of them had to seek their way to their habitations, in the different huts that were scattered on the mountains, or in the valley. But this idea did not break in upon the present moments, which were devoted to joys, that, in sweet oblivion, absorbed the future. You remember the winter evening of the English peasants, described by Thomson: It was now realized in Wales. The charming lines came to my memory as I sat at the festival; and they again recur at this instant: they are at the end of my pen. You would not forgive me for driving them back: Here then let them flow on the paper:

"Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
"While well attested, and as well believ'd,
"Heard solemn, goes the Goblin story round;
"The rural gambol, and the rustic mirth;
"The simple joke, that takes the shepherd's heart;

" Eaſily pleas'd; the long, loud laugh, ſincere;
" The kiſs ſnatch'd haſty from the ſide-long maid,
" On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretended ſleep:
" The leap, the ſlap, the haul; and, ſhook to notes
" Of native muſic, the reſpondent dance.
" Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night."

After this harmleſs merry-making, which was certainly as paſtoral, as if it had been the Arcadia of primitive times, each departed to his home, and were ſo effectually fenced within, by hilarity and good cheer, againſt all annoyance from without, that, I ſuſpect it was neither in the power of froſt, ſnow, or ſuperſtition, to chill them.

I do not know the time when I paſſed an evening more to my ſatisfaction; nor when I crowned the night with more quiet reſt, in deſpite of fairies and fairy tales. May yours, my friend, this and every night, be as undiſturbed, and preceded by as pleaſant days!

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

IF we examine Lord Lyttleton's deſcription of Feſtiniog, ſhall we not think him a little unreaſonable? and, in one or two paſſages, not quite correct as to ſentiment? "With the woman one loves, the friend of one's heart, and a good ſtudy of books, there is ſurely ſcarce a man in the world, whoſe mind is fitted to reliſh them, but would convert Arabia Inſelix into a Paradiſe. There needs no ſuch happy vales as that of Feſtiniog, to render a perſon ſo environed with heart-felt reſources, more than content. I argue that even in abſence of theſe, at leaſt the laſt article, many a year might paſs without a weary moment. No: I renounce the thought in the very inſtant that I have expreſſed it. I feel, that if the ſtudy of books might be diſpenſed with, the ſocial, boſom joys which the two other ſources afford, may not be given up." His Lordſhip is in the right. The charm of ſeeing others happy, and being one of the party, made me for a little while forget that the beſt part of their felicity proceeds from domeſtic happineſs. The men were ſurrounded by their families;

prior to the date of his enmity, and I have a memory very faithful and retentive to kindneſs, I faſten upon *that* trait as a ſort of reſource from the *pain* of thinking on the general tenour of his behaviour. Nay, if I have ever paſſed any happy days or hours in the ſociety of thoſe who have afterwards made me paſs many comfortleſs or bitter ones, it is not eaſy to expreſs how I feel within me a propenſity to ſink the memory of the latter, and take refuge in the former. This, I have reaſon to believe, hath not a reliſh of benevolence in it, becauſe my ideas of the ill-treatment I may have received are unaltered; of courſe, the perſons of ſuch as have occaſioned it, are no leſs irkſome to thought: but it is a great relief to me, from that very miſery of dwelling on the dark ſide of human nature, where there is but a ray of light to turn it on the other. For this reaſon, though it is a ſelfiſh one, perhaps, I am hourly more convinced, that I am not made for long reſentments: for to you and to God, I declare that, though I have not parted many years from ſome who, I have too many inducements to think, ſeek to do me an ill-turn, for no other cauſe that I can recollect, but that they have injured me too greatly ever to forgive me; I cannot pay them in kind, by meditating ill-

will,

will, or even ill wishes. And though, as I observed above, there is neither "the gift of "human kindness," nor any other softening quality in all this, but to get rid of the uneasy sensations that accompany even a just revenge, or the contemplations which lead to and prepare it, it is at least so far a greater felicity in temperature than the bias which disposes a man to brood over his wrongs, and lie in wait, as some minds have shewn a power of doing for months, years, half a long life, till opportunity gives effect to accumulated vengeance. To obtain, at the end of only one year, the most complete revenge over those most injurious, I would not exchange this constitutional gift of tenderness, self-love, or whatever you think fit to denominate this capacity, of preferring pleasant to disagreeable reflections.

I would claim a much greater degree of merit from the eternally unfading freshness with which I remember my absent *friends*, did not their virtues, talents, or kindness to me, preclude all sort of merit even on that subject, and make that remembrance a simple act of justice. But I may at least say, that my memory of them is green and immortal as the laurel, and triumphs over absence, adversity, and

and even over the more oblivious power that often attends on proſperity. The deliberate traveller muſt either be worthleſs himſelf, or aſſociate only with thoſe of that deſcription, if in his route he does not find ſome who have demands on his admiration for their genius, on his pity for their misfortunes, or on his friendſhip for their good offices. Of all theſe I have had my ſhare; but, believe me, none have, or ever can have, power to impair the ſentiment with which I retain every impreſſion due to thoſe from whom I am ſeparated. My "unravelled heart" turns to them even when ſilence has been conſtrued into neglect, and I appear to have forgotten them. Each of them comes to my memory with a fondneſs which often makes my heart ache, that human life, and its contingencies, permit not the power of giving as frequent expreſſion to kind wiſhes as they are felt and excited. In years of greater leiſure and fuller health, the delights of correſpondence more than compenſated for the quantity of time employed in ſuſtaining it. I neither ſeemed nor deſired to have any other employment than to receive and reply to the letters of my friends. Every poſt brought me the continued hiſtory of their joys and ſorrows; and I gave mine in return with an ardour that doubled the

the former, and took from the latter at least half their stings. But, alas! the wants of health, of time, or of happiness,

"check'd the genial current of the *pen*."

which is an instrument of the "soul." Deep, heavy, and incessant too, are the taxes which certain incidents of life levy upon us. Many of these may make us sacrifice the sweetest occupations of the heart on the altar of more severe exercises: but never have the *most* violent of these extinguished one spark of that tenderness I bear to those from whom I am divided; and every hour proves to me, that I recollect the virtues, the talents, and endearments of old friends, as affectionately as if this maturity of my life was engaged, like its earlier youth, only in the exchanges of personal or epistolary professions. Ah! could my powers keep any pace with, or bear any proportion to, my inclinations on this subject, a correspondence, regular as that I keep up with *you*, my friend, should attempt the amusement of every other whom I love. If, by my silence, I am suffering in the opinion of any on the idea of that silence being induced by motives less cogent than that deprivation of health, leisure, and spirits, which make such frequent breaks

in

in the lettered intercourſe I carry on with you, my loved friend, and a very few others, could they look into my ſoul at this moment, could they enter into its thoughts almoſt every moment of every day, they would not ſimply acquit me of raiſing new friendſhips on the ruins of the old, but confeſs, that I reflected on their merits as warmly, and on their failings—when I thought on *them* at all—as candidly, as in the moſt gloſſy ſeaſons of attachment.

How have I rambled into theſe ſelfiſh developements? Muſt I needs call them by ſo harſh a name? In abſence many delicate apprehenſions aſſail us. The very phyſician that recommended the exerciſes of my pen ſet very unſocial bounds to them; for he knew, that the very poſture of writing was, if long continued, pernicious to that inveterate pain and malady in my breaſt, which has ſo inceſſantly vexed me. It ſtops the progreſs of my public engagements; it continues to limit my private communications; and though my mind and body are relieved when I can in any meaſure ſurmount theſe boſom evils,—and I am daily *gleaning* a little more of health as I go along,—I am never ſo churliſh as to keep an unbroken hour to myſelf, but invariably devote the beſt part

part of it to you and to others whom I appreciate; and, in the seasons that I cannot do this, I at least *think* kindly of you.

Accept then these pages of self-defence; for I know that the spirit of accusation has gone forth against me on the article of correspondence: and if any thing could induce me to believe your welcome flatteries as to the merit of these letters, I should derive the greatest joy from the hope, that, if I adopt the proposal you have made of publishing them, I might acquire a sensible gratification by uniting public with private favour.

Forgive me, and return with me to Festiniog: or rather to my Lord Lyttleton's description of its attractions: amongst which he seems to reckon *longevity*. I fear, however, this is a complaisance he was disposed to shew the country. Those who have long lived in towns, assume the ideas and feelings of a poet, happy, though but for a few weeks or days, to forget that they are men of the world. Country churchyards are amongst the objects most travellers visit transiently; and when we have sailed the rural breeze, luxuriated in its prospects, and been freshened by a change of air

and objects, we naturally enough conclude that we have left the abodes of diſeaſe, languor, and untimely old age; and have, at length, found the regions of perpetual health, and of life equally happy and long. From experience, nevertheleſs, of the fallacy of ſuppoſing our "days of nature" are more in number when paſt in the ſhade than amidſt the "hum of men," I have regretted, I know not how often, that in this caſe, as in many others, truth and poeſy are ſo much at variance.

I uſually paſs an hour amidſt the manſions of the dead, in every town or village at which I pauſe; and I am, you know, a pauſing traveller; I always have been ſuch: but if graves and tomb ſtones are to be conſidered as the faithful regiſters of their reſpective pariſhes, and, I believe, they are to be pretty much depended upon, for all our little vanities are there uſeleſs, and even the buried beauty there confeſſes her age—the village annals will, I believe, have little to boaſt of the antidote of zephyrs, or the anodyne of wholeſome labour, after undiſturbed repoſe. I have more than once had the curioſity, in this country and in others, both at home and abroad, to compare the dates of life and death, as they are ſtated in the burial grounds;

grounds; and if I have sometimes been inclined to think the country church-yard, on a calculation of equal inhabitants, the repository of fewer young, and of more advanced old age, I have on the general average found, that the assertion of a celebrated tourist on this subject is founded in fact. It is commonly supposed, he says, that life is longer where there are few opportunities of luxury; but a cottager grows old over his oaten cake, like a citizen at his turtle feast. A poor man is, indeed, seldom incommoded by corpulence. Poverty preserves him from sinking under the burthen of himself, but he escapes no other injury from time. Instances of long life are often related, which those who hear them, are more willing to credit than examine. To be told, that any man has attained an hundred years, as in the case Lord Lyttleton has related, gives hope and comfort to him who stands trembling on the brink of his own climacteric. Length of life is, indeed, distributed impartially to very different modes of life, in very different climates; and the mountains have no greater instances of age and health than the low lands; nor can villages, and small towns, produce more examples than great cities, on a comparative average. Even in the village-receptacle of the dead at *Festiniog*,

the infant, the youth, the mature man, and the veteran, lie mixing their aſhes together; and the inſtance which his Lordſhip has recorded, is amongſt the very few, who have materially exceeded the human ſpan.

But in this little country there live thoſe, whom, for the ſake of human kind, a benevolent traveller could not but wiſh might continue in the world, till the world itſelf ſhould be no more. The ſnow-clad mountains of Cambria, my friend, have not affrighted the ſpirit of philanthropy from viſiting their inhabitants; nor has the thick-ribb'd ice, that ſometimes places an impaſſable gulph betwixt a man and his neighbour,

"Frozen the genial current of their ſouls."

The torrid zone boaſts not more glowing hearts, nor more animated natures. It would be an hereſy committed againſt the beauties of the creation, to leave Wales without viſiting the ſeveral delicious domains that appertain to my Lord Powis and his family; eſpecially that part which is *emparadiſed* by Lord and Lady Clive. I make free with that word, as moſt expreſſive of the fact: for the two noble perſons laſt mentioned, have literally raiſed a paradiſe around

around them. But though you will see wood, water, hill, and dale, mansion-houses and cottages, in the most enviable abundance, all these are but secondary to another kind of beauty, which is here to be seen in perfection. Were you, for example, to make a circuit of the towns and villages adjacent to the seat of Lord and Lady Clive, and enter every house where either industry, indigence, sickness, sorrow, or misfortune, had entered before you, you would hear the voice, or see the tear and smile of gratitude pouring forth the heart-felt praises of this noble pair. I know not when I have past a more delightful hour, than that which I spent on the road from Okely Park to Welch Pool. My eyes were gratified with every grace of nature and art in vegetable beauty; my ears were regaled, yet more voluptuously, with a number of village annals that have made me think more highly of human nature ever since.

I encountered one of Lord Clive's neighbours, and here follow, *verbatim*, the answers he gave to my enquiries. You are just to premise, that we are jogging on in a very neighbourly way, through his lordship's park, on a fine day, and in the finest month of the

year; and that having converſed ſufficiently on the only acquaintance-making topic which renders ſtrangers companionable—namely, the weather—we ſtruck into other ſubjects, drawn, principally, like moſt converſations on the road, from the ſurrounding objects.

" Yes, Sir," cried my aſſociate, in anſwer to a remark I had made on the beauty of the park through which we were, as I ſaid, taking our way, " It is full of good ground, has ſome " thouſand pounds worth of good timber, " a brave herd of deer, and game in abun- " dance.—All theſe to be ſure are good things, " but the folks to whom they belong are " better than all of them. I am not a preju- " diced perſon, never wanting a favour of lord " or lady. I never received one but from my " own induſtry ſince I was born: I therefore " may ſpeak."

No doubt you are an independent man. " As an independent man then I inform you, " that when either the lady or the lord, to " whom this domain belongs, leaves this world, " all the hearts within a ſcore of miles round " them ought to break for it. As for my " lady, it would comfort your ſoul, and make " it

"it better, if it wants mending—begging your "pardon—to ſee ſo fine, ſo pretty, and ſo "good a creature go her rounds of loving-kind-"neſs, ſometimes on foot, ſometimes on horſe-"back, and ſtopping at every hut and cottage, "attended by all her children, by way of "making them take after her."

And what is the end of thoſe circuits? "Nothing on earth but to make the poor rich, "the ſick well, and the ſad merry. I have "often thought—God pardon me—when I "have beheld her ladyſhip, and four or five of "her young ones open the door of a miſer-"able dwelling, which ſome of your great "folks would not deign to look at, that it was "more like an angel from heaven, and ſome "little children, who, dying innocent, became "cherubims, than human creatures.—Then "they are as affable as if the poor things "they make comfortable were their equals; "and, in ſhort, inſtead of ſpending their time "at a looking-glaſs, as thouſands do, who have "not half ſuch handſome faces to look at, or "their ſubſtance in the follies of the age, "they may fairly be ſaid to keep a kitchen, "cellar, and warehouſe, well ſtored with good "things for thoſe that want them."

That is ſtrange indeed: for commonly ſpeaking, to *want* the comforts which a fine houſe can ſupply is the only objection, my good friend, for with-holding them: for which reaſon, I preſume, it is that the very knockers on the outſide of the doors of great men's houſes, are held by the iron-headed lion, tiger, or ſome other beaſt of prey; and that even if a poor viſitor is ſo ſorely impelled by neceſſity, as to brave this emblem of ſeverity *without*, and having the hardineſs to knock, ſhould thereby gain admittance *within*, he has generally to encounter another beaſt of prey in office, whoſe orders are, to ſuffer thoſe only to gain entrance, or at leaſt to paſs, who bring no wants but thoſe of which they can pay for the gratification: Nay, our town refinements are carried yet higher; for, as if neither the iron nor brazen-headed monſter before the door, nor the Cerberus behind it, were ſufficient guards to repel the ſighings of the ſorrowful, or the cries of the indigent, the very hiſtory of a man's grievances, either of mind body, or eſtate, are forbidden to obtrude themſelves on the nerves and feelings of the great perſonages who inhabit theſe great houſes; and if a letter is not faſhionably folded up, ſuperſcribed in a ſtyle of faſhionable illegibility,

lity, and impreſſed with arms that certify the writer to be a petitioner for nothing but what he can purchaſe by ſome commodity equivalent to that he receives, whether of courteſy or commerce, the letter is thrown out of doors, or referred to a reader of all papers ſuſpected to be filled with the complaints of thoſe poor devils who throw themſelves on the barren ſoil of a great man's humanity. All ſuch papers being found guilty of containing tales of diſtreſs, and petitionary repreſentations of calamities of any kind, are condemned to lie on the inſpector's deſk, or be given up to the deriſion of the domeſtics, who fatten in the ſervants' hall: but on pain of loſing their places, theſe pauper appeals, and mendicant manuſcripts, are kept from the maſter and miſtreſs of the manſion, who cannot have their delicate ſenſibilities ſhocked by the miſeries of their fellow-creatures, and imagine, that when they ſubſcribe to the public hoſpitals, in whoſe tell-tale books the names of the contributors are pompouſly and oſtentatiouſly inſerted, they have fulfilled the whole duty of great men and great women.

"The great people I have been ſpeaking of," continued my companion, "are not of that

"deſcription.

" deſcription. I remember a paſſage in one " of the Spectators, the only books, except the " Bible and Common Prayer, I ever read, or " ever ſhall read, that juſt ſuits them; and as " I got it by heart when I was firſt ſtruck " with its force, I will repeat it to you—' If ' they have not the pomp of a numerous train, ' they have every day they live the conſci- ' ouſneſs that the widow, the fatherleſs, the ' mourner and the ſtranger, bleſs them in their ' prayers: they give up the compliments which ' people of their own condition could make ' to them, for the pleaſures of helping the ' afflicted, ſupplying the needy, and befriending ' the neglected. Thus, keeping ſtill to them- ' ſelves more than they want, they give a ' vaſt refuſe of their ſuperfluities to purchaſe ' heaven, and by freeing others from the temp- ' tation of worldly want, carry a retinue with ' them thither.'—I could employ twice the " time it would take us in getting to Welch " Pool, were I to tell you of one third of the " good things that I know to have been done " by this noble family. They apprentice out " the orphans, give portions to young women " in marriage, grant annuities to the widows, " put their old ſervants into farms on their " own eſtate, and, though too often impoſed

on,

" on, are ſtill as bountiful as if they had never " met with an ungrateful perſon."

There was ſomething in the *manner* of this my fellow-traveller, ſo illuſtrative of the *matter*, that both at once co-operating on my heart, brought tears into my eyes; which being perceived, and the cauſe miſtaken, the honeſt hiſtorian of the place caught hold of my horſe's bridle with one hand, and of my arm with the other, exclaiming,—" Perhaps your " one way or other ſtand in need of the help " of this noble couple, for there are decayed " gentlemen as well as decayed tradeſmen; and " if it be ſo, I ſhould be very ſorry that Lord " and Lady C. are both from home at this " time on a viſit to Lord P. I ſay, I ſhould " be very ſorry for this, had I not a tolerable " good houſe in the neighbourhood on t'other " ſide Pool, where you may wait the family's " return, which is expected on Saturday."

The influence of a good great man's hoſpitality is more extenſive than we imagine, and it is in general a ſufficient motive of virtue, that it makes others emulous to " do likewiſe." Had time and circumſtance permitted, I would have humoured this honeſt man's miſconcep-

tion,

tion and gone home with him. As it happened, I could only very truly aſſure him, the tears he obſerved on my cheek were thoſe of pleaſure; and that, though I was now conſtrained to take a different road, if ever I again met him in the journey of life, that pleaſure would be increaſed, and in the mean time I had a new ſource of moſt agreeable reflections, for which I ſhould bear an hearty good-will to all the inhabitants of Okely Park, and its environs, while I had a being.

Soon after this, he turned up a bye lane, which my companion ſaid would take him a ſhort cut acroſs the country to his houſe, which, as it did not ſuit me to make a ſtop at now, would be equally at my ſervice another time.

In the direct road, I had about three miles to Pool, from the place at which we parted, and though the ſcenery merits all that travellers have ſaid of it, even to the luxuriant deſcription which Lord Lyttleton has given of Powis Caſtle, which is the fore-ground object under your eye all the way; I looked at it *then*, almoſt without ſeeing it, my mind's eye being employed on what excels in lovelineſs all the caſtles and proſpects of the earth—a good heart engaging

engaging itself in acts of gentleness and mercy for the sake of goodness. A single deed deserving by my travelling companion, in the daily benevolence of Okely Park, is sufficient to overset the selfish systems of Rochefaucault, Mandeville, and all the herd of Satirists on Human Nature, that ever sordidly narrowed its fair proportions: for after all they can say, Pope is right, when he insists that self-love and social are the same. Is not the pleasure you will receive, even from the simple recital of so much real virtue, purely benevolent? Is not the gratification I feel in writing it a spirit of benevolence also? and if either of us, in the course of our day, shall have added but a mite to the ease, accommodation, or comfort of any one mortal, of even any one animal, to which we have the power of doing good, will it not strew upon our pillows those roses which shall sweeten our repose, and prove to us, that it is not for our own sakes *alone*, that we have "done that which we ought to "have done?" But I need not press this argument in defence of the motives of benevolence, on you, my dear friend, whose whole life is a refutation of every attack that has ever yet been made on the *principle* that governs the social virtues. Long, very long, may it continue to you a source of happiness! Adieu.

N. B.

N. B. Whenever you viſit Welch-Pool, you will be called upon by Nature herſelf to viſit Powis Caſtle which is in its vicinity. The noble owner being now frequently the inhabitant, and having laid out in improvements, more than the three thouſand pounds which my Lord Lyttleton conſidered neceſſary to making it one of the moſt auguſt places in the kingdom; it commands the admiration of every traveller, and juſtifies the poetical language which it has received in the following eulogy. It ſtands on the ſide of a very high hill; below lies a vale of incomparable beauty, with the Severn winding through it, and the town of Welch-Pool, terminated with ſublime mountains: the oppoſite ſide is beautifully cultivated half way up, and green to the top, except in one or two hills, whoſe ſummits are rocky, and of groteſque ſhapes that give variety and ſpirit to the proſpect. Above the caſtle is a long ridge of hills finely ſhaded, part of which is the park; and ſtill higher is the terrace, up to which you are led through very fine lawns, from whence there is a view that exceeds all deſcription.

It will not give a bad finiſhing to this faithful, though glowing picture, to underſtand that Lady Clive and the Earl of Powis, are of the ſame

same family, and not more nearly allied in blood than by their virtues.—As you survey Powis Castle you will think of this, and feel every beauty of the place expand on your heart from the recollection.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR affections are touched: you tell me that you cannot pay due homage to the parks and castles I have described just at present, but that you would take a pilgrimage to Okely barefoot, and that you would do so were Okely in the deserts of Arabia, to offer the incense of a throbbing heart to the Lord and Lady of the domain. You even bid me give you a post's respite from description, adding, that your heart is brimful, and seeks a bliss edging upon pain from its excess. I have obeyed you. Four posts have past by, during which you have been delivered up to the undisturbed enjoyment of your feelings. Your letter of yesterday breaks the truce I had made with your heart by requesting me to proceed. —Still in conformity to your wishes, I will go

on;

education was his moſt certain relief from the corroding reflections of the paſt; and the certainty of her poſſeſſing at his death ſufficient to prevent a good mind from the horrors of dependence, ſoftened his thoughts of the future; the preſent was filled up with the delights of ſeeing her ambition yet humbler than her fortunes, and literally bounded by the objects that ſurrounded her. To tend the flowers ſhe had ſet with her own hand, to nurſe the ſhrubs ſhe had planted, to ſport with and feed the lamb ſhe had domeſticated, to ſee it follow her in her rambles, and to liſten to the melodies of Nature as they murmured in the waters, or echoed through the woods, were her chief amuſements without doors, and by a thouſand love-taught duties to make a father forget that he had ever been unhappy, or unfortunate, her deareſt ſtudy within. Of her perſonal attractions I ſhall ſay little: a ſingle line of Thomſon's gives the trueſt image of them, and of the unaffected mind by which they were illumined:

"Artleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf."

It is not eaſy to be wretched in the conſtant ſociety of perfect innocence. The company of a beautiful child, wholly unpolluted by the world,

world, affords one the idea of angelic affociation. Its harmleſſneſs appears to guarantee us from harm: we reflect, nay we ſee and hear almoſt every moment it is climbing our knees, playing at our ſide, engaging our attentions, or repoſing in our arms, the words and acts of an unſpotted being; and one can ſcarcely be perſuaded any real ill *can* befal us while a companion ſo like a guardian cherub is near. When the babe is our own—ſay, ye parents, how the ſenſation is then exalted!—Which of you, having at your option the loſs of the ſmpleſt fortune, or of the feebleſt infant, would not cleave to the laſt, and reſign the former? or, if any of you balanced a moment, would not one liſping word, one fatal look, turn the ſcale in favour of nature, and make you feel it a crime to have heſitated?

Such were the ſentiments of the merchant, and under their cheering influence he lived many years; during which, a few mountain peaſants, an old relict of his better days, as a ſervant, who had been nurſe to the young lady, his daughter, were the only objects with whom he converſed. So powerful is habit, that we aſſimilate to perſons, places, and things, that, on our firſt introduction to them, we

might imagine neither philoſophy, cuſtom, or religion, could make ſupportable. We are ſurpriſed to find we attach to them, even to endearment. In time, even our former habits, no leſs ſtrong in us, are but ſlightly remembered, and thoſe purſuits, diverſions, and ſocieties, without which it once appeared impoſſible we ſhould ever paſs a day, are yielded for others, that it *then* would have been thought as impoſſible even to be endured. Our merchant would have deemed the company of a monarch an intruſion, and the jargon of the Exchange, which had for ſo many years been muſic to his ears, could not now have been borne. I have here given you ſome of his own expreſſions. At length he fell ſick. His daughter was then in her eighteenth year. The diſorder was of a gradual kind, that threatened to continue life after one has ceaſed to love it, and to cloſe in death. He lingered eleven weeks, and the old domeſtic being now ſuperannuated and almoſt blind, his daughter was at once his nurſe, his cook, his conſoler, and might truly be ſaid to make his bed in his ſickneſs. She wanted not the world to teach her the filial duties. Her own pure heart ſupplied them all, and her own gentle hands adminiſtered them. But now, for the firſt time

time to her existence, she added to her father's anguish. It almost kills me to look on you, my only love, said he; with an emphasis of sorrow, and bursting into tears. I am sure, replied she, falling on her knees at his bedside, it has almost killed me to hear you say so, and if it would make my dearest father better, I would kill myself this moment, and trust in God's mercy to forgive me. Ah! my child, you mistake the cause and motive of my regrets, resumed the parent—the thoughts of leaving you without protection—there is the bitterness—I am not going to be left, said she, rising hastily, I have a presage you will be well soon, and I am a great prophetess, my beloved father. Be in good spirits, for I am sure you will recover: I have sent to Montgomery and Welch Pool, and to-morrow I am to have the two best doctors in Wales.

Your goodness is always a comfort, my darling, replied the desponding merchant, but two thousand Welch doctors could not set me again on my legs.—If, indeed, I was in a condition to procure—but that's impossible!—

Procure what? whom? Nothing is impossible, answered his daughter with the most eager haste.

I have an idle and romantic faith in the only man in the world that knows my conſtitution, and he is as far beyond my reach as if he were out of exiſtence.

Good heaven! you mean Dr. ******, exclaimed the daughter. I have heard you often ſpeak of his having twice before ſaved your precious life, for which I have had him in my nightly prayers ever ſince, and ſhall go on bleſſing him to the hour of my death. O that I were a man to fetch him!!

The father preſſed her tenderly in his feeble arms, in acknowledgment of her affection; but told her, that, from a multiplicity of other claims, it would be as impoſſible for the Doctor to get down to Wales, as for himſelf to go out of his ſick bed to London. Do not, therefore, let us think of it, my child, continued the father, ſince it is only the aggravation of a vain wiſh to know that it muſt end in diſappointment—I am reſigned.

Notwithſtanding this declaration, the merchant receiving no manner of benefit from the Welch Doctors, and being unable, indeed, to pay for their continued attendance, without an injury

injury to that scanty fund, out of which he had to draw all the necessaries of life, he often sighed out in a voice of pining, as it were, involuntarily, the name of ******. The sound of that voice, languishing for that which might possibly change its tone to gladness, penetrated the soul of his daughter, who needed not so pathetic a memento of her father's wishes to make her bitterly regret her inability to gratify them. The poor gentleman grew worse, and expressing a desire for something which he imagined might afford a momentary relief, his Amelia, so was the young lady named, took the first opportunity of his being composed, to go into the neighbourhood, in search of a person to fetch it from Montgomery. A little road-side public-house, about a mile from her father's cottage, appeared the most likely place to find a messenger. Thither she repaired, and arrived just in time to take shelter from a sudden storm that fell with great violence. At the moment of her entrance, there were none but the old host and hostess in the alehouse, but in a very few minutes after, it filled with labourers and passengers, who, like herself, sought protection from the hurricane: during the fury of which, however, she had too much compassion to mention her wishes, for she was amongst those

whoſe nature would not ſuffer her to turn an "enemy's dog out of door at ſuch a ſeaſon." This neceſſary delay, nevertheleſs, greatly increaſed her uneaſineſs, and ſhe kept watching the rain, and the hoped return of fine weather, at the window. Seeing no proſpect of its clearing, ſhe determined to do that herſelf, at all hazards, which ſhe could not aſk another to perform, and to be herſelf the meſſenger; to which end ſhe deſired to know, whether the road ſhe ſaw from the window was the neareſt and moſt direct to Montgomery, or to any other town, where there was an apothecary's ſhop, and what might be the diſtance to any ſuch place?

The affecting voice in which theſe queſtions were demanded, and the prevailing appearance of the ſpeaker, gained her an intereſt in every hearer and beholder, ſeveral of whom knew and acknowledged her for a neighbour; mingling their expreſſions of good-will, with numberleſs kind enquiries after her ſick father, for whoſe languiſhing ſituation, they unanimouſly declared their pity and regard, and whoſe death, if it ſhould pleaſe God to ſnatch him away, they ſhould long lament.

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This last observation bringing to mind the image of her father's danger more closely, the trembling Amelia lost all thought of herself, or of the weather, and thanking every body around her for their civility, while her lovely face was covered with her tears, she had got the latch of the door in her hand, and was preparing to hurry out on her commission, according to the instructions she had received, when a traveller who had not opened his lips during the conversation of the peasants, but sat drying himself at the fire, rose up suddenly and begged permission to speak to her. She went with surprize and tottering steps into an adjoining room where he used to her these very words:

"One of your neighbours, young lady, has told me you have been for many years the best daughter in the world, to the best father, who has been once the richest, though now the poorest man in Wales, considering you and he are to be supported as gentlefolks. It is plain to see, there is a great deal of distress upon your mind, and it is natural to guess the cause of it may be removed. I am not, by any means, a wealthy man, but I have had my share of evils sufficiently to make me feel for the unfortunate, and I have always, thank God, a something to spare

ſpare for the mitigation of honeſt diſtreſs, in whatever country it is preſented to my view. I beg you will preſent this trifle, (giving her a bank bill) with compliments. begging the favour of his making uſe of it, till it may ſuit his circumſtances to return it.—I have no manner of occaſion for it till about this time next year, when I will call to aſk after his health, which, I hope, will long ere that be re-eſtabliſhed; and if it ſhould not at that time be convenient to make reſtitution of the loan, we will put it off till the year after, when I will pay a ſecond viſit to you; as I purpoſe paſſing through this country into Ireland, where I have concerns annually. I am now going to London."

The laſt ſentence ſeemed to annihilate the reſt. The very name of London had, at that inſtant, more charms for Amelia than it could ever boaſt of creating in the head of any Miſs in her teens, who had her mamma's promiſe to paſs a winter amongſt the fine folks, and fine ſights, with which it abounds. But it drew the attention of Amelia, from ſuperior motives. It was the reſidence of her poor father's phyſician, on whoſe heart ſhe now reſolved to make an attempt, by the medium of the generous ſtranger,

ſtranger, who ſhe rightly judged would ſuffer his bounty to take any direction ſhe might with, and to whom ſhe ſtated the merchant's anxious, but hopeleſs deſires.

You have juſt the ſoul, my dear friend, to ſuggeſt the exacty of Amelia's, on hearing that this much-wiſhed-for phyſician, was an intimate acquaintance of the traveller; and all the intereſts of an old affection ſhall be tried with the doctor, exclaimed the ſtranger, as ſoon as I get to town, on condition that you will now go home to your father with this purſe, and as an aſſurance, that although I am an *uſurer*, I will receive neither principal, nor intereſt, till he is very able to pay both.

He did not give the aſtoniſhed Amelia time to refuſe, but feeling the weather inclined to remit its rigours, he put half-a-crown into the hands of the peaſants to drink the young lady, and her ſick father's health; and ordering his horſe to the door—mounted and proceeded on his journey.

Does not your bounding heart aſſure you his feelings would have defended him from beſtowing a thought on the pelings of the pitileſs ſtorm,

ſtorm, had they continued to rage? And does it not alſo inform you, that this fair pattern of filial piety was proof againſt the war of elements: the ſunſhine of benevolence, had, indeed, ſo animated her, that its ſudden and intenſe rays, might have been too ſtrong for her tender frame, had they not been moderated by a ſhower of tears. She had ſcarcely regained her cottage, indeed, when, overcome by her ſenſations, ſhe fainted in the arms of her aged nurſe, who had been mourning her delay.

Alas, my friend, what fragile creatures we are! How much at the diſpoſal of contrary events! How totally the vaſſals of ſorrow, and of joy! How little able to encounter the extremes of either! But you will not eaſily forgive exclamations that detain you from poor Amelia, whom I left in diſtreſs to indulge them. My heart is but too often the maſter of my pen, and guides it as it liſteth. Let me haſten to make atonement, by informing you, that our lovely ſufferer on her recovery, had the pleaſure to find her father had doſed beſt part of the morning, and though he miſſed her from his apartment, when he awoke, he told the nurſe, that he hoped ſhe was taking a little neceſſary reſt in her own room, where he deſired ſhe might remain undiſturbed.

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This gave her opportunity to manage her good fortune, of which she resolved to be so excellent an economist, that the supply she had received should answer the wisest and happiest purposes: she recollected that the day before she met the benevolent stranger, her father had received by the post a bank-bill to the amount of the quarterly division of his annuity; of course a farther reinforcement was not immediately necessary; on which account she had to regret, that the story into which her spirits were thrown, had hindered her from persisting in her refusal of the loan, to the acceptance of which, however, she was somewhat reconciled, when she reflected on the condition annexed to her borrowing it; and an idea, which just then started to her imagination, of the manner in which it might be appropriated, completely satisfied her feelings on the occasion. She considered the gentleman's bank-bill as the luckiest fund in the world to serve as the physician's fee, in case the generous stranger should prevail on him to come, and to that sacred use her heart devoted it. The sum was fifty pounds. A recompence which her ignorance in the price of medical advice in the golden climes of England led her to suppose would be all-sufficient for a journey

down to Wales. Alas! were a regular charge to be made out by Doctors W, R, G, F, L, or any other of the popular ſons of Eſculapius of London, for ſuch a tour from the grand mart of cuſtom, the 50l. would ſcarcely be thought by thoſe meſſieurs a more than ſufficient ſum to pay travelling expences. In many parts of the continent, indeed, where a ſhilling value in coin that has leſs of ſilver in its compoſition than would be found in the analyſis of a ſilver penny, is received as a ſettled gratuity for running a german mile, 50l. would cut a handſome figure in phyſic, and go very far towards curing a whole city of an epidemy ſo far as preſcriptions could aſſiſt in its recovery.

As, however, the viſit of Dr. ****** was a point more "devoutly to be wiſhed" than expected, it being the middle of a very hard winter. Amelia thought it prudent to conceal the little adventure at the public houſe from her father, whoſe malady, nevertheleſs, rather increaſed than abated; and his love of life being in effect his love for his daughter, he could not help occaſionally regretting his impaſſable diſtance from the only man by whoſe aid there might be a chance of reſiſting his diſeaſe. There is, you know, a ſort of

ſuperſtition

ſuperſtition which often runs through a family in favour of its family phyſician. Nor is it altogether without ſupport from reaſon; ſince the perſon who has long been in the ſecrets of our conſtitution, and familiar with our habits of living, muſt, in all general caſes, be better able to apply the proper remedies than he who is called into our bedchambers, when there is a diſeaſe in it, and when he ſees us for the firſt time under its influence: beſides which an old phyſician is commonly an old friend, and unites the lenitives of affection to the cathartics of ſcience; no wonder, then, that we have faith in him; and faith, you know, is a great doctor in itſelf, performing a thouſand cures, which the higheſt profeſſional ſkill has not been able to accompliſh without it.

You will readily believe, that the bountiful ſtranger did not break his promiſe to Amelia. He kept it indeed ſo religiouſly holy, that in leſs than ten days from the date of his departure, our pious daughter received a meſſage, purporting that a perſon at the public houſe begged to ſpeak with her. You, my friend, whoſe fancy is ever warmed by your affectionate heart, will immediately conclude what was concluded by Amelia, that it could be only

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the much-desired Doctor, who had thus delicately, to prevent the ill effect of surprize on the sick merchant, announced his arrival. If so, you are in the right. However inconsistent with the spirit of business such a long journey might be, it was perfectly in unison with the spirit of benevolence by which Dr. ****** was moved, to determine upon it the instant the case was stated to him, and to execute what he had so determined with all the dispatch necessary to an affair of life and death, and the life and death, moreover, of an old and unfortunate friend. My good little girl, said he, on the entrance of Amelia, who gliding from her father's bedside with Sylphid steps, ran with duteous haste to the village inn—My good little girl, I am come from ———. Heaven! interrupted Amelia, falling on her knees, you are come from heaven to make my father well.—Under the auspices of that heaven, I trust I am, resumed the Doctor. Let us fly this instant, exclaimed Amelia, in the animated accents of nature.—Let us do all things in order, replied the Doctor, in the language of friendly discretion, otherwise we shall do more harm than good.—I presume I am not expected? Amelia bowed a negative. Then my sudden appearance would make thy father

worse,

worſe, child, continued the Doctor. Now go back to him, and tell him an old friend of his from London, and who has particular buſineſs in this part of Wales, means to pay him a viſit on the ſcore of ancient amity, and will take cottage fare from him in his chamber. The name of this old London friend will then be a matter of amuſing conjecture, in the midſt of which thou, child, may'ſt ſuggeſt that thou ſhouldſt not wonder it it were me, telling him as much of the adventure that I find happened at this inn, between thee and the gentleman who brought me thy meſſage, and with it the ſtory of thy virtues and misfortunes, to ſupport and to relieve which would have brought me ten times as far: but we have no time for profeſſion; I am come here to praiſe; ſo fare thee well, my good little maid.—All that I have promiſed will be the work only of an hour, at the end of which I will be with thee.

She kiſſed his hand fervently, and without ſpeaking a ſingle word, ſprung up, and might rather be ſaid to fly than run to the cottage, though the paths thereto were loſt in ſnow. Her father was ſitting up in his bed, ſupported by pillows, which the aged adherent had made ſhift to place in the abſence of his filial nurſe,

who gently chid the old woman for taking her proper buſineſs out of her hands; but that, if her father had found a moment's eaſe by this uſurpation of her natural rights, ſhe would then forgive the uſurper. She then entered on her errand, which ſhe managed ſo well as to make the old friend's name, after much pleaſant conjecture on both ſides, the ſubject of a wager; the father obſerving, that if it ſhould prove to belong to the Doctor, Providence had ſent him to reward the virtue of his daughter, who on her part maintained that it would be chiefly owing to the value which heaven itſelf would ſet on her parent's life. This amicable ſtrife had put the invalid into unwonted ſpirits, and thereby, perhaps, not only prepared the way for the cure of a fever on the nerves, but laid the beſt foundation of it. The poor gentleman did not dare to lay any ſtreſs on the poſſibility of a viſit from the phyſician, and yet a faint bluſh of hope denoted that he ſhould think himſelf moſt happy to loſe his wager.

At this auſpicious criſis it was, that our Doctor made his entré, ſaying, as he advanced to the bed-ſide, "My eſteemed friend, I am come to return my perſonal thanks to thee, for having

having me in thy thoughts when thou wert too ſick to remember any but thoſe who are dear to thee, and of whom thou haſt a good opinion. Give me thy hand, and, without entering into long hiſtories, let us ſee if in return for thy kindneſs I can make thee well again. Yes, this pulſe I foreſee, before I have done with it,

> Shall temperately keep time, and leap
> More healthful meaſure.

Thoſe eyes have I ſee ſtill the ſpirit of life in them, and this heart ſhall yet bound with renovated enjoyments."

The emotions of Amelia during theſe favourable prognoſtications, no words can tell you. The merchant was ſtrongly affected. The doctor perceived that his patient was recoverable both in the maladies of body and mind; and as he was no leſs a philoſopher and philanthropiſt than a phyſician, he could with equal ſkill preſcribe for each. He was one of the people called Quakers; and to a perfect knowledge of the world, of his profeſſion, and of the human heart, united all the honeſt plainneſs of the character. The merchant's diſorder was, as I have ſaid, a fever on the ſpirits, of which the ſymptoms were, as uſual, want of

appetite, laſſitude, watchfulneſs, and dejection of mind: a pulſe ſlow and creeping, difficulty of reſpiration, and a dread, yet hope of death.

I need not tell you that in this diſeaſe the cathartics of the mind, ſuch as exhilarate, enliven, and amuſe the patient, are the moſt effectual remedies, and ſuch as were adminiſtered with uncommon ſucceſs on the preſent occaſion. In leſs than a fortnight, the ſick man not only was in a condition to leave his bed, but his chamber, and play his part in the cottage parlour, in a thouſand little frolics that Amelia and the doctor deviſed to entertain him. In the courſe of the third week he reſumed his accuſtomed exerciſes; and under the cordial ſupports of his friend and his child, he could aſcend the mountains that environed his habitation. In the middle of the fourth week, his ſpirits and ſtrength were ſo well reſtored, that in returning home to dinner, after a walk of ſome miles, he jocularly propoſed to run againſt the doctor and Amelia for a wager; which being agreed upon by the other parties, he ſet off and outran them both. It was in the afternoon of this victorious day, that the good doctor intimated the neceſſity of his return to town; good-humouredly obſerving, that, although

though by a lucky arrangement, he had left his ſick and wounded in very good hands with a brother phyſician in London, he could not reſpaſs any longer without fear of being ſet down by the college as a deſerter, and he muſt therefore repair to head-quarters in the morning.

The reaſonableneſs of this was admitted; yet the merchant ſighed, and Amelia wept. The doctor knew it muſt be done, and he ſaw that his propheſy, as to his friend's recovery, was fulfilled to his heart's content; but there is a ſympathy in generous regret, and his eyes were not more dry than Amelia's. In deſpite of exertions the evening paſt heavily away; the morning did not riſe without caſting clouds on every countenance. The hour, the almoſt inſtant, that was to ſeparate the cottagers from their preſerver approached.

Friend, ſaid the doctor to his patient, as he heard the wheels of his carriage advancing, ſince I ſaw thee laſt in the great city, I have proſpered exceedingly. All thoſe families to whom thou tookeſt me by the hand, were more for thy ſake than mine on *my firſt*. Some merit, however, or infinite good fortune I muſt needs have had, ſince, from an yearly gain of one

hundred, I have increaſed my income to ſeveral thouſands per annum; and yet I do not take fees for one in forty of my preſcriptions. —My houſe is too large for my family.—Wilt thou come once again into the buſy world with this mountain bloſſom, and occupy ſome of my apartments?—This as thou wilt—At preſent I muſt give thee a few words of parting advice, and muſt rely on this damſel to ſee that it is adopted. Thou art ſo much thy former ſelf, friend, that I fear not a relapſe; but to fortify and ſtrengthen thee in my abſence, I have written and made up a preſcription which I am convinced hits thy caſe exactly. Hearing ſomething of thy maladies from the friend who conveyed to me thy Amelia's meſſage, and forming a judgment ſoberly thereupon, I brought with me ſuch drugs as I thought could not be readily procured in thy neighbourhood. They lie, however, in a ſmall compaſs, even in this little box, yet being compounds of peculiar ſtrength, they will laſt thee, I judge, for at leaſt a year to come, probably more—if they ſhould not, thou knoweſt where to addreſs the preſcriber for a freſh ſupply. There, friend, take it, but do not open it till thou ſhalt ſeem to wiſh for ſomething of a *cordial* nature. It will then, I have no doubt, do thee good.

He received their tearful embraces, and departed. You are impatient to lift up the lid of the box. When it was opened by the merchant and his daughter, they discovered two feparate pieces of paper; the one a preſent from a phyſician in London, the other from the ſtranger who had given him an account of this little family.

I muſt not deny you the gratification of knowing that the father recovered, and the child added to his bleſſings and her own many years; in the ſmiling courſe of which, the young lady's virtues attracted the affections of a very wealthy and worthy gentleman, whoſe power and inclinations not only enabled the merchant to make reſtitution of the generoſity received from the phyſician, but to make alſo the reſidue of that man's life, from whom he derived the beſt and loveliеſt of wives, as happy in proſperity as it had been reſpectable in misfortune.

There is an air of romance about this little hiſtory, better ſuited to the ſpirit of the days of chivalry (when to ſally forth in *queſt* of the unhappy and of the oppreſſed, and to relieve them, was a vital part of the education—nay,

and even of the religion, of a gentleman) than to the preſent times, which, though perhaps not leſs diſtinguiſhed for liberal actions than any age whatſoever, leſs encourages that *Quixotiſm* in benevolence, which marked the character of former æras. On *your* heart I need not preſs my repeated aſſurances of the ſimple truth of the above tranſactions. You will eaſily credit words and deeds, of which you are yourſelf ſo capable: indeed, to *your* feelings there will be nothing ſurprizing in all this; for you will follow the good old rule of judging others by yourſelf. Indeed, I am perſuaded, that the wonder will ceaſe and die away in every heart you think fit to make partaker of theſe *facts*, when given to underſtand, that they proceeded from a phyſician who was the means of converting an highwayman, who had *violated* the public faith, into a man who was afterwards choſen to *guard* the public faith, by holding a place of the higheſt *truſt* in one of the public treaſuries of his country; and that the doctor's colleague in the bounty, ſhewn to our merchant and his Amelia, was no leſs a benefactor to human kind than the late Mr. HOWARD, who happened, on the day that he was driven for ſhelter into the village inn, which was then graced with the preſence of Amelia, to be

returning

returning to England from one of his usual *tours of benevolence* to the different prisons of Ireland and Wales. My friend, farewell.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

SINGULAR, indeed! that you should be perusing the account of the death of the philanthropist mentioned in my last, at the moment that you received my letter, and that on the morning of the same day you should have fallen in company with Dr. ******, of whose tour of loving kindness I had prepared for you so ample a detail.

Things of this sort are occasionally so well-timed that there seems more in them than our philosophy can find out. It is impossible to hear that the King of Terrors has taken out of the world one of the best men that ever entered it, for such Mr. John Howard unquestionably was, without quitting one's subject, whatsoever it might be at the time of receiving such intelligence, and fastening upon that which adds a fresh proof to the certainty of that hour which

is

is appointed for our own diſſolution. The loſs of the deareſt objects, one by one, as they drop from us, makes, perhaps, the approaches of that hour leſs formidable, inaſmuch as we thereby feel our ties to life diminiſhed. The friendly intercourſe that ſubſiſted betwixt me and the good Howard, is amongſt thoſe pleaſures of reflection which, though at the preſent moment daſhed by painful regrets, will be cheriſhed for ever. I picked up many things reſpecting him well worthy of my gleaning-hand in the courſe of our converſations: ſome of which I ſhould ſend you, were I not certain that there will be more than a plenty of biographers follow faſt upon his funeral; and more lives, like more laſt dying-ſpeeches, is an evil that is levied on every great man's aſhes. A few only of his particular habits, as they occur at the moment, ſhall wait upon you.

Howard had many ſingularities, but very few affectations. It was ſingular for mere mortal man to go about doing good for the ſake of doing it; to devote his fortune and his life to explore the moſt neglected and the moſt forlorn of the wretched, and to relieve them "according to their ſeveral neceſſities"—to *begin* the work of benevolence where other people's bounty

bounty commonly *ends* it—in a prison. All this, I say, was very singular, but wholly void of affectation. Further, it was singular, deserving that word, indeed, inasmuch as in human history it is without a parallel—to put himself to the greatest personal inconveniencies, and to encounter the greatest dangers, often of life itself, to accomplish the proposed ends of his philanthropy, since it is notorious that he traversed the earth without any consideration of political distinctions, or the nature of climate, in search of his objects; by which perseverance and intrepidity of resolution, he overcame all impediments that would have deterred many excellent persons from attempting the like enterprizes; and have made even those faint by the way who, with like good hearts, but with less firm minds, would have found themselves unequal to like undertakings. Yet in Howard this was altogether unaffected. And before any man sets down any part of it to a love of being particular, or to a love of fame arising therefrom, let him well and truly examine his own heart, his own disposition, and see that he is not hunting about for an excuse to his own *want* of benevolence, or to his own *vanities*, in being bountiful, by lowering the *principle* of benevolence in another. Let it not be imputed to

John

John Howard, as a diſhonour, that he had enemies, who while they could not but applaud the bleſſed effects of his virtue, laboured to depreciate the cauſe: the Saviour of the whole world, whom, perhaps, of human creatures he moſt correctly imitated, had the ſame; and to reſemble his divine example, even in the wrongs that were heaped on his ſacred head, is rather glory than ſhame.

He was ſingular in many of the common habits of life: he preferred damp ſheets, linen, and cloaths, to dry ones; and both riſing and going to bed, ſwathed himſelf with coarſe towels, dipped in the coldeſt water he could get; in that ſtate he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, freſhened and invigorated, as he ſaid, beyond meaſure. He never put on a great coat in the coldeſt countries; nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, ſo far as it depended on himſelf, for ſix and twenty years. He never continued at a place, or with a perſon, a ſingle day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his whole life; and he had not for the laſt ſixteen years of his exiſtence ate any fiſh, fleſh, or fowl; nor ſat down to his ſimple fare of tea, milk, and ruſks, all that time. His journies were

were continued from prison to prison, from one group of wretched beings to another, night and day; and where he could not go with a carriage he would ride, and where that was hazardous he would walk. Such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

There are those who, conscious of wanting in themselves what they envy in others, brand this victorious determination of suffering no let, or hindrance, to stop him from keeping on in the right way, as madness. Ah, my friend, how much better would it be for their neighbours, and for society, were they half as mad! Distractions they doubtless have, but it is to be feared, not half so friendly to the interests of human kind. Indeed, all enthusiasm of virtue is deemed romantic eccentricity, by the cold-hearted.

With respect to Mr. Howard's personal singularities above described, though they were certainly hazardous experiments in the first instance, it was not useless for a man, who had pre-resolved to set his face against wind and weather, and after passing all sorts of unhealthy climes, to descend into the realms of disease and death, to make them

Some

Some days after his firſt return from an attempt to mitigate the fury of the plague in Conſtantinople, he favoured me with a morning viſit in London; the weather was ſo very terrible, that I had forgot his inveterate exactneſs, and had yielded up even the hope, for his own ſake, of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock, in my room, ſtruck it, he entered; the wet, for it rained torrents, dripping from every part of his dreſs like water from a ſheep juſt landed from its waſhing. He would not even have attended to his ſituation, having ſat himſelf down with the utmoſt compoſure, and begun converſation, had I not made an offer of dry cloaths, &c.

"Yes," ſaid he, ſmiling, "I had my fears, "as I knocked at your door, that we ſhould "go over the old buſineſs of apprehenſions "about a little rain water, which though it "does not run off my back, as it does from "that of a duck, gooſe, or any other aquatic "bird, does me as little injury; and after a long "drought is ſcarcely leſs refreſhing. The coat "I have now on has been as often wetted "through as any duck's in the world, and, "indeed, gets no other ſort of cleaning. I do "aſſure you, a good ſoaking ſhower is the beſt "bruſh

" brush for broad cloath in the universe. You,
" like the rest of my friends, throw away your
" pity upon my supposed hardships with just as
" much reason as you commiserate the com-
" mon beggars, who, being familiar with storms
" and hurricanes, necessity and nakedness, are
" a thousand times, so forcible is habit, less
" to be compassionated than the sons and daugh-
" ters of Ease and Luxury, who, accustomed
" to all the enfeebling refinements of feathers
" by night, and fires by day, are taught to feel
" like the puny creature stigmatised by Pope,
" who shivered at a breeze. All this is the work
" of art, my good friend; nature is more inde-
" pendent of external circumstances. Nature
" is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous; but it
" is a practice to spoil her with indulgences,
" from the moment we come into the world—
" A soft dress, and soft cradle, begin our
" education in luxuries, and we do not grow
" more manly the more we are gratified: on
" the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool
" or silk, we must tread upon carpets, breathe,
" as it were, in fire, avoid a tempest, which
" sweetens the air, as we would a blast that
" putrifies it, and guarding every crevice from
" an unwholesome breeze, when it is the most
" elastic and bracing, lie down upon a bed of
" feathers

" feathers, that relax the ſyſtem more than a
" night's lodging upon flint ſtones.

" You ſmile," added Mr. Howard, after a pauſe, " but I am a living inſtance of the " truths I inſiſt on. A more ' puny whipſter' " than myſelf, in the days of my youth, was " never ſeen. I could not walk out of an even- " ing without wrapping up: if I got wet in the " feet a cold ſucceeded; I could not put on my " ſhirt without its being aired; I was, politely, " enfeebled enough to have delicate nerves, and " was occaſionally troubled with a very genteel " hectic. To be ſerious, I am convinced that " what emaſculates the body debilitates the " mind, and renders both unfit for thoſe exer- " tions, which are of ſuch uſe to us as ſocial " beings. I, therefore, entered upon a reform " of my conſtitution, and have ſucceeded in " ſuch a degree, that I have neither had a cough, " cold, the vapors, nor any more alarming " diſorder, ſince I ſurmounted the ſeaſoning. " Prior to this I uſed to be a miſerable depend- " ent on wind and weather; a little too much " of either would poſtpone, and frequently " prevent—not only my amuſements, but my " duties; and every one knows that a pleaſure, " or a duty, deferred, is often deſtroyed. Pro-

" craſtination,

"crastination, YOUNG very justly called the "Thief of Time. And if pressed by my affec-"tions, or by the necessity of affairs, I did ven-"ture forth in despite of the elements, the "consequences were equally absurd, and incom-"modious, not seldom afflictive. I muffled up "even to my nostrils; a crack in the glass of "my chaise was sufficient to distress me; a "sudden slope of the wheels to the right or "left, set me a trembling; a jolt seemed like "dislocation; and the sight of a bank or preci-"pice, near which my horse or carriage was to "pass, would disorder me so much that I would "order the driver to stop, that I might get out "and walk by the difficult places. Mulled "wines, spirituous cordials, and great fires, were "to comfort me, and keep out the cold, as it "is called, at every stage; and if I felt the "least damp in my feet, or other parts of my "body, dry stockings, linen, &c. were to be "instantly put on; the perils of the day were "to be baffled by something taken hot going "to bed, and before I pursued my journey "the next morning, a dram was to be swal-"lowed down to fortify the stomach. In a "word, I lived, moved, and had my being, "so much by rule, that the slightest deviation "was a disease.

"Every man," continued Mr. Howard, "muſt in theſe caſes be his own phyſician. "He muſt preſcribe for, and practiſe on, him- "ſelf. I did this by a very ſimple, but as you "will think, very ſevere regimen; namely, by "denying myſelf almoſt every thing in which I "had long indulged. But as it is always much "harder to get rid of a bad habit than to con- "tract it, I entered on my reform gradually; "that is to ſay, began to diminiſh my uſual "indulgences by degrees. I found that a "heavy meal, or a hearty one, as it is termed, "and a chearful glaſs, that is to ſay, one "more than does you good, made me inca- "pable, or at beſt, diſinclined to any uſeful "exertion for ſome hours after dinner; and "if the diluting powers of tea aſſiſted the "work of a diſturbed digeſtion, ſo far as to "reſtore my faculties, a luxurious ſupper "comes ſo cloſe upon it that I was fit for "nothing but diſſipation, till I went to a lux- "urious bed, where I finiſhed the enervating "practices, by ſleeping eight, ten, and ſome- "times a dozen hours on the ſtretch.—You "will not wonder, that I roſe the next morn- "ing with the ſolids relaxed, the nerves un- "ſtrung, the juices thickened, and the conſtitu- "tion weakened. To remedy all this, I ate

"a little

"a little leſs at every meal, and reduced my "drink in proportion. It is really wonderful "to conſider how imperceptibly a ſingle "morſel of animal food, and a tea-ſpoonful "of liquor deducted from the uſual quantity "daily, will reſtore the mental functions with-"out any injury to the corporeal; nay, with "increaſe of vigour to both. I brought myſelf, "in the firſt inſtance, from dining upon "many diſhes to dining on a few, and then "to being ſatisfied with one; in like manner, "inſtead of drinking a variety of wines, I made "my election of a ſingle ſort and adhered to "it alone.

"In the next place—but I ſhall tire you."

I intreated him to go on till I either ſhewed by word or actions that I was weary.

He proceeded thus:—"My next buſineſs "was to eat and drink ſparingly of that "adopted diſh and bottle. My eaſe, vivacity, "and ſpirits augmented. My cloathing, &c. "underwent a ſimilar reform; the effect of all "which is, and has been for many years, that "I am neither affected by ſeeing my carriage "dragged up a mountain, or driven down a

" valley. If an accident happens, I am pre-
" pared for it, I mean ſo far as reſpects unne-
" ceſſary terrors; and I am proof againſt all
" changes in the atmoſphere, wet cloaths, wet
" feet, night air, damp beds, damp houſes,
" tranſitions from heat to cold, and the long
" train of hypochondriac affections.

" Believe me, we are too apt to invert the
" remedies which we ought to preſcribe to
" ourſelves—thus, we are for ever giving hot
" things when we ſhould adminiſter cold.
" On my going down to my houſe laſt week
" in Bedfordſhire, the overſeer of my grounds
" met me with a pail full of comfortable things,
" as he called them, which he was carrying to
" one of my cows, that was afflicted ſorely
" with, as he called it, a *racketty* complaint in
" her bowels. I ordered him to throw away
" his pail full of comforts, and take to the poor
" beaſt a pail of cold water.—Cold water,
" your honour, exclaimed the man, with every
" mark of conſternation; Would you kill the
" poor dumb creature? Why, ſhe is in ſuch
" *deſperatious* pain, that I don't think a bucket
" of ſheer brandy would have any more effect
" upon her than if I were to pour it againſt a
" dead wall.—No matter for that, ſaid I, take
" her

"her a pail of water! Suppose, honest friend, "she had all her life run wild in a forest, and "fell into the sickness under which she now "labours, dost thou think that nature would "ever carry her the hot comforts you have got "in that pail?—Nature, your honour, but with "submission, nature must, when either man or "beast is sick, be clapped on the back a little: "if not, nature will let them die.—Not she, "truly; if they are recoverable, she will, on the "contrary, make them well. Depend upon "it, she is the best physician in the world, "though she has not taken her degrees in the "college; and so make haste to throw away "what is now in your pail and fill it as I "directed; for whether my cow die or live, "she shall have nothing but grass and cold "water. Though the poor fellow dared not "any longer resist, I could see plainly that he "put me down as having lost not only my "senses but my humanity. However, the "cow did very well; and I am satisfied that "if we were to trust more to nature, and suffer "her to apply her own remedies to cure her "own diseases, the formidable catalogue of "human maladies would be reduced to a third "of their present number. Dr. Sydenham, "I think, reckons sixty different kinds of fevers,

"for example; of theſe I cannot ſuppoſe leſs "than fifty are either brought about, or ren- "dered worſe by miſapplication of improper "remedies, or by our own violation of the laws "of nature. And the ſame I take it may be "ſaid of other diſorders."

He now pulled out his watch, telling me he had an engagement at half paſt one, that he had about three quarters of a mile to walk to it, that as he could do this in twenty minutes, and as it then wanted ſeven minutes and almoſt an half of one, he had exactly time enough ſtill to ſpare to ſtate the object of his viſit to me—"Which is to thank you very ſincerely, "ſaid he, taking my hand, for the honour you "have done me in your verſes: I read them "merely as a compoſition in which the poetical "licence had been uſed to the utmoſt: Poets, "you know, my dear Sir, always ſucceed beſt "in fiction."

You will ſee by this converſation, that it was about the time when the Engliſh nation had been emulous of commemorating their reſpect for this great and good man, by erecting a ſtatue, towards which I had contributed my mite, by devoting to the fund the profits of

of my little Poem, called "The Triumph of "Benevolence;" and while I am touched very ſenſibly with even the recollection of the public favour which crowned this little work, I very ſincerely attribute a great deal of its ſucceſs to the popularity of a ſubject in which every lover of humanity took ſuch an intereſt.

In reply to Mr. Howard, I aſſured him that he ought to be, and doubtleſs was, conſcious, the liberty allowed a poet was never more unneceſſary or leſs made uſe of than on the occaſion alluded to; and that if an agreeable fiction was any teſt of the poetical art, I could pretend to none from having very cloſely, as his heart would not but at that moment tell him, adhered to truth: and that I aſſured myſelf he would admit that truth is the ſame, whether expreſſed in proſe or verſe. I added, that it was my earneſt hope there was no ground for an idea which had gone forth of his refuſing the offering of gratitude, which his country were preparing for him.

"Indeed but there is," anſwered he, with the moſt lively earneſtneſs, "I was never more "ſerious than in my refuſal of any and every "ſuch offering, and for the ſimpleſt reaſon in

" the world: namely, my having no manner of " claim to it. What I do, have done, or may " hereafter do, is, has been, and will always be " matter of inclination, the gratifying which " always pays itſelf; and I have no more merit " in employing my time and money in the way " I am known to do, than another man in other " occupations. Inſtead of taking pleaſure in " a pack of hounds, in ſocial entertainments, " in a fine ſtud of horſes, and in many other " ſimilar ſatisfactions, I have made my election " of different purſuits; and being fully per- " ſuaded a man's own gratifications are always " more or leſs involved in other people's, I feel " no deſire to change with any man, and yet I " can ſee no manner of pretenſion whereon to " erect a ſtatue. Beſide all which, I have a " moſt unconquerable averſion, and ever had, " to have public exhibitions made of me, inſo- " much, that I proteſt to you, it has coſt me " a great deal of trouble and ſome money, to " make this inſignificant form and ugly face " eſcape a pack of draftſmen, painters, &c. " that are laying in wait for me."—

Unleſs you had perſonally known Mr. Howard, it is impoſſible you ſhould have the ſmalleſt idea of the pleaſant manner with which he

he ſpoke on his own perſonal ſubject.—"I have "detected a fellow at work upon this face of "mine, ugly as it is," ſaid he, "even as I "have been walking in the ſtreets of London; "and if a hackney-coach has been within call, "I have popped into it, drawn up the blinds, "and ſat ſnug till I got to my own door, and "then I have leaped out and run into my own "houſe as if I was apprehenſive a bailiff was at "my heels. Nay, I have often had my door "itſelf inſulted by a lurking arrift who was "literally in wait to take me off. But one day "ſince my return a trick I played one of theſe "takers off diverted me exceſſively. You muſt "know I am a great gaper at the novelties "that are continually preſented at the print-"ſhops in this great city; I was ſtanding at "that of Carrington Bowles, in St. Paul's "Church-yard the other day, to look at ſome "political caricatures very pleaſantly executed, "when happening to caſt my eye ſide-long, I "diſcovered a fellow operating on my phiz with "all his might. Perceiving himſelf caught in "the fact, he lowered his paper and pretended "to be like myſelf and a number of others, "looking only at the prints. I was juſt then "in the humour to pay off this deception by "another; ſo ſeeming, like him, to be wholly

"engroſſed

" engroſſed by a figure, called Scotch Economy,
" well calculated to provoke the riſible muſcles,
" I threw mine into ſuch contortions, and gave
" ſuch ſudden changes from one deformity to
" another, that had my painter etched any one
" of my features in its then poſition, the reſem-
" blance betwixt my actual ſelf and the copy
" would have been juſt as ſtriking, as—I could
" deſire it to be. The painter, however, at
" length perceived the ſtratagem, and ſmiling,
" as if he gave me credit for it, put his
" pencil into his pocket and went away. I
" own I enjoyed the joke, and have ſince
" practiſed it, more than once, with no leſs
" ſucceſs."

You will, doubtleſs, throw theſe ſallies amongſt his ſingularities, my friend; but they are by no means to be ſtigmatized as affectations. From a very intent obſervation on Mr. Howard, I am perfectly ſatisfied, that as there were few who *acted* like himſelf, the proportion of thoſe who *felt* in the ſame way the ordinary reſults of theſe actions was not greater. That he was inſenſible to honeſt praiſe cannot be ſuppoſed, without depriving him of emotions which the moſt ingenuous modeſty may indulge, and which are indeed amongſt the

moſt natural pleaſures of the human mind; but to court the *reputation* of benevolence, by ſuffering the lucre of it to mix with any of his motives, or ſtill worſe to make it, as alas too many people do, a firſt great cauſe of being bountiful, argues an envy or a depravity in thoſe who impute to him ſuch vanities. In a word, if ever a human being could be truly ſaid to "do good, and bluſh to find it fame," it was the late Mr. John Howard.

I preſume you have heard, that amongſt his other ſingularities is to be enumerated his generous care of his ſuperannuated horſes. He had a range of paſtures ſacred to the old age of thoſe who had carried him pleaſantly, or worked for him honeſtly and induſtriouſly till they were no longer fit for ſervice. This is the moment when horſes are, in general, either ſold at an under price to people who are conſtrained to allow no touch of pity to predominate over that charity which begins at home; or elſe they are deſtroyed and given to the dogs, their maſters alledging that it is an act of humanity. Our Philanthropiſt's humanity never leading him to kill an old ſervant, he turns his uſeleſs horſes into the aforeſaid paſtures where they remain happy penſioners on his bounty for the reſt of their lives.

I was

I was much delighted on walking over thoſe grounds with the generous maſter of them, to ſee twenty or thirty of theſe quadruped penſioners enjoying themſelves in perfect freedom from labour, and in full ſupply of all that old age requires. Each of the fields has a comfortable ſhed, to which the inhabitants can reſort in the hard weather, and are ſure of finding the rigours of the ſeaſon ſoftened by a well-furniſhed crib of the beſt hay, and a manger either of bran, or corn, ground, or ſome other nouriſhing food. Chelſea hoſpital is not better accommodated: the day on which I made the circuit of the paſtures was one of the fineſt of Auguſt; ſome of the penſioners were renovating in the ſun, others repoſing in the ſhade; but on the approach of their benefactor, all of them that could move with eaſe, actuated by a ſpirit of gratitude worthy of imitation, came towards him, invited his attentions, and ſeemed very ſenſible of their ſituation. Some, whoſe limbs almoſt refuſed their offices, put themſelves to no ſmall difficulties to limp towards him, and even thoſe, who, being confined to their hovels, might be fairly ſaid to be bed-ridden, turned their languid eyes to him, and appeared ſenſible of his pity and careſſings.

"Theſe

"These have been all very faithful creatures, "Sir," said he, "and who have strong claims "upon me: that poor fellow who has now "scarce a leg to stand upon, was the constant "companion of my peregrinations for six and "twenty years, and was as proud and prancing "as he is now humble and decrepid; and the "iron-grey invalid which you see yonder, "dragging his slow length along, was in the "days of his youth such a roving, riotous fel-"low, that no gate or hedge could keep him "within bounds, and it was a day's work some-"times to catch him: nay, when he was caught, "it required more address and horsemanship "than ever I was master of to make him under-"stand that the philosophy of a parson's pad "had more charms for me than all the flights "of Bucephalus, or even of Pegasus himself. "Look at him now. The morality of the con-"trast is obvious."

In this manner he went on, enumerating the several qualities and historical anecdotes of the several pensioners. The one last described, he told me, "was at no time a horse for him, "and would not probably have been amongst "his pensioners, but that he had been once "rode by a relation of his, a young, ogreable "rake,

" rake, who valued him for the very points
" that made him uſeleſs to me, his ſkittiſhneſs
" and impetuoſity; all which, he aſſerted, were
" the ſure marks, both in man and beaſt, of a
" generous ſpirit, high heart, and noble diſ-
" poſition. Now, as my little frolic-loving
" couſin was preciſely of this character him-
" ſelf, and after a mad, but not vicious career
" of fifteen years, conſolidated into a very good
" man, I ſuffered the horſe and his maſter to
" reform themſelves at leiſure, and wiſh with
" all my ſoul, that half the reformed rakes
" about town had turned out ſo well, after ſow-
" ing their wild oats, as did this young gentle-
" man and his favourite ſteed, who, for the eight
" laſt years of his ſervitude, was a pattern of
" ſobriety to horſes and riders."

I do not recollect any other ſingularities reſpecting this extraordinary man: but if what I have here ſet down gives you a curioſity for more, I have no doubt but it will be amply gratified, as there needs no ghoſt to foretel us, there will be an hiſtorian for almoſt every anecdote and incident in his life! Luckily he is one of the ſubjects which can never be exhauſted; and as Dr. Johnſon once ſaid to me of his friend Goldſmith,—" he was one who can-

" not

"not be too much praised or lamented." And never, perhaps, was the famous expression of Hamlet more applicable, though quoted on ten thousand occasions, than to Howard:—

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
"We may not look upon his like again!

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

IT is a very high satisfaction to give you pleasure; it increases my obligations to you, for it increases my happiness. Your last letter, therefore, wherein you express so vivid a sense of the Howardine scraps I sent you, could not but be most welcome: neither can I refuse the flattering compliment you pay to my muse, in desiring a copy of the tributary verses she paid to our Great Philanthropist at the time that the British empire, which he so much adorned and dignified, was preparing its memorial of national exultation. You tell me that you have applied to the booksellers, and to the publisher of this little poem, in vain. Had I known your wishes, I could have prevented your having any trouble to gratify them on this occasion, having long known the poem

was

was out of print, and as long been applied to for ſending it again to the preſs, but the ſale of the former editions having anſwered the end of ſomething enlarging the fund, which was intended to defray the expences of the ſtatue, and that deſign being ſuſpended by Mr. Howard's wiſh, that it might not be carried into execution, I conſidered that the ſubject was too local to warrant a re-publication when that locality was taken away: amongſt a few partial friends, therefore, I diſtributed the copies that remained of the preſent which was made me by the committee, who publiſhed the poem, and reſerving only a ſingle copy for myſelf, I thought no more about it. The death, however, of the meritorious man who was the ſubject; the report that prevails of the committee's completing a deſign which can no longer affect the delicacy of Mr. Howard; the pleaſure I take in obeying your commands, and the deſire I have to preſerve my tribute to this excellent character in my correſpondence with you, united with the confidence which the approbation of the world on the original publiſhing gives me; are all motives ſo perſuaſive that to combat with, or to reſiſt them, might appear an affectation more unpardonable than the indulgence of my vanity, at a moment when

it

ſy is connected with my duty to the dead, my friendſhip for the living, and my gratitude to the public. Under ſuch reports and ſuffrages, my dear friend, I republiſh in this place, "THE TRIUMPH OF BENEVOLENCE;" not, however, from the reſerved copy I ſpoke of, but from memory, that copy being amongſt the manuſcripts miſſing or loſt, ſtolen or ſtrayed, with my trunks, who, as well as myſelf, have been upon their travels, but by a ſet of *contrariews*, have not been my *fellow* travellers. I hope, however, as amongſt other matters they contain the literary labours of ſome years not yet publiſhed, including the materials for "Society," on which the public have a claim, I hope, I ſay, we ſhall meet ere it be long, like old friends, and part no more;—the rather, as ſome of the characters in thoſe unfiniſhed performances are left in a very forlorn ſituation, out of which no hand but mine can properly extricate them. A heroine is in a ſleep ſwoon, and a hero at his laſt gaſp, in tragedy, but can neither die nor recover without my aſſiſtance: two whole families are thrown into a labyrinth of perplexities, and have no chance of extrication but from the author who involved them, but who was "cruel only to be kind." In ſhort, all theſe

good people are wandering in their ſeveral diſtreſſes, and look to me only for conſolation: join with me, therefore, I beg of you, that they may ſpeedily be conducted from the *croſs* roads of life—pardon the pun for the ſake of having the philoſophy to ſport with my misfortune—and, by making uſe of the encloſed clue, help me to ſet them in the right way.

I am this moment interrupted in my deſign of tranſcribing the poem, which, however, ſhall wait on you ſhortly. In the mean time, look into your own generous heart for all thoſe principles of affection and ſympathy you bear me, and be aſſured, while you ſurvey them, you are looking at the faithful counterparts of thoſe which animate the breaſt of your friend.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

THE TRIUMPH OF BENEVOLENCE.

I.

WHAT lofty ſounds through echoing Albion rings!
What raptur'd notes, as if by angels giv'n?
What thrilling airs, as from celeſtial ſtrings,
Pour, in full tides, the harmony of heav'n?

From

II.

From public gratitude the notes arise,
To honour virtuous HOWARD while on earth:
While Providence yet spares him from the skies,
Th' enduring statue shall record his worth.

III.

Lo, Albion's ardent sons the deed approve;
Wide o'er the realm to spread the generous flame,
A spirit like his own begins to move,
And all the virtues kindle at his name.

IV.

This, this the moment, Britons, ye should chuse,
While the bar act no modest blush can raise;
The good man's absence shall our love excuse,
And give the god-like luxury of praise.

V.

By heav'n commission'd, now our patriot flies
Where Nature scourges with her worst disease;
Where Turkey's plague-devoted victim lies,
And spotted deaths load every tainted breeze.

VI.

With love unbounded, love that knows no fear,
Wherever pain or sorrow dwells he goes;
Kindly as dew, and humanous as the sphere,
His social heart no poor distinction knows.

VII.

Ah! what is friend or foe to him whose soul,
Girding creation in one warm embrace,
Extends the saviour arm from pole to pole,
And feels akin to all the human race!

VIII.

To all the human! all the brutal too,
Bird, beaſt, and inſect bleſs his gentle pow'r,
From the wor'n ſteed repoſing in his view,
To the tame redbreaſt warbling in his bow'r.

IX.

Well may the ſpirit of the iſle ariſe
With loud accord its beſt good man to grace;
Well may the ſtatue point to yonder ſkies,
And call down cherubim to guard the place.

X.

Ye pomps of Egypt moulder faſt away,
Ye Roman vanities your arches hide:
Ye Gallic pageantries, profuſely gay,
Ye tombs, ye triumphs, here reſign your pride.

XI.

Not—not to grandeur tow'rs our deſtin'd duſt,
No muſe we bribe a ſordid wreath to twine
Round the frail urn of infamy in duſt;
Nor bid our incenſe deck a villain's ſhrine.

XII.

Nor yet to Pride the venal ſtatue raiſe,
Preſerving aſhes Virtue had forgot;
We bid no trumpet ſound a bad man's praiſe,
Nor memory reſtore what time ſhould rot.

XIII.

Nor to the ſlave of gold, though largely grac'd,
With all that wealth or folly could beſtow,
With all that vanity on duſt could waſte,
Living and dead alike fair virtue's foe.

Nor

XIV.

Nor yet for thee thou tyrant of the plain,
Illustrious scourge and butcher of mankind!
Whose murthering hands whole hecatombs have slain,
Thy glory gathering as it shines thy kind.

XV.

Not even to thee, O Frederick, tho' thy name,
Idol of Prussia, now is breath'd in sighs,
Tho' foremost in the list of sanguine fame,
Exulting victory claims thee in the skies!

XVI.

Ah, no! the monument our love would rear,
Is to the man of peace, who may defend
Ev'n at this moment into dungeons drear,
The prisoner's guardian, and the mourner's friend.

XVII.

To noxious caverns, and abhorrent caves,
Deep-scooped vaults, and slow-consuming cells,
Where wretches pace alive around their graves,
And hollow echoes ring their endless knells.

XVIII.

To scenes, where all th' antipathies assail,
Which instinct, reason, nature, most would shun,
Haunts of the filth-fed toad and slimy snail,
Behold the friend of man undaunted run.

XIX.

Ev'n now, perchance, he hears some victim food,
Or leads him to the beams of long-lost day;
Or, from the air where putrid vapours brood,
Cleans the foul spirit of the pest away.

XX.

Where deadly venom poiſons now the gale,
The new-born zephirs ſoon he bids to glow;
Where the heart ſickens, ſoon ſhall health prevail,
Where the lake ſtagnates, living waters flow.

XXI.

For who, Benevolence! thy power ſhall bound?
Thy guide, the God, of what ſhould'ſt thou deſpair?
Let vice ſtill deal her deſolation round,
Virtue ſhall riſe the ruin to repair.

XXII.

That may deſtroy, but this was born to ſave;
And while a warrior lays a nation low,
While one proud Cæſar would the earth enſlave,
One humble HOWARD would a heaven beſtow.

XXIII.

Lo, as by touch divine, before him flies
Fever that ſeizes on the burning breath,
The icy power that kills with ſhivering ſighs,
And thirſt unquenchable that drinks its death.

XXIV.

And torpor, wrapt in his Lethean fold,
And ſwoln Convulſion, with his eye-balls ſtrain'd;
And purple Tumour loathſome to behold,
And plague-ſtruck Phrenſy, foaming unconſtrain'd.

XXV.

All theſe, defended by no Theban charm,
No mail ſave that which purity ſupplies;
Our Chriſtian hero meets without alarm,
And at each ſtep ſome giant miſchief dies.

Quit-

XXVI.

Quit Prussia, quit thy Frederick's crimson shrine,
With olive garlands pain nor whine rob'd hand;
At How-a-o's flame, now unlike to thine,
Full many a fainted form shall distance stand.

XXVII.

At thine, perchance, shall lofties trophies rise,
The regal banner, and the blazing car;
Sculpture more gorgeous emblems shall devise,
And adulation gaudier rites prepare.

XXVIII.

High o'er the tomb the storied war shall glow,
The black'ning siege, and desolated tower;
The victor's carnage redden all below,
To mark the blood-tracks of ungovern'd power.

XXIX.

Rage, glory, havock—all the soldier train
Their spears inverted, shall in marble frown;
Unnumber'd captives clank the brazen chain,
And Death himself embraces a favourite's arm.

XXX.

Then as in martial pomp the youths pass by,
Ev'n the cold tomb shall kindle hostile fire,
To arms, to arms, each maid'ning chief shall cry,
And Frederick's ashes future wars inspire.

XXXI.

Yes ah! not laurell'd youths, nor chiefs alone,
To Frederick's sanguinary shrine shall go;
For there the execrating sire shall groan,
And there the orphan mist in filial woe.

XXXII.

There ſhall the virgin with affliction wild,
At dead of night explore the monarch's tomb;
The wailing matron claim her murther'd child,
Whoſe ghoſt ſhall riſe to meet her in the gloom.

XXXIII.

There the pale ſhade ſhall join her deep deſpair,
And fill with loud complaints the ſounding aiſle;
Fierce from the vault the pageant trophies tear
Conqueſt deplore, and ſpurn th' accurſed ſpoil.

XXXIV.

Welcome, thrice welcome Pruſſia, to the pride,
The mould'ring honours of the grave afford;
Britain from theſe indignant turns aſide
Wooes private worth, and leaves the ſcepter'd lord.

XXXV.

The muſe, no vain idolater, diſdains,
Proud of her truſt, to proſtitute her fires,
Let minions waſte on power their meteor ſtrains,
Till flatt'ry nauſeates, and till echo tires.

XXXVI.

The ſweet memorial of one gentle deed,
One pang prevented, or one wrong redreſs'd;
A generous morſel at the poor man's need,
A ſorrow ſoften'd, or a ſigh repreſs'd:

XXXVII.

One artleſs rhime, a record ſmall and dear,
That graves theſe virtues on the village ſtone:
Where love retires to ſhed th' unwitneſs'd tear,
Surpaſſes all that ever armies won.

O Panegyric!

XXXVIII.

O Panegyric! if thy Frederick's name
One peaceful tribute has to mercy given;
Divert to that th' uplifted trump of fame,
For that when tombs are dust shall mount to heav'n.

XXXIX.

And, oh! behold what visions of the East
Rob'd in the pure ferenity of light,
To consecrate our HOWARD's future life,
And mark the holy spot with kind delight.

XL.

Mercy, her lightest footsteps here shall bend,
Fearing to crush some harmless insect near;
Humanity her fost'ring wing extend,
With Pity, softly smiling thro' her tear.

XLI.

And Charity shall come with Strength to dwell,
And pleasing Melancholy pass around,
And warm Benevolence be ever there,
And Christian meekness blend the hallow'd sound.

XLII.

Here, too, some mortal visitants—the wife
Parent, or child sedate'd, their joys shall tell;
Here sharp remorse shall wail a guilty life,
And hardness learn for human woes to feel.

XLIII.

With pious offerings, hither shall resort
What once was want, contagion, and disease;
Bestow'd to all the liberty of air,
Here shall they hail the renovating breeze.

And

XLIV.

And diſſipation, as he paſſes near,
Abaſh'd that vice has raviſh'd all his ſtore,
Conſcious, ſhall drop the penitential tear,
And ſpurn the follies which deny him more.

XLV.

And avarice too ſhall here ſuſpend his art,
His boſom looſing from the ſullen ore;
The ſtatue ſhall ſubdue his niggard heart,
And the rock guſh in bleſſings to the poor.

XLVI.

And envy, devious from her wonted plan,
Taught by the ſtatue, e'en a foe to ſave,
Shall tell her ſnakes to ſpare one virtuous man,
And own his goodneſs ere he reach the grave.

XLVII.

But ſhould ſome blood-polluted hero come,
Fluſh'd with the crimſon waſte his ſword has made,
Meek HOWARD's ſtatue on that ſword ſhall gloom,
Till tears ſhall ſeem to trickle on the blade.

XLVIII.

And many a wondering traveller ſhall pauſe,
To hail the land that gave a HOWARD birth;
Till jealouſy itſelf aids virtue's cauſe,
Prompting the ſpirit of congenial worth.

XLIX.

Here too the willing muſe ſhall oft retire
To breathe her vows in many a graceful line,
From the bleſt ſtatue catch ſublimer fire,
While inſpiration hovers o'er the ſhrine.

Thou,

L.

Thou, to whose praise these honours gather round,
Receive this tribute from thy country's hand,
Thou, who alike by vice by virtue crown'd,
Accept the homage of thy native land.

LI.

And tho' the memory of thy deeds shall bloom,
When sculpture's proudest boast shall be no more,
When urns, like what they guarded, meet their doom,
And time o'er adamant exerts his power:

LII.

And tho' thy modest goodness shuns its sight,
Tho' blushing it would shrink from just applause,
Unseen would bless like show'rs that fall by night,
And shew th' effect while it would hide the cause:

LIII.

True to the awful charge by justice giv'n,
Fame still will follow with her clarion high,
On rapture's pinion bear the sound to heav'n,
Nor suffer virtue such as thine to die.

LIV.

And well that wondrous virtue has been sung,
In deathless lays by Britton's lofty hand,
Hymn'd by a lyre that seraphs might have strung,
For Hayley's muse has giv'n her fair reward.

LV.

But feeble all that mortal man can raise,
Feeble the trump that peals each honour'd name,
Feeble a Hayley's lyre, a nation's praise,
And all th' applausive notes of human fame.

LVI.

Yet take our pledge, tho' mixt, alas, with earth,
Then hear the prayer that whiſpers in thy breaſt,
That voice from heav'n alone can ſpeak thy worth,
A recompenſing God will give the reſt!

My friend, I have obeyed you. It is pleaſing to me at this moment to reflect that I enjoyed the friendſhip of the valuable and extraordinary man who gave birth to theſe verſes. I thought ſo while I had the benefit of his converſation, but I think of it now more feelingly as a benefit I can touch of no more. How infinitely touching is an idea of this ſort of deprivation! How anxiouſly does the ſoul fly about for ſuccour on ſuch occaſions! She takes refuge in a thouſand circumſtances little attended to while the good we have loſt was in our poſſeſſion. We take a retroſpect of the diſcourſes which have paſſed between us and the friends deceaſed, the very places where we met are in a manner conſecrated; their perſons, manners, accents are before us: We kindle ourſelves into an enthuſiaſm of ſorrow, but feel that ſuch "ſorrow is heavenly;"—it literally lifts us above the earth; it truly and neceſſarily ſets our affections on things above: we are moved, we are awed. And after all, but for theſe warnings—theſe proofs of the

"attenuated

"attenuated thread," on which hangs the life and death of what is precious, what careleſs, arrogant wretches ſhould we be!—How independent even of heaven itſelf! Alas, with all theſe checks are we not ſufficiently headſtrong, preſumptuous, and vain? and inſtead of being as the ſolemn poet of the night finely calls us, the "penſioners of an hour," do we not ſeem proudly to think that time and ſpace are our vaſſals, and that inſtead of being in a few years, poſſibly in a few moments, vanquiſhed ourſelves, is not the creſt uplifted as if we could put all things under our feet?

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

ANCIENT manners are leſs worn away by time, and the varying modes of life in Wales, than in moſt other countries. There is a harper in almoſt every village, and more than a bard to every mountain. The poetical enthuſiaſm has deſcended from the earlieſt to the lateſt generation, with no loſs of its original fervor at leaſt, for the Cambrian poets have monthly meetings and annual feſtivals,

on which there is a ſtrife in rhime which makes the very rocks poetical. I received a card of invitation to one of theſe, and was much amuſed with the novelty of the ceremony. About a hundred and thirty bards aſſembled at a public houſe in the village of Penmorva, in Merionethſhire. Twelve judges were appointed to decide of the ſuperiority of the poems, the ſix beſt of which were to have prizes, the one an arm-chair decorated with the enſigns of Apollo; a ſecond a chaplet of laurels beſpread with gold leaf, and ſo on: only five-and-twenty bards were to recite, and each recitation not to exceed twenty minutes. This I ſoon found was a very proper reſtriction, for had the poeſy been equal to the vehemence of delivering it, had the ſenſe echoed to the ſound, Phœbus himſelf might have been proud of his votaries. It was however, a very merry aſſociation; and though only half a dozen could obtain prizes, every man went away about day-light well ſatisfied with others and with himſelf; for if each happy candidate was pleaſed with preſent ſucceſs, each unlucky one was whiſpered to by his ſelf-love, that the next meeting would atone for the diſappointment. Thus,

"Not a vanity is giv'n in vain."

And

And we are to be convinced of every thing but our want of merit in the art we cultivate. This good opinion of ourſelves is not only to be reckoned amongſt the painted clouds that beautify our days, but incites us to induſtry and emulation in the ſcience or occupation we purſue.

The bards of old are too famous, and you are too well read in their ſtory, as it has been given in modern and ancient performances, to ſtand in need of much information. Old Caradoc (Craddock) of Lancarvon, whoſe book was originally written in Britiſh, and *publiſhed* in Engliſh, by Doctor Powel, as it is quaintly called, has furniſhed the beſt as well as the earlieſt account of them: and it appears that one of the ancient Princes of Wales, named Gruffydth (Griffith) ap Conan, who died about the year 1136, to the grief and diſcontent of all his ſubjects, amongſt other wholeſome laws and ſtatutes enacted in his time, reformed the diſorders and abuſes of the Welch minſtrels.

Of theſe minſtrels there were three ſorts; the firſt compoſed ſeveral ſongs and odes of various meaſure, wherein, ſays Craddock, appeared

appeared not only the poet's ſkill, but alſo a vein, which the Latins call Furor Poeticus. Theſe of the firſt order likewiſe kept the records of the gentlemen's arms and pedigrees; a very ſacred truſt amongſt theſe deſcendants of Cadwallader in former times: on which account they were held in great veneration both by their brother poets and by the people. The next were ſuch as played upon inſtruments of muſic, chiefly the harp and the crowd, the latter of which, Prince Griffith, who deſcended from Iriſh parents, and was born in Ireland, brought with him from that country; and who, not contented with giving his Welch ſubjects the inſtrument, ſent over for ſome of the beſt performers upon it; and although the Welch contend for the honour of the invention, it ſeems to belong principally to thoſe very Hibernians. The laſt ſort of Welch minſtrels and bards were to ſing to an inſtrument played by another. Each of theſe, by the ſame ſtatute had their ſeveral rewards and encouragements allotted them: their life and behaviour was to be ſpotleſs, otherwiſe their puniſhment was very ſevere, every one, on proof of a well-founded complaint, having authority to correct them, even to a deprivation of all they had. They were alſo interdicted entering any man's houſe,

or

or to compose a song upon any one, without the special leave and warrant of the party concerned.

These regulations gave virtue to amusement, by adding morality to music and poetry. It must be confessed, that although the harmony, as well social as vocal and instrumental, still remains in a certain degree, the morality, so far as sobriety and temperance is a part of ethics, is a little the worse for wear. The orgies of Bacchus generally finish those of Apollo at the festivals of the modern Welch minstrels, who, after the poetic trials of the day, eat and drink like so many aldermen at a turtle feast. Formerly bard and minstrel united in the same person, at least frequently; at present the harper and the poet are for the most part distinct. The poet, like the harper, is still welcome wherefoever he goes; they both migrate in a pleasant wandering kind of life from one place to another, making sometimes a circuit of their neighbouring hills and vallies, and sometimes of the whole principality. They travel with the harp at their backs or their works in their pockets. They enter a house without invitation, and are considered as one of the family while they stay.

which is ſeldom leſs than a week at a time. If any little domeſtic incident happens while they are inmates, it is celebrated on the ſpot: if the event be fortunate, the bard greets it by a gay and ſpirited impromptu; and the harper hails it with his moſt lively ditty. If it is diſtreſsful, they commemorate it by an extemporaneous elegy, and attempt to ſoften it by ſoothing ſounds. The marriage of children, the death or ſickneſs of parents, a fair proſpect of harveſt, an untimely froſt, and in ſhort almoſt every change and chance of human life is either gratulated or bewailed. This practice is not without its uſe; it excites to good neighbourhood; it prevents the induſtrious labourer, as well as his employers, from wandering abroad for thoſe relaxations and recreations which they find at home. The village hinds and huſbandmen can have a dance and ſong at their own cottages and farms, and all the family is regaled, invigorated, and amuſed, at a very ſmall charge, merely that of the occaſional entertainment of the bard and harper: on a ſcale of comparative expence, how much cheaper, as well as more free from hazard, is this than the county town balls, to which the high-dreſſed farmers' daughters repair monthly in chaiſes, or on their brothers' hunters, in all

the

the extravagance of the laſt faſhions ridiculouſly imitated? In a word, thoſe muſico-poetical vagabonds are a very happy and uſeful ſet of people; and it is wonderfully pleaſant for a reſidentiary traveller, particularly if he is alſo a perambulating one, to be ſure not only of hoſpitable reception, but to be gratified with muſic and ſong into the bargain whereſoever he makes a pauſe; for it may very truly be ſaid in this country, that "every ſtranger "finds a ready chair." With reſpect to myſelf, I have to render my acknowledgments even to ſome of the untoward accidents of life for carrying me into ſeveral agreeable ſcenes and adventures: for inſtance, a ſhower, a ſudden turn of weather from intenſe heat to cold, or *vice verſâ*, a conſiderable diſtance from a town or an inn; thirſt, hunger, or the want of any thing that offers but the ſhadow of an apology for making another's houſe my own, has often been matter of felicitation to all parties; and I have ſometimes ſought the ſhelter of a few minutes, but found it impoſſible to quit it for days. The harper always gives a zeſt to every meal by a tune; and in the evening, the bard, though often an unlettered votary of the muſe, offers the beſt poetry he has to beſtow. Brevity

and diſpatch are recommendations in the worſt of times; for while a jug of ale or cyder is drinking, the bard will make a ſtanza of gratitude for it. While ſupper is dreſſing, he is ready to ſerve it up with a copy of verſes in praiſe of Benevolence. And though it may happen, that neither the muſic nor the poetry have charms for the faſtidious critic; they are not deſtitute of attraction for the philanthropiſt.

The northern part of the principality is ſaid to have been the moſt famous at all times, as it is at preſent for the bards. A very curious contention, indeed, is reported to have taken place betwixt the North and South poets, in 1176. Lord Rhys (Rice) Prince of South Wales, ſays the hiſtory, made a very great feaſt at Chriſtmas in his caſtle of Abertrifi, which he cauſed to be proclaimed through all Britain, Ireland, and the iſlands adjacent, ſome conſiderable time before; and according to his invitation many hundreds of Engliſh, Normans, and others, were very honourably received, and courteouſly entertained. Amongſt other tokens of their welcome, the prince cauſed all the poets throughout all Wales to come to his caſtle, and for a better diverſion to the

the company, he provided chairs to be ſet in the hall, in which the bards being ſeated, they were to anſwer each other in rhime; and thoſe that overcame the reſt in this pitched engagement of poetical repartee, were rewarded with rich preſents. The North Wales bards obtained the victory, with the applauſe of the whole company; and amongſt the harpers alſo, between whom there was a ſimilar ſtrife, the prince's own ſervants were accounted the moſt expert.

You may be ſure I did not fail to include amongſt the objects of accurate attention, the moſt attractive of all that Cambria in ancient times moſt venerated, the Druids. In my reſearches on this fruitful ſubject, though I was very highly gratified, I found nothing ſufficiently new to glean. A tour through Angleſey, which I made in the company of a very intelligent man, who, luckily for my purpoſe, was mounted on a horſe, that like my own, had long ſince adopted the mode of deliberate travelling, preſented to me a full view of all the reliques of druidical antiquity ſtill to be ſeen in the iſland. The places of ſacrifice, where the blood of human victims was devoted by craft to ſuperſtition; the

enormous pile of rocks, under which they erected their ſanguinary altars; the now craggy heaths once covered with their temples, and the remains of thoſe immenſe woods wherein they performed their tremendous rites, were all viſited with an eagerneſs of curioſity which the ſubject is ſo well fitted to inſpire. I really felt a ſacred kind of horror as I traverſed the iſle, celebrated for ſo many ages as the theatre of religious rapine; and although at every ſtep I was reminded of ſome act more characteriſtic of an aſſaſſin, or of a murderous banditti, than of the miniſters of a religion pure and peaceful, at every ſtep I experienced that ſolemn ſenſation which mixes itſelf with every object of antiquity, over which poetry has thrown a charm. The power of the muſe is manifeſted, perhaps, more in this than in any thing elſe. In that ſober ſtate of the mind which fits us for ſeeing objects in their natural ſize and colour, whether we are reading or reflecting, a fact is decided upon by reaſon, and pronounced either good or evil according to its actual tendency. From this deciſion one would ſuppoſe there could be no appeal: preſently there comes a fair uſurper, called Imagination, who, by the ſlighteſt waving of her wand, hurls reaſon from the throne,

element, vaults into it herself, and governs with a sovereignty, at once, so absolute and agreeable, that we deliver up ourselves to her enchantment, and even assist her in dragging the lawful monarch at the wheels of her chariot, in which we suffer ourselves to be carried over fairy land, the happy slaves of her usurped authority.

Thus only can we account for the veneration we bear towards those whose memory is stained by deeds which reason must for ever condemn. I was not to learn that the Isle of Anglesey was the chief haunt of those barbarous beings, whose despotism and cruelty surpassed the rage of the panther famishing for prey: that a more bloody race of ruffians never infested humanity than the Druids; that they covered the most horrid enormities with the impenetrable mask of religion; and yet so effectually had Mason, and other poets, affiled our love of antiquity, to make us go over to the side of imagination, that I honoured the very name of Mona, and looked at the reliques of the woods and caves, which had so often resounded with the mysterious incantations, with a not unpleasing horror. Thus fascinated,

" Every old poetic mountain
" Inſpiration breath'd around,
" Ev'ry ſhade and hallow'd fountain
" Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound;"

and even in places, where, had the mind been unſeduced, I ſhould have ſhuddered at the bare remembrance of the enormities practiſed therein,

" Bright-ey'd fancy, hov'ring o'er,
" Scatter'd from her pictur'd urn,
" Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

Such are the triumphs of the muſe! We are called reaſonable beings, my friend: but how vaſt is the empire of Imagination, and how ſweet is our captivity! What a pity that it ſhould ſo often be falſe and fatal! To you may fancy ever be a friend, and in connection with reaſon; or if they ever ſeparate, be it only like the parting of much-loved aſſociates, who make ſhort excurſions to different places, but return ſoon into the arms of each other! or while fancy carries you into adventures, may Mentor ever attend on Telemachus!

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

To the ſuperſtition of the Welch *mountains*, may be added that of their *lakes* and monumental ſtones. The former are extremely numerous; but a countleſs variety of fables mingle in the hiſtory of each. The ſtones are of ſuch prodigious magnitude that they are not likely to be moved, but by that commotion which ſhall ſubdue the world itſelf; they are of ſuch incredible bulk, that it is aſtoniſhing by what united power they were at firſt dragged to the cloud-capped hills on which they ſtand, and have ſtood for many centuries. A traveller who tells you the ſingle ſtones meaſured from ſeven, eight, to ten, and ſixteen feet high, is modeſtly within the truth; and it is alſo true, that fifty yoke of oxen could not poſſibly move ſome of them, much leſs climb with them up the fearful aſcents whereon they certainly were originally placed by human art and labour. No wonder, therefore, that the traditionary account of the peaſantry is, that the devil himſelf ſet them up there. And of the mountains themſelves, on the very ſummit of which theſe enormous ſtones are piled one

upon

upon another, it has been juſtly obſerved, their reſemblance is ſo great to the Alps, that, except the language of the people, a traveller could hardly avoid thinking he is paſſing from Grenoble to Suſa, or through the country of the Griſons; but with this exception, that in abundance of places you have the moſt beautiful vallies in the world, and ſome of them of very great extent, far exceeding thoſe ſo famed amongſt the mountains of Piedmont and Savoy.

The Welch are of a moſt inquiſitive temper. They ſtare, and flock round a ſtranger as if he were the inhabitant of another world, juſt arrived amongſt them. If he makes the ſlighteſt advance to diſcourſe, they ply him with queſtions, and are never ſatisfied with anſwers, till they unlock every part of his hiſtory. At firſt I took this to be confined to a few curious people; but I found in the end it was the cuſtom of the country. You meet a Welchman on the road, or join him in the chat of a minute at your inn—"Whence come you? where go you? what is your name? where were you born? what is the object of your journey? are you in buſineſs? are you out of it? how long have you been from home? how long do you

ſtay

ftay abroad? are you a ſingle man? have you a family?" are interrogatories that tread on the heels of the firſt ſituation; and theſe, if replied to, are followed to by others more cloſe, and, if poſſible, more impertinent. Nor have you any way of ſhaking the enquirers off, but by an inveterate ſilence, and this they reſent by ſuch a torrent of freſh queries, that even ſilence is no ſecurity; and you muſt either bear to hear all they have to aſk, or take refuge in retreat. Horace's troubleſome fellow was not more importunate. But all this is without the ſmalleſt intention to offend; on the contrary, it is often with a deſign to be ſociable; but chiefly, I believe, has no motive better or worſe than the gratification of ſimple curioſity. It is, however, very worrying, and has now and then provoked me to anſwer ſharply. At a place called Towy, a man whom I met at the inn where I baited, ſo urged me with queſtion upon queſtion, that I was malicious enough to put the moſt bitter ſarcaſms into my reſponſes. Queſtion—Where did I come from? Anſwer, The other world. Where was I going?—Out of hearing. What was my name?—Nameleſs. Where was I born?—In the moon.

Till this anſwer the fellow did not ſeem to

feel

feel that I was laughing at him; but it had the effect, for he ſoon after ended his perſecutions by ſaying, come from where I would, I was a merry gentleman, and he wiſhed me good day.

If ever you ſhould be ſprighted by one of theſe Welch queriſts, or by a vexer of this deſcription in any country, my plan may be worth adoption. You might be led to ſuppoſe this over-curious propenſity was in the way of their hoſpitable turn of character; but if you can agree with me, that it originates not in any ſuſpicion or fear of deceit, you will place it in the long liſt of *inconſiſtencies* which blend in human characters, without conceiving it to be a paradox. How often do we meet the moſt apparently, nay abſolutely, incompatible properties compounded in the ſame mind? Avarice with prodigality, pride with humility, charity with ſelfiſhneſs, vanity with diffidence, and a love of the world with profound retirement. I could illuſtrate each of theſe apparent contradictions by proofs *perſonal* taken from the catalogue of our mutual acquaintance, but what better would be inferred than ſo many freſh convictions of the oldeſt fact, that the beſt people are ſtrange compounds, and that the

the world is a garden where not only, in a *general* ſenſe,

"Weeds and flowers promiſcuous ſhoot,"

but where, by the ſide of the faireſt, ſweeteſt flower, and almoſt twiſted round it, grows that weed which is moſt baneful to it: one would think they could not live or thrive in the ſame ſoil; yet we perceive they flouriſh very neighbourly together. Have you never, my dear friend, found the roſe and nettle take root in the ſame temper?—the fragrance and beauty of the one incommoded by the ſtinging properties of the other? Yes, you reply, but then it is the buſineſs of the gardener, Education, to pluck up this ill-aſſorted aſſociate, and to leave the roſe to bloſſom either in ſolitude, or better ſociety. In vegetable culture this may always do; in moral gardening it is to be managed nicely, leſt in eradicating a favourite folly, or conſtitutional weakneſs, we injure the native virtue that is near it. No, my friend, we muſt be content rather with meliorating the ſoil than deſtroying its natural productions; if ſome of theſe are utterly obnoxious to the valuable plants and ſhrubs, which are the pride and riches of the ground, they "*muſt* be hewn down "and caſt into the fire," for *ſuch* "tares will "totally

"totally choak the wheat;" *such* weeds will blaſt the roſe worſe than a canker. But if they are leſs ambitious of doing miſchief; if they are all but the frailties of our nature, ſpringing up amongſt our virtues, let them be conſidered as forming the tiſſue of the human character; where the coarſe and fine, the worſted and the ſilk, are neceſſary to the general ſtrength of the piece:

"When ſtraw-like errors lean to virtue's ſide,
"Ah! check ye bigots, check your furious pride,
"Some venial faults, from ſordid natures ſtart,
"And ſpring up only in the generous heart;
"As florid weeds elude the labourer's toil,
"From too much warmth and richneſs of the ſoil;
"While meaner ſouls, like Zembla's hills of ſnow,
"Too barren prove for weeds or flowers to blow."

SYMPATHY.

Your pardon for this ſelfiſh quotation. Is it not in point? It repeats, perhaps, the alluſion, but it ſeems to gain force by the repetition. It is ſo exceſſively painful to be finding fault with poor human nature continually, that it is quite a relief to one to plead her cauſe, and become her apologiſt for thoſe treſpaſſes which are at all defenſible. Heaven knows there are plenty of *faux pas*, where, to attempt her excuſe would be to partake her crimes.

He fatisfied, then, that the conftitutional hof-pitality of the Welch receives no check from their conftitutional inquifitivenefs: the former is, indeed, fo very general, that the ftory which a gentleman, who made the tour of Wales in 1774 relates, is not in the leaft to be doubted. It is told to fhew that a man may travel thro' the whole country, with a conftant ſuite of recommendations from one hofpitable houſe to another. The ſubſtance of the ſtory is this: A gentleman of the neighbourhood of Mahunleth, a little town in the extreme Weſt angle of Montgomeryſhire, and which I deſcribed to you in one of my letters, introduced himſelf politely to the company, and hearing they travelled to ſatisfy their curioſity, civilly offered to gratify it. They aſked him if there was a good houſe at the next ſtage? He anſwered there were many: Mr. Lloyd's, Mr. Powell's, Mr. Edwards's, &c. They ſtill required which was the beſt houſe? He replied they were all very good. To make him explicit, they perſiſted in aſking him, whether either of them was as conformable and proper as that in which they were converſing, meaning the village inn. Sir, ſaid he, with a peeviſh ſurprize, ſhould you take this houſe for a gentleman's? They quickly

quickly explained themſelves, and begged his pardon.

It would be unjuſt in me to omit telling you, that the Welch are not only lovers of hoſpitality in themſelves, but ſincere admirers of it in others, and if a kindneſs has once been ſhewn them, they never loſe the impreſſion of it. One inſtance, out of many, I will recount. In the vicinity of Caernarvon, is one of the ſeats of my Lord Newborough. Paſſing this one miſerably cold day, when the ſnows were frozen on the mountains, I could not help exclaiming in the hearing of the honeſt Welchman, who was at that time my guide acroſs the country—Would to heaven that houſe were a public one! Ah, Sir, ſaid my guide, with a ſigh, and crack of his whip, it *was* one in former days, that is to ſay, it was a houſe for the good of the public, as every body who wanted entertainment, either for man or beaſt, was welcome. O, there was rare doings at Newborough-Hall, when my Lord ——, God bleſs him, was at home: he is abroad now, and has been, (the more is the pity, both for rich and poor) many years; but we expect him back ſoon, which will make ſuch a joy in Wales, as has ſcarce been known ſince that old moun-

tain

tain (meaning Snowden, which is visible from the house) was no bigger than a mole-hill! You must know, Sir, I am William Jones, continued this grateful fellow, I am one of his Lordship's tenants—that little farm on the other side is rented by me, where, if your honour pleases, I will shew you that I have not lived so many years under so good and generous a master without benefiting by the example; and though I cannot set out my table like my Lord Newborough, my old dame will give you a clean cloth, some new-laid eggs, a curious slice or two of bacon, and as brave a mug of ale, or tankard of cyder, with a dash of brandy, as ever was drawn, and we will drink the health and speedy return of my master to old Wales—God knows, I will drink it—just as I wish it—with all my life and soul.

He went on to assure me, that as the day of Lord N—'s departure from this country was the most miserable, so would his return be the most blessed to his servants, tenants, friends, and all descriptions of people—that for his part he felt a comfort to get his bread on the ground that belonged to so good a master, and even to walk upon his land, and that he never passed by the deserted mansion-house without

thinking of the obligations which he and a thouſand others had received from the generous owner.

He then proceeded to juſtify, by inſtances of goodneſs, this exalted character, in the courſe of developing which, he diſcovered a moſt excellent heart, and not uncultured head, belonging to himſelf; but diſplayed ſo many marks of an enlarged benevolence in his maſter, that before he had half finiſhed his eulogy, my affections warmed towards the noble proprietor of Newborough-Hall, and I could not but join the regrets of honeſt Will Jones that he was abſent.

Theſe little road-adventures, which are ſo frequently riſing out of ſurrounding objects, I muſt once more remark are amongſt the richeſt gratifications that can happen to a traveller of my taſte and temper. They are, indeed, a ſource of almoſt daily pleaſure and exerciſe of the ſocial principle: they freſhen, as it were, one's whole heart; and ſo occupy the beſt part of our feelings, that if roads are bad, and the weather ſevere, we perceive all ruggedneſſes and rigours ſmoothe off; and if the way is without difficulty, and the weather fine, and

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the country through which we paſs beautiful, the whole is rendered more delicious by a little regaling caſualty of this ſort. December has not often preſented a more bitter day than that on which I received a delineation of Lord N— from William Jones, but ſome of the trait created a kind of ſummer in my boſom, and the reſt of the journey to Caernarvon was the happier for it. 'Tis even now ſweet to remembrance, and is regiſtered amongſt the riches of my ſheaf.

There is a great deal of *character* in this country; and much of that original wit, humour, and oddity, amongſt the lower ranks, which the late Henry Fielding ſo much delighted to deſcribe. Out of abundance I ſhall give only two ſpecimens, each of which has ſomething ſo dramatic, that were I about to write a comedy, I ſhould be ſtrongly tempted to hitch them into the ſcene; and as I met with them both in the ſame day their portraits ſhall be drawn in the ſame letter.

As there is a lady in the caſe ſhe claims my firſt attention. I beg, therefore, to introduce the widow Bowyer to you. Suppoſe your correſpondent taking his afternoon tea at a little public

houſe, betwixt Welch-Pool and Shrewſbury, and the widow, my landlady, thus officiouſly ſhewing herſelf off, by way of recommending herſelf and her houſe.—Would you have the idea of the ſpeaker before you—Imagination muſt body forth a neat little old woman of the true Welch architecture, and dreſſed in the faſhion of her country—a blue Yorkin, black broad brim beaver, ſcarlet petticoat, and apron of black ſhining ſtuff, dropping a deep but rapid curtſey at every ſentence. —" I hope you find your tea good, Sir—I always have the beſt of tea, Sir, (*curtſey.*)—Perhaps, your honour's goodneſs would like a ſlice of cheeſe and hung beef—(*curtſey—both at the bread and cheeſe.*)—I am notorious for them, Sir, (*curtſey.*)—I am a widow woman, at your ſervice, Sir, (*curtſey*) buried my huſband, (*curtſey*) about ſix weeks ago, (*curtſey*)—an ailing man, Sir, (*curtſey*)—always weak and *weakly*, (*curtſey.*)—Could do nothing for many years, Sir, (*curtſey.*)—Palſy, your honour, (*curtſey*) coſt me many a bright pound;—(*curtſey*) but 'tis always ſomething for a woman to have a huſband in the houſe—(*curtſey.*) Servants think nothing of a lone woman—(*curtſey,*) they do juſt as they pleaſe with them, your honour knows—(*curtſey.*)"

" Ah,

"Ah, poor David," continued ſhe, after a ſhort pauſe, ſeeing me diſpoſed to hear, but not to anſwer.—"Ah, poor dear David, he uſed to ſit, Sir, *(curtſey)* in that very arm chair, Sir, *(curtſey)* where your honour ſits now; and though I had to lead him up ſtairs and down——put him to bed, and take him up—poor ſoul, helpleſs as an infant——ſtill I liked to be doing for him.—Davy, I uſed to ſay—Davy—you'll never go on your legs again, I fear—you'll never be the man you have been—"

(By way of parentheſis, let me hook in the information that, although I do not continue to inſert the curtſeys, it is to be noted, that the good widow went as regularly on with her reverences as with her ſtory, and that every daſh you meet with, is ſubſtituted to prevent interruption for a curtſey; the long daſh being expreſſive of an obeiſance nine deep, the ſhort one, of the little drop, or bob minor.)

"We were notorious for being happy, Sir—and our houſe, Sir—though thatched, Sir—is notorious all over the country, Sir——and if your honour ſhould be provoked to ſtay the night, Sir,—you ſhall have as good a bed as ever was laid on—poor David died on it, Sir,

——we are notorious for our beds——————me and mine have lived here hundreds of years—the fineſt air in the world—kill all our own meat—cut all our own garden ſtuff—grow all our own wheat—make all our own bread—brew all our own beer.—In ſhort, do every thing for ourſelves, without being beholden to any body.————Thus, your honour ſees, we are the moſt notorious people on the road."

——— ——— ——— ——— ———

The whole of the foregoing ſelf-deſcription, paſſed without the ſmalleſt encouragement or reply; my landlady ſtanding all the while curtſeying, nodding, crying, and laughing; for I ſhould have obſerved to you, that at every drop of her knees ſhe gave a nod of her head, and that whenever ſhe mentioned David's infirmities ſhe made up her face and voice into a moſt pity-moving whine, which gave way, however, to a more pleaſant twiſt of her odd little countenance and tones when ſhe ſpake of the notoriouſneſs of her houſe.

My tea, and her talk ended together, when I told her that I was thoroughly convinced ſhe had not obtained a notorious character without reaſon; but that I found her ſo entertaining, that

that as the evening was too far advanced to think of purſuing my journey towards Shrewſbury, I would avail myſelf of the many good things for which her houſe is notorious, on condition that ſhe would favour me with as much of her company as poſſible, and put me into any bed but that which poor David had ſo lately died upon—the reflection of which circumſtance would prevent my taking any repoſe.

I gave it this turn to ſave the good widow's feelings, and I ventured to invite her, becauſe I imagined her houſe affairs would draw her nods and curtſeys to ſeveral other travellers, who now came to paſs the night. Unluckily, however, ſhe reſolved to compliment me with her dead David's bed, and though I could have wiſhed it put upon a longer quarantine, it was impoſſible; for ſhe aſſured, (nod and curtſey as uſual) "that not only gentry—but nobility—not only 'ſquires—but barrownights—not only barrownights—but lords————not only lords—but dukes————(here a nod that threw her head into her boſom, and a curtſey that almoſt overſet her)—and that even the Prince————of the Principality——(nod)——(nod)——(nod)——(the

Prince of Wales himſelf———————————
(*curtſey*)———(*curtſey*)———(*curtſey*)———
might lie in that bed—."

Had the corpſe of David been ſtretched ſtill upon the bed, you ſee I muſt have taken part of it; I therefore yielded, and the good widow-woman went nodding and curtſeying through the reſt of the evening in perfect good-humour. Her manner muſt loſe much in narration, but I am convinced had it been dramatiſed, and ſhaped to the talents of one of our comedians, it would have ſet at leaſt the galleries, and perhaps the whole houſe, in a roar.

Notwithſtanding this, none of her other cuſtomers then in the inn, ſeemed to be ſtruck with what had ſo much diverted me: one bid her do more and talk leſs—another ſaid, he ſuppoſed, ſhe looked on her converſation as part of the entertainment, and would charge it in the bill—if ſo, he muſt decline any more of it. The author of this obſervation was a wag, who perhaps, thought he was alſo a wit; a third could not help wiſhing ſhe had as good talents for ſilence as making a noiſe. An hundred others might have entered and departed with-

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not being a whit more amused; but as I am convinced the lover of character would not have paſſed my widows-woman without a note of remark, I cannot but believe you, and your friends will excuſe, nay thank me, for making her a little more *ſerious*.

One man only of the company was wholly ſilent, and he had the beſt reaſon for it; namely, an intoxication that wholly deprived him of the powers of ſpeech: two of the others juſt mentioned were his aſſociates, who had been to Haverford-Weſt on foot, to ſave as much as poſſible of that money which they had appropriated to the releaſe of their friend, the drunken man, who had been two years a priſoner for debt in the gaol of the above-named town, and they were all three natives of Wales, working under the ſame maſter at Shrewſbury.

As our widow woman's general ſitting room uſually ſerved her, like the merry cobler's in the ballad, "for parlour, for kitchen, and hall," there being no fire-places in the other apartments above or below, we all were of the ſame meſs, while we were partaking of which, (the late priſoner excepted, who was as incapable

pable of eating as converſing) one of the travellers—he who had his fears that my landlady would make him pay for her eloquence—thus opened upon me.—

"You muſt know, Sir," ſays he, addreſſing himſelf to me as familiarly as if we had been old acquaintance, "the poor fellow who is now ſnoring in the chimney corner, is Davy Morgan, as honeſt a little man as any in Wales, and put into durance vile for another man's debt; but we have worked him out, and in a few days we ſhall be able to ſhew him to all friends round the wrekin: in the mean-time, poor Davy is gone tipſy with the thought of it: but you muſt not think the worſe of him for that; I hope his getting *into* gaol and *out* of it, once in his life, and being a little *hickſius doxius* upon it, (once in his life, I ſay) will not make you think the worſe of him. Come little drunken Davy, here is your health, my boy, as you can't drink, I'll drink for you; any thing to ſerve a friend ſleeping or waking; ſo here's to you in a bumper that holds both our portions, my little ſleeping Taffy."

This bumper was emptied and filled with ſuch rapidity, that, if there is any truth in a head

head full of liquor, the account which was now given by both the comrades at supper of the snoring Davy Morgan, did credit to the hearts of all three. I gathered from the torrents of information now poured out much faster than even the ale, that Davy Morgan had been bound for a friend, whose treachery had plunged him not only in a prison, but in the ruin consequent on the loss of his time; which used to be industriously employed—that his companions had been in the habits of friendship, labour, and diversion with him, many years; that by his imprisonment they were deprived at once of their playmate and fellow-workman; and that therefore they had a meeting one day to see what could be done between them, towards getting their friend out of custody. The result of their conference was a generous, but secret treaty, to use every means in their power to obtain his liberty; but the sum for which he was confined exceeding abundantly their finances, for they were all but journeymen weavers serving under the same master, they made an attempt on the mercy of the creditor, in the hope of such a compromise as they might be able to advance; representing to him, that the misfortune of the prisoner was brought upon him wholly by an

act of good-nature, and on the faith of the man who had betrayed him; and that therefore, in effect he was puniſhed not only for the vice of another but for his own virtue.

This appeal, however, failed; and at a ſecond conſultation, ſtill held without the knowledge of the captive Davy, they entered into a ſolemn compact to put by one third of their weekly wages, till a ſum ſufficient to effect the poor man's enlargement ſhould be accumulated. "We were both brother-bachelors, Sir," ſaid one of them, "and ſo could do this without pinching any body but ourſelves—Will Griffith there, indeed, was to be married when he could afford a ſet of linen, a wedding dinner, and a weaving loom, and had got a few good pounds ſnug in the box, which his intended gave him as a token; but the generous-hearted girl, who is an honour to her country——"

"She is a Welch girl, Sir," exclaimed Mr. Griffith, "and here's her health with all my "ſoul."

"I ſay, Sir," reſumed the other traveller, "that this brave wench, on hearing the ſtory of poor Davy, and the plan to relieve him, inſiſted

insisted on her not being the hindrance but the promoter of his liberty; declaring, that she was ready to contribute an equal share of her little savings towards effecting that good work, and that by way of encouragement to her lover, Griffith, she would give him the disposal of her hand, as soon after Davy could attend at the wedding as he thought proper to demand it."

"Till the moment after she said this, Sir," said Griffith in rapture, "I did not think it had been possible to love her more dearly—here's another bumper to her."

"To make short of the story," continued the other, "to work we went, aye, and worked double tides for double pay, and Kitty Lewis, who worked too, kept the box. Every Saturday night we put in our savings, and counted at the end of every quarter. Not a *syllable* of this to Davy; though we took care in the mean time he should not want, for while the grass grows, you know, Sir—Well, thus we went merrily on—no matter how long—till we had enough, then, watching for the Passion week, when there is no work done, you know, off we set from Old Salop to Haverford, where

poor

poor Davy was taken as he was trying to get over to Ireland, and was ſhut up. Griffith and I, who were born in the country, knew every inch of the ground; and to ſave money for better uſes than throwing it away upon horſe-fleſh, we footed up after the faſhion of our country, carrying our ſhoes in one pocket and ſtockings in another. When we got to the White Hart, which is a very good inn, directly oppoſite to the priſon, we did not ſtay to refreſh till we had paid a viſit to Morgan. Our hearts were at our lips as we croſſed over the way to him. The poor fellow was ſucking in the freſh air through the grating, which, being on the ground floor, we could ſee and ſpeak to one another. I thought Davy would have leaped through his bars to get at us, though he looked pale as death, and his beard was grown like one of your Hermits. He threw out both his hands, which we took hold of, and told him they were as cold as clay: but my heart is as warm and as much your's as ever, my boys, ſaid he, in a terrible feeble voice; and if I remain here for the reſt of my life, as I ſuppoſe I ſhall, I will fall down night and day on my dirty ſtraw, to bleſs Providence, that it has ſent me the only two men I love in the whole world."

" Don't

"Don't tell me, Davy, said Griffith—you remember Will these were your words—don't tell me of staying here the rest of your life—we do not intend you shall remain here another day; if we can help it, not another hour. We come with a strong box, my little Davy, that shall change your dirty straw into clean feathers, and those damn'd ugly looking bars into a warm glass window; but this is wasting time—where's the gaoler?—let us do our business first and talk afterwards.

"Hereupon Griffith went in search of the keeper, and I explained matters to Davy, who was in a surprise past speaking, only he cried like a child, and sometimes laughed again like a madman, though when he came to himself, he said he was ashamed to distress us, and such nonsense; to which I only answered, never mind, when we get our old fellow-workman amongst us again, we will soon weave it up, I warrant you: and to tell you the truth, Davy, said I, we have both had a sore loss of the songs you used to sing at the loom, and neither of us can do any longer without you.

"Presently, Sir, Will Griffiths returned with the gaoler, who, though he seemed a glum, gruff,

gruff, growling looking fellow, he had contrived to make ſmile, as if he was half as good-humoured a fellow as Will himſelf.

"Aye, money works miracles, you know, Sir"—exclaimed Will, who thus ended the ſtory.—"A bribe out of my Kitty's amber-box made the keeper of our poor Davy haſten to his releaſe with almoſt as much glee as myſelf; and as ſoon as the law charges, which were, ſomehow, as heavy as the debt, though nothing appeared to be ſaid or done but clapping the poor fellow in priſon, and leaving him there:—as ſoon as theſe were ſettled, I ſay, we took the bird out of his cage, and carried him in triumph to the White Hart, where we paſſed one of the merrieſt evenings of our lives. We have kept it up ever ſince: as poor Davy's legs had been of no uſe to him for ſo long a time, they refuſed to do much for him, even now that they were untied, as one may ſay, ſo we got him into the ſtages as far as they went our way, and when we were obliged to croſs the country, we put him upon a horſe, and at laſt, after a jovial journey, here we are at the widow Bowyer's, thank God! within half a dozen miles of Shrewſbury, and Kitty Lewis. That being the caſe, we will, if you

pleaſe,

pleaſe, Sir, have one more bottle to the health and happineſs of all parties: the amber-box holds out ſtill, and here it is at the ſervice of any honeſt fellow that wants it, though we never ſaw him before in our lives and ſhould never ſee him again. As to Kitty, if ſhe takes me without a ſhilling, ſhe takes me for myſelf: unleſs we are both ſick at the ſame time, we can never be in need of bread, becauſe the hands of either can earn it; and as to loom and linen they may be waited for, and what the wedding dinner may want in fineries, it ſhall make up in good plain fare and good appetite."

Will Griffiths having finiſhed his ſpeech, kiſſed the amber-box with great devotion, ſwore it ſhould not be long ere his labours filled it again, and then ſhook me heartily by the hand, obſerving, that he could ſee I liked the hiſtory he had been recounting, as it had made me ſhed tears more than once in the telling; and whenever I am touched to the heart with any thing, ſaid he, I always cry.

Davy Morgan waked, and was all the better for his nap. His comrades greeted his return to life, as one of them called it, with three

cheers, three bumpers of the notorious widow's ale, and three ſuch ſlaps on the back, that he muſt have been actually dead not to have ſhook off all remains of ſlumber. And now he had one advantage over his friends, who had ſacrificed to Liberty in ſo many "potations pottle "deep," that they literally fell martyrs on the floor to their affections, and the excellent home-brew'd of the widow, who exhibited in the courſe of the tale many inſtances of a good heart, by dropping a very low curtſey at every mark of the generoſity of the young weavers, giving them a grateful nod at the ſame time; declaring that if the widow's mite would be accepted by Davy Morgan, the amber-box ſhould not be forgotten.

I really regret that Davy's pleaſant compeers were now rendered ſo incapable as to require the ſupports of the good widow, myſelf, and even of Davy himſelf, to conduct them to bed. Davy, on his part, was quite renewed; and underſtanding from Mrs. Bowyer that I had heard his ſtory, ſoon juſtified his departed friends' eulogium, of being a very pleaſant, grateful, and good-humoured, as well as ingenious fellow.

Preſently,

Presently, the widow reminding us it was midnight, I intreated to drink a glass of good wishes to the company, as well sleeping as awake, and then promised to retire. One more tankard was therefore drawn; but it was so relishing to Davy, that he took it nearly off at a draught, not only from love of the liquor but of his friends. A second tankard was therefore brought, but unluckily the hearty visit paid to the other came too suddenly on Davy's recovery from the former libations, and his sober senses began to relapse. The widow began to wink in her wicker chair—that line you may think has called in—

" apt alliteration's artful aid;"

but I assure you it was accidental—the widow fell asleep—Davy held the tankard in his hand; and without attending to a third or fourth person being in the room—probably without knowing there was any body but himself present, indulged, and displayed himself in a soliloquy, which, if you will please to advert to time, place, and foregone circumstances, may divert you. I stop you from it only while I assert that

" I shall nought extenuate,
" Nor set down aught in malice."

A whole year's converſation could not, to my mind, better have pourtrayed the man.

" Now, Davy Morgan, is the time to ſhew thyſelf a great fool or a ſenſible little fellow. Twice to-day haſt thou been out of thy wits for joy, and art but juſt come into them again enough to be ſorry for it. Beware the third time. The ale is certainly good—there's no denying it—(Here he lifted the tankard almoſt to his lips) I could drink every drop of it with the greateſt pleaſure.—It is but lifting the tankard half an inch higher, opening my mouth a little wider—in this manner—and it would be gone paſt recovery, as King or Prince Denmark ſays—

" To drink, or not to drink?—that is the queſtion;
" Whether 'tis better for thee, Davy, thus to ſuffer
" The ſtings and arrows of outrageous thirſt,
" Or by thus plunging in a ſea of ale,
" Tippling, to end it?—to drink! and ſleep
" No more; and by that ſleep to end
" The head-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
" That tippling's heir to—'tis a conſummation
" Devoutly to be wiſh'd—to drink and ſleep—
" Perchance be drunk again!—ah there's the rub!"

No, damn it, Davy, don't make a beaſt of thyſelf any more to-day, there's a good little fellow. Thou art at preſent merry and wiſe. Keep ſo, my

my lad for the honour of Wales, and for the sake of the good fortune that has dragged thee out of thy hole into the land of freedom—Down, tempter, down."

Here he lowered the tankard, but with such haste, that he spilt part of its contents on his chin, the sweet and savory smell of which so quickened appetite, as Milton said of Eve, when the grand tempter presented the forbidden fruit, that poor Davy Morgan felt the original sin was entailed on him. He again held the tankard up to his lips and could not but taste. In that perilous instant he exclaimed —" Davy, why don't you pull it away with all your might—(here he began to sip)—why don't you fay—Satan, in the shape of a tankard of beer, avaunt—(here he spoke with his head in the mug)—why don't you dash it to the ground—have you no honour—no resolution—no philosophy—no consideration—no gratitude? (a great gulp between each of these questions). Fie upon you—when a tankard is before you—you have no more strength—thought—idea—nor—nor—nor—(gulps continued)—nor—any thing of that kind—than—than—than—(gulps) an infant."

At this moment a lamentable cry was heard at the door, accompanied by a loud rapping. On opening it, a poor creature appeared half-famiſhed with cold: it was the poſt-boy betwixt Pool and Shrewſbury, who, being ſeized with the cramp in his ſtomach, came to get a dram. He had ſcarce time to deſcribe the nature of his complaint, before Davy Morgan applied a remedy, by thruſting the poker, which happened to be red-hot, into the tankard; and then pouring the ale, thus heated, down the ſhivering man's throat—execrating himſelf all the time, as a prodigal who had been wantonly waſting that which might now have been ſo much better diſpoſed of,—"See, you raſcal," ſaid he to himſelf, "what comes of your guggling—you deſerve to be ſent back again to priſon you do."

The poor poſt-boy ſoon felt himſelf renovated, for the widow added a gill of her notorious brandy to Davy's burned ale; after which he again mounted his horſe, ſaying, he ſhould ſoon fetch up loſt time, and hoped God would always bleſs thoſe who, he ſwore, had ſaved his life.

Davy Morgan, however, kept abuſing himſelf

ſelf for ſome time after, but I contrived to pacify him by aſſuring him, if he could parody Hamlet's celebrated ſpeech ſo pleaſantly, I ſhould think he deſerved to get tipſy as often as he choſe, though it were to be with nectar or tokay. Begging, therefore, he would forgive himſelf this time, we all went to reſt.

The morning brought us all once more together; and our breakfaſt, for I was now one of the party, was a very ſober one. In the middle of it there happened an incident which ſo accumulated the intereſts of the little drama, that it added another notoriety to the houſe of the courteous widow. This was the entrance of a very handſome young woman, in a blue riding habit and ſtraw bonnet, bound tight with a pea-green ribbon, which was faſtened gypſey faſhion; and diſplayed ſuch parts of a pretty countenance as made the ſpectator deſirous to ſee the whole. Such a bluſh as has a thouſand times ten thouſand been ſeen, and felt, by lovers, but never juſtly deſcribed, even by them, for who can paint like Nature? One of theſe indeſcribable graces of that

"Eloquent blood,
"Which ſo diſtinctly wrought,
"That you might almoſt ſay her body thought;"

ſuffuſed itſelf over her fine, and by no means inelegant countenance, at the ſight of the man of her heart, ſeated at table with the choſen friend, towards whoſe ranſom from captivity ſhe had herſelf ſo generouſly contributed. This young perſon was in the ſervice of an old lady of fortune who was blind; a misfortune which this attendant, who, you perceive, was no other than Kitty Lewis, greatly mitigated; for being herſelf the daughter of a Montgomeryſhire farmer of ſome credit, and a girl of no mean talents; beſides the culture of a good education ſhe was well calculated to entertain thoſe who could not entertain themſelves, and was, therefore, very juſtly conſidered by her lady rather as a friend than a ſervant.

The moment that Davy Morgan's enlargement was effected, Will Griffith wrote her word of it, and mentioned the time at which he ſhould regain Shrewſbury: but accidents on the road detaining him, Kitty then, for the firſt time, made her Lady confidential. She declined doing ſo till the object of her lover's journey was attained, willing that the honour of it ſhould not be ſhared with any but the trio that projected it. The old lady, however, was, as Kitty afterwards told me, touched even to tears;

tears; nor did she suffer those dews of pity to melt away or dry up without effect.

Kitty had heard from the Pool Post-boy, with whom she was acquainted, that his life had been lost but for the humanity of a merry gentleman, whose name, he understood, was David Morgan, then at the widow Bowyer's; from which information she drew the natural inference, that her lover had got so far on his journey with his generous companion and illustrated friend; but that stopping so near the place of their destination might prevent him some little difficulty that money might remove. This latter idea was suggested by the good old Lady, who was now in the secret of the amber travelling-box, and who insisted that Kitty should be herself the bearer of a re-enforcement, but to take care to present her bounty-money in a way that should not spoil the plot, by an appearance of a fourth person's coming into it, desiring at the same time, that the party might, immediately on their arrival at Shrewsbury, repair to her house; and that the adventure should not want a finish, she permitted Kitty to make the excursion in a post-chaise.

Kitty was now seated by her lover's side, but

but was far too happy with her errand, and with the view of the objects of it, to partake of our breakfaſt; neither did Will Griffith ſeem to take any food but that which love and friendſhip provided for his honeſt and affectionate heart. The bill was ſoon demanded by Kitty Lewis, when the widow declared it was paid. "It is paid," quoth the good woman, "by the merrieſt night and happieſt morning I have ever had.—I will take no money.—Yeſterday and to-day ſhall be notorious. What you have had, you are welcome to——and a thouſand thanks——into—the bargain.—— (Theſe thouſand thanks were expreſſed by almoſt as many nods and curtſeys.) You need not take out your amber-box, Mr. Griffith—nor you your purſe, Miſs Kitty—what's your name—I am notorious for telling the truth, and what I ſay, I ſay—ſo God be with you—(*nod and curtſey*)—and ſend you health and wealth, and grace to do well—and pray none of you paſs the King's Head without calling—I can do a good turn as well as another——ſervant ——your ſervant—fare ye well—good bye—I wiſh ye all a good day——and a pleaſant ride to Shrewſbury—and next market-day, mayhap, you may ſee me."

During

During this speech she was nodding and curtseying off the company—helping them to hats, sticks, packages, and hurrying them out of her house to prevent them insisting on the payment of the bill, which Kitty settled in another room, whither she and the generous widow went to confer. The young woman was diffident about entering the post-chaise, and Davy Morgan, who had cried for joy almost the whole time of breakfast, was apprehensive that the proud Salopians would laugh him to scorn to go from a gaol into a carriage; but Kitty gave it as her opinion, that their refusal to profit by her Lady's goodness would be an affront never to be forgiven; observing, that as to the scorners, *they* must have little claim to attention who did not feel that an honest man, who had been put into prison for sacrificing himself to his friend, was entitled to go home in the most honourable manner; and that, for her part, she thought such a man had better claim to a triumphal entry than Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, or any other illustrious butcher of antiquity; in as far as a friend to mankind is more deserving of honourable distinctions than an enemy.

This adjusted the difficulty, and after shaking hands

hands all round, the four friends ſet off for Shrewſbury, where they paſſed the day in high feſtivity under the auſpices of the good old Lady, who declared, that although Providence had denied her the pleaſure of beholding ſuch happineſs, it had not taken away the power of feeling it to the bottom of her heart.

I ſtayed no longer after them than while I congratulated myſelf and the courteous widow, on the little adventure which had paſſed at her inn, which I aſſured her would render it notorious to me for ever; and that I would make the circuit of Wales in much harder weather than it then was, to obtain ſuch another night and morning. You, who are ſo verſed in the nooks, corners, and bye-places of my character, will not doubt my uſing a direction I had obtained from the young weavers to pay them my reſpects at home. I found them all aſſembled at the houſe of Will Griffith, who told me with rapture too great to help it overflowing at his eyes, that Kitty's Lady had inſiſted on his not waiting for the happy day while his labour ſhould regain a ſum equal to what his friendſhip had ſo properly diſpoſed; but that ſhe would herſelf advance ſufficient to make them happy immediately, on condi-

tion that Kitty was to continue her ſituation, and Will himſelf to accept an apartment in her houſe; declaring, that ſo many years attention to a poor, old, blind woman, who could not even move from one room to another without the aid of that worthy girl, demanded all the kindneſs ſhe could ſhew her; obſerving moreover, that Griffith had, in his late journey, ſhewn himſelf ſo deſerving of her, that ſhe was reſolved on the ſatisfaction of knowing they were united before ſhe died, and that ſhe was, in ſome meaſure, the means of bringing them together.

Fortunately, my dear friend, my engagements made me reſidentiary in Shrewſbury a ſufficient time to witneſs this pleaſant event; but I truly believe, that had no other point detained me, that one would not have ſuffered me to depart till I had atteſted the felicity of William and Kitty.

It muſt, nevertheleſs, be confeſſed, that were I in this correſpondence, addreſſing only that part of your diſpoſition which fits you to "ſhine in courts," and grace a drawing-room, it would have been ſinning paſt forgiveneſs to carry you into a common ale-houſe, and inſiſt of

of leaving it after a little refreſhment, detaining you there all night in low company; but when I look on myſelf, as making an appeal to that part of your character which bids your beating heart exult in the happineſs of your humbleſt fellow-creatures; amongſt whom are often found, by thoſe who are not too lofty minded to look for them, in lowly dwellings, thoſe feelings of which the moſt noble born might be proud. I have no ſupercilious taunt to fear, but the moſt ingenuous thanks to expect, for thus ſtopping by the way whenever an honeſt heart is to be pourtrayed, whether it is the property of a prince or a peaſant. Certain I am, that your affections have long ſince dropt your tributary guinea into the amber-box, with a prayer that it may never be empty; that the notorious widow has, in your grateful fancy, received your nods of reſponſe and approbation; that poor Davy Morgan's tankard has been twice filled with good wiſhes, for the comforting draught he gave the half-periſhed poſt-boy; that Will Griffith and his friend have received your homage for their adventure at the grate of Davy's priſon; that even the blind old Lady has had your bleſſing; and that the young people will be long remembered by your ſympathiſing heart.

Adventures

Adventures like these, my friend, are unimportant only to those magnificent triflers who think they are wise when they are only vain; and as much of human comfort proceeds from humble circumstances, we may justly conclude with the poet, in those enchanting lines I have so often read to you; and which are the more appreciated, inasmuch as I loved the author, heard them recited by his own lips a very few weeks before I lost him for ever, and know how truly he felt, what with such exquisite beauty he has described: for Goldsmith was one of the very few poets of nature who wrote only from his sensations, and did not sacrifice the plain honesty of genuine feelings to decorate his rhymes.

"Yes let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
"These simple blessings of the lowly train,
"To me more dear, congenial to the heart,
"One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
"Spontaneous joys, where nature has the play,
"The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway;
"Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
"Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd."

With what energy and enthusiasm did the bard, though by no means a graceful reader, repeat the last four verses; and on the evening I heard them delivered, he threw down the manuscript

manuſcript on his writing table, in his abrupt way, ſaying, "in troth, this is all as true as if it "was in proſe," and as I have ſaid before, and ſhall continue to ſay to the end of my life—.

"Theſe little things are great to little man!"

Are not you of his opinion, my honoured correſpondent? I can anſwer for you in the fulleſt affirmative. Long may you live to enjoy the joys of others!—They are your own; for with you, ſelf-love and ſocial are indeed the ſame.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

YOU inſiſt upon a copy of the lines, which were annexed to the "TRIUMPH OF "BENEVOLENCE,"—a triumph which, you juſtly obſerve, Jonas Hanway ought to ſhare with John Howard: and, indeed, it ſeems no leſs a point of inclination than of juſtice, to attempt preventing the fate which commonly attends fugitive poems when publiſhed ſingly, for, like the ſybyl's* leaves, they are ſcattered

* So ſays Lord Bolingbroke.

about

about with the winds and tides of occurrence, and with no disparagement to my verses be it spoken—since 'tis the destiny of others, which the loftiest muse might be proud to own, they are as frequently found at the bottom of a trunk as in a library; and often, what we in vain offer money for to the bookseller, we get of the pastry-cook for nothing.

The little monumental tribute offered to Hanway, indeed, might perhaps escape this annihilation, by the care which love of the man may have taken of it in the private cabinets of friendship; and, I believe, it is to be found in several of the periodical and other public collections of the year in which it appeared; but, I own, I feel a sentiment too tender for vanity, that it, like the poem it follows, should stand a chance to "travel down "the stream of time," in a correspondence with my friend.

STANZAS,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JONAS HANWAY, ESQ.

AND thou hast left Hanway! long thy country's prayer,
Exciting now to kindred worlds above;
Genius of Howard! deign the meed to bear,
That angels grant thee with a brother's love.

Far tho' remov'd from this diminiſh'd earth,
A crown of glory beaming on thy brow;
The God who fix'd it there to note thy worth,
Bids the rapt lyre with all thy ſpirit glow.

And, ah! behold what grateful myriads come;
While tears of extacy and anguiſh flow;
Their blended incenſe pouring on thy tomb,
To mark an empire's joy, an empire's woe.

Cloſe to thy Howard, O congenial ſhade,
On the pure column ſhall thy buſt be plac'd;
Though deep in every boſom is pourtray'd
Thoſe holy records time ſhall ne'er eraſe.

The generous plan that public virtue draws,
The fair deſign that charity imparts,
The genius kindling in religion's cauſe,
Cheriſh their champion in our faithful hearts.

At HANWAY's buſt the Magdalen ſhall kneel,
A chaſten'd votary of compaſſion's dome *:
With pious awe, the holieſt ardours feel,
And bleſs the founder of her peaceful home.

And O Philanthropy! thy heaven-rais'd fane †,
Shall oft avow the good man's zeal divine,
When bounty leads a poor and orphan train
To claſp their little arms round HANWAY's ſhrine.

Tranſcendent energies of grace ſublime,
Whoſe magic goodneſs work'd with double power;
Cradled the out-caſt babe, who knew not crime,
And bade the ſinner turn and bluſh no more!

* The Magdalen Houſe. † Foundling Hoſpital.

Ah!

All full of heaven, as of yours, I trowell!
Then, eyes thy tolen, shall I summon sigh,
Such agre cum fate thy cancellor shall tell,
Which taught the young to live, the old to die.

LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

YOU thank me for my poetry, without being aware into what a scrape your acknowledgments have led you. The grant of one request paves the way for fresh application, I have a resistless desire to send you more effusions of the muse, and so far from being of the general opinion, that a little of verse should be relieved by a great deal of prose, I think the mind is never so well disposed to receive poetic impression, or rather to feel impression continued, as when it has been touched and warmed already by subjects worthy of the lyre: or, if the emotion already excited should be found too solemn, the gayer muse may be permitted to step in and soften, but not destroy, the pathos. For these reasons I have chosen this letter for the insertion of some spontaneous lines which have not yet met your eyes, or those of the public. You have long since, I trust, agreed

to accept my correſpondence as a literary cabinet, in which I am permitted to place, for your amuſement and information, whatever I can find worthy of preſervation: peradventure I may ſometimes ſend you articles, which you may deem neither proper objects of curioſity or care; in which caſe I muſt appeal from the ſeverity of your judgment to the lenity of your candour. What I have now to give, indeed, is, I confeſs, not a little out of time, as you may one day know, but has the advantage of being perfectly in place; for it happened in this very country, in this very town, that I felt the emotions deſcribed in the following ſtanzas. You will conſider me in one of my ſoliloquy perambulations by the ſea-ſide, and my mind ſtrongly faſtened on by many of thoſe bitter reflections which baffled, at intervals, all the powers I invoked to diſpel them. Placing me in ſuch a ſituation, you will not deem the ſenſations I indulged for a few moments unnatural; nor were they leſs ſtrong or ſincere, for being made as they were in verſe. Though proſe has been deemed, perhaps falſely, the language of truth; that divine power loſes none of her charms by borrowing a dreſs from poeſy:

ON

I.

On the brink of the beach as I silently roam'd,
My sorrows I mark'd on the wave-tinted sand;
Loud blow the wild winds, and the white billows foam'd,
And threw the fish fleeces of surf on the strand.

II.

Fast flow'd in the tide, yet regardless I stood,
And felt the white billows advance to my feet;
The land-marks of sorrow were lost in the flood,
And the spray of the storm on my bare bosom beat.

III.

In the story of woe not a thought could I trace,
But the wreck of a word—and I said to the sea——
Ah! if thou rest the story of woe can efface,
Your bounty might sure be extended to me!

IV.

If here I remain, on thy hillow-bear shore,
No friend near at hand, in false pity to save,
My woes, like their story, would quickly be o'er,
And both owe to thee, foaming ocean! a grave.

V.

The billow roll'd on, when something *within*,
More strong than the ocean, thus seem'd to reply:
Man so murder shall do—e'en in sorrow 'tis sin!
I felt the command, and obey'd with a sigh *.

* An ingenious young artist, Mr. Kline, has done the author the honour to tie this lecture to music that powerfully corresponds with the sentiment, and has inscribed his composition to her Grace the Duchess of Dorsetshire.

Ah, my friend! may none of the incidents, to which ſenſibility is heir, tempt *your* firm mind beyond its ſtrength, even for a moment; but if it ſhould, as our ſouls, no leſs than our bodies, are very "fearfully and wonderfully "made," may the ſacred order mentioned in the concluding ſtanza of theſe ſea-ſide verſes, impreſs *you* alſo with an awful ſenſe of their being amongſt the words ſpoken by GOD, and give you energies to bear the miſeries of life!—I cannot but take notice of the uſe of thoſe great truths, which it is the part of education to engrave on our memories, while that regiſter is moſt favorable to impreſſion. The moral ſentiments which we receive in childhood "grow with our growth, and ſtrengthen with "our ſtrength:" they are ſo many leſſons for the government of the heart in which they are fixed; every precept we are taught to treaſure up in our memories, in the *earlieſt* periods of our lives, comes by degrees into practice, and ſerves not only to aſſiſt us to ſubdue vice, but to animate virtue, till ſhe feels *proud* of her difficulties. And hence I am ſeriouſly led to believe, that we derive more real good, real virtue, and real wiſdom, from that little ſyſtem of morals, which we gather from the firſt books that are put into our hands, after we lay aſide

our

our horn-books and primers, than from all our elaborate studies afterwards; and I am perfuaded more true heroes, statesmen, and which is far better than either, honest men, have been formed by Æsop, Phædrus, Gay, and Robinson Crusoe, and by the histories which take only half a day in reading, than were ever modelled by those histories which demand the study of half a life; and it has long been a doubt with me, whether Jack the Giant Killer has not made more courageous officers, and better generals (I am sure he has less mischievous ones) than Julius Cæsar or Alexander the Great.

For myself, I confess, I am indebted to the poets, whose maxims were imprinted on my infant mind, for the heightening of every joy, and meliorating every sorrow that has since befallen me. And I particularly remember, that some passages from Robinson Crusoe tended more effectually to settle my mind to the dispensations of Providence, on the evening of the day in which I wrote the verses that accompany this letter, than perhaps, it would have been in the power of Seneca, Socrates, or any of the most renowned philosophers of ancient or modern days to afford me.

In fine, my friend—if we expect pleaſure we muſt make up our minds to pain. They are twins, and Dr. Young is right:

"Complain of grief! complain thou art a man!
"Our only leſſon is to learn to ſuffer,
"And he who knows not that, was born for nothing."

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

YOU may have perceived, my dear friend, that ſince I have been taking you out of Wales, we have been gradually taking leave alſo of our obſervations on that principality: in ſhort, I do not remember any other points which are *gleanable*. With reſpect to the ancient and modern hiſtory of the country, it is well known to you. Hiſtories, indeed, of every country are ſo numerous, that a reader is puzzled to make his ſelection. But the fault to be found with almoſt all hiſtorical and biographical writings, is not more their number than their bulk, which is, for the moſt part, produced by extraneous matter, not more neceſſary to the body politic than an excreſcence to the body natural. Hiſtorians indulge themſelves in

in these superfluities from various motives; amongst which national prejudice, and the desire, the necessity, or the pride of becoming at once a great folio or quarto author, are not the least.

I have often thought that all the histories now extant, with respect to the facts really necessary to describe the productions of art, or nature, or the progressive rise and fall of states, or their sudden revolutions, might be compressed, without being crowded into, at most, the number of volumes allotted to the history of any particular country, according to the modern fashion of writing.

By way of example, let us take that of England. Would it not be better to give the facts in the strongest and shortest way: offer the inferences in the same style, and leave the reflections in a great measure to the reader? It would at least be a decent compliment to his understanding, and save him money. If indeed it could be proved, that the reflections made by the historian, Mr. A. were decisive, and would settle the reader's mind on the subject, it would be mighty well, but unluckily the historian, Mr. B. comes upon you with seven

or eight more volumes of reflections, in which he flatly contradicts the hiſtorian, Mr. A. and throws the reader in a ſtrait betwixt two. Now, as no man tumbles into a difficulty, without accepting any help that is offered him to get out of it, the poor reader ſeeks the aid of the hiſtorian, Mr. C. who refutes the reaſoning of the other two with ſo much good writing, that after the like quantity of good reading, the ſtudent wiſhes to fix his faith on this middle man, in the hope of going ſafe and ſure between the two extremes.

Unfortunately, however, ſome judicious friend or other recommends to him as a better guide than either of the three, that admirable hiſtorian, Mr. D. who, with great force of language, gives the lie direct to all that went before him, and either awes or frightens his readers into a belief of him only. And here perhaps he might fix his biographical creed, but that another friend puts into his hand the excellent work of the hiſtorian, Mr. E. in whom the ſpirit of contradiction is no leſs fulminating againſt the other betrayers of the truth. By the greateſt good fortune, however, he meets in the hiſtorian, Mr. F. a ſtrict conformity of opinion with Meſſrs. A. and B, diſſenting

differing only in a few points. He very naturally wishes, therefore, to come to a sort of compromise with these three historians, by dividing his faith between them: but, alas! while he is making up his mind on this, he is told of a production superior to all that ever went before, or shall come after—even the work of that delectable historian, Mr. G—, an author, he is assured, who carries the energies of conviction in every page, and who does not merely distance his competitors in the biographical career, but is to keep them out of the reader's sight for ever. He sets "doggedly down" as Johnson calls it, to this grand undertaking, and reads it with an eagerness proportioned to his expectation of being made easy for life on the article of his historical faith: he is fascinated with the style, the characters, and the picturesque embellishments, and with a winter's hard reading gets to the end of the book; but by no means to the end of his labours; for, in the course of the performance, he finds so many reasons to disbelieve what he before credited, and to credit what others taught him to disbelieve, that confusion is confounded, and Chaos is, indeed, come again! What shall he do next? Much study, and many authors have made him almost mad.

But

But in this diſtracted ſtate he finds relief only in trying to eject the maſs of contrary opinions from his head, and to try that ſcience, no leſs hard in literature than in love, to *forget*. He is reduced to the ridiculous neceſſity of making a *memorandum not to remember!*

Perhaps he now gives himſelf a ſummer's receſs from reading hiſtories, but is taken by ſurpriſe in the winter; to enrich which there is put forth in weekly numbers ſo compleat a hiſtory, on an entire new plan, and by a *ſociety of gentlemen*, amongſt whom are thoſe well-known hiſtorians, Meſſrs. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. and ſeveral other illuſtrious perſonages of the Alphabet, that as it is to be paid for imperceptibly, and to anſwer the great end of fixing his hiſtorical belief on an immoveable baſis, he muſt needs become both purchaſer and reader. Amongſt ſo many counſellors it is to be ſuppoſed there muſt be wiſdom, eſpecially as moſt of them are marked out to the public by ſome honorary diſtinctions; ſuch as A. M. D. D. L. L. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. But before the numbers are half completed, he makes a diſcovery not a little mortifying to a man who has been at ſuch pains to get at the truth; namely, that this very gentlemanly aſſo-

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ciation are airy nothings, to whom the publisher has given a local habitation and a name, to confer plausibility on a catchpenny performance. And now, for the first time, he makes an approach towards comfort, by feeling his indignation excited against the fabricators of these splendid nonentities.

At length, having tried all the historians from great *A* to *amperfand*, he perceives there is no escaping from the puzzle but by selecting his own facts, forming his own conclusions, and putting a little trust in his own reason and judgment.

For all which considerations, I shall not pretend to point out to you another History of England and Wales. I shall simply observe, that old Caradoc's book, obsolete as now it may be thought, seems to me to have been the grand source from whence all succeeding biographers have drawn their most useful information.

"Truth, they say, lies in a well."

Into this historical well of Caradoc, authors have let down their empty buckets for more than a century, and drawn them up full; but though

though they have drank largely, they have ſeldom had the gratitude or honeſty to confeſs to whom they were indebted.

Thus, my valuable friend, we have travelled together irregularly, indeed, and without any ſettled directions; but I truſt not unpleaſantly, nor wholly unprofitably, and for a conſiderable time over one of the moſt delightful countries in the univerſe. In our little tour, we have been diligent to add a ſheaf to the copious harveſt already carried home to the great ſtorehouſe of the Britiſh empire, which ought to be proud of the bright and beautiful appendage which we have been *gleaning*. We have picked up ſomething for the head and for the heart. And I truſt you would join my regrets in bidding Cambria adieu, did you not alſo join me in the hope that we ſhall one day ſee the original of the picture, whoſe principal features I have copied; and ſee it together. Meantime, I cannot better take my leave of it than by confirming with the moſt grateful ſatisfaction the following juſt and ſummary account: that the Welch are very hoſpitable, and the people in general very obliging to ſtrangers; that they are willing to tell every thing that belongs to their country, ready to ſhew all that is worth

ſeeing,

feeing, and to give you hearty invitations to refresh you by the way. In a word, they receive you well in their houses, treat you very handsomely, and leave you nothing to desire while you are their guest.

Farewell, then, to this gentle country, and farewell to you.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

THE effect of contrast is universally confessed, and its power could not be well called forth more impressively on the eye, the heart, and the imagination, than by a rapid transition from the beautiful mountains of North and South Wales, to the everlasting flats of Holland; from the exquisite woodlands and vallies of Brecknock, and the sublimities of Snowden and Pinlimmon, to the uniform levels of land and water, which so justly entitle the greater part of the territory of the Dutch to the epithet amphibious. I write to you amidst prospects and places so very different from those I have recently left and described; that

that it almoſt ſeems as if I were addreſſing you from a new world. The pauſe, however, which has been allowed to my communications, more than ſix months having elapſed ſince I laſt wrote, will evince that I do not preſume to give you new pictures of new people and new places, till I have given time to finiſh the drawings, and preſent to you tolerable likeneſſes. In a word, the ſtop that has happened in our correſpondence may ſerve to ſhew, that I hold my purpoſe of continuing to be a reſidentiary traveller here as well as elſewhere; and that I deſign to glean the Continent in the ſame diligent and deliberate way, that I have gleaned particular parts of our beautiful iſland.

A French touriſt gives his readers the following curious reaſon for not making any remarks upon Holland. "I can give you," ſays he, "very little that is new reſpecting a country, which, in truth, has no reſemblance to any other; but of which a ſufficient knowledge may be gained, without having ſeen it at all, for the little inſtruction it can ſupply."

Now this very circumſtance of a country reſembling no other, is the moſt convincing one that could be given, that it muſt afford the

greateſt novelty of obſervations; and ſo far from a truth is it, that he who has not ſeen or read of it can have a competent idea of it, that I do not believe there is a country in the whole world that is leſs to be gueſſed at, or that is more fertile of curious, amuſing, or inſtructive remarks. Much has certainly been ſaid of it; much remains to be ſaid. It has yielded plentiful crops, but it will ſtill yield no ſcanty gleanings. Remember this is ſaid on the experience of half a year's reſidence in the Republic, before I even begin to write down what I have ſeen, felt, or underſtood: and during this ſpace of time I have examined what others aſſert with no leſs zeal than induſtry, and with exactly the view that led me to inſpect all the publications reſpecting Wales, namely, to render my own the better, the wiſer, and the more entertaining by their aſſiſtance, whenever it could be called in to ſtrengthen, enrich, or illuſtrate—a view which will guide and govern me to the end of my journeyings, even though I ſhould purſue them to the end of the earth.

The ancient hiſtory of this country is liable to the complaint I brought againſt that of England; being ſwelled from octavos to quartos, from quartos to folios, and running from five

volumes to five and twenty per work. Being firmly perſuaded, that the eſſence of all this may be conſolidated in at *moſt* five and twenty pages, I truſt you will accept of what follows on the riſe and progreſs of this ſingular country, and its original inhabitants. It will at leaſt ſave you a great deal of unprofitable reading, and give you in a ſingle morning or evening, as much information as I have been able to collect from a month's ſtudy. Nor will it, I truſt, prove unamuſing to one who attends ſo much as you do to the infancy of men and things.

About a century, then, before the common æra, the Cimbrians and Tutons ſuddenly expatriated themſelves from the Cherſoneſus, now known by the names of Jutland, and the iſles of Conan, at preſent denominated Denmark. A violent and unexpected inundation, as it is ſaid, but more probably too exceſſive a population for their native country to ſupport, or perhaps, an ambition to eſtabliſh another, induced this ſingular emigration. Be that as it may, men, women, and children, of all ages and deſcriptions, bade an everlaſting adieu to the places of their birth; and like a torrent overflowing its banks, they carried away with them almoſt every thing, and every body in their

park; for divers other nations incited by their example, and, perhaps, inſtigated alſo by ſimilar motives, joined them on the way, and ſpeedily aſſociating, entered into the ſpirit of this romantic expedition.

Amongſt the perſons whom theſe rovers met with in their paſſage, were the anceſtors of the people, in whoſe country I have now begun to make my hiſtorical reſearches.

The old Batavians were the more ready to enter themſelves volunteers in this adventure, as their own country, ever more or leſs at the mercy of the mighty waters, was, at that particular moment, invaded by an influx of the German Ocean, which threatened not only their goods and habitations, but their lives. The Roman hiſtory ſhews us the ravages which theſe wandering multitudes committed in Spain and in Gaul, and how, for a length of time, they triumphed over all the generals which the imperial city ſent to oppoſe them, till that memorable epoch, when Marius exterminated with fire and ſword the innumerable ſwarms that covered the provinces.

The countries from whence theſe ſelf-baniſhed

banditti came, remained utterly depopulated; nor was it till ſeveral ages after that another ſet of emigrants ſeized the ſame country, and roſe by degrees a comparatively happy and ſucceſsful nation, on the very ground where ſo many thouſands of former adventurers had periſhed, the victims of their ambition. The Cimbrian nation, till that period, appeared to be annihilated. Tacitus informs us, that in his time there remained only the memory of their enterprize.

The Batavians inhabited the banks of the Adriana, now called the Ader, a river which runs between Heſſe and the country of Waldec. Theſe people, long haraſſed by their avaricious and ambitious enemies, reſolved to explore a more peaceable ſituation. The great iſle of Rhine, as it was then called, and which, as I have already obſerved, had loſt its inhabitants, was the place to which theſe new adventurers directed their ſteps. Encouraged and conducted by the chiefs of their religion, they landed under favour of a proſperous voyage, on that part of the iſland which had been deſerted; and ſatisfied with a country that had been forſaken by its original inhabitants, they determined upon ſettlement. The plan was attended

attended with fuch fuccefs, that, although we find in fubfequent ages various other people fixing there alfo, thefe new colonifts alone rendered the land they occupied famous, and it was thefe only who gave it the name of Batavia.

A fhort defcription of this iſland of Rhine, as it was anciently called, is neceſſary; and the beſt appears to be this; that it is a country detached from the Continent by the Rhine. The right arm of the river ſtill preſerves its name, and according to general opinion, rolled its rapid waves into the boſom of the ocean from the place now called Katwick. The left arm is denominated the Waahl, whoſe ſtreams preſently join thoſe of the Meuſe, which alſo finds its way to the ſea by another vaſt opening. Hence it appears that Batavia, now the United Provinces, extended about twenty-ſeven leagues in length, and ſeven in breadth. Many reſpectable authors contend for a greater ſcope. Some inſiſt that the left arm of the river, which loſt itſelf at Katwick, ſubdivided into ſeveral other branches, forming a variety of lakes, the moſt conſiderable of which was called Flero, and a cluſter of ſmall iſlands, of which the moſt important was that of Schelling.

that without arable land they ſhould ſupply half of Europe with corn, and with a tract of country ſcarcely larger than an Engliſh county, they ſhould raiſe men and money to make themſelves of importance in the eyes of the firſt power in Chriſtendom!"

How often, my friend, when I have ſeen the truth of theſe obſervations, have I called to mind a moſt beautiful remark of the excellent Dr. Johnſon, on the united effects of revolution, induſtry, and perſeverance! "The power of *perſiſting* is indeed aſtoniſhing, ſince all the performances of human art, at which we look with praiſe or wonder, are inſtances of the reſiſtleſs force of perſeverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that diſtant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the firſt effect of a ſingle ſtroke of the pick-axe or ſpade, with the general deſign and laſt effect, he would be overwhelmed by a ſenſe of their diſproportion; yet theſe petty operations, inceſſantly continued, at laſt ſurmount the greateſt difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the ſlender force of human beings!"

The people we are conſidering ſtrongly illuſtrate

trate these sentiments, more particularly where it is recollected, that their successors are almost the only race now in Europe, who have preserved, amidst all the convulsions of passion and of power, their liberty and their country.

The best manner in which I have ever known this honourable truth explained, is to reflect that the state itself was founded on liberty and religion, that it was reared up by industry and economy, and has flourished by its commerce and situation. The bigotted maxims of Philip the Second, the introduction of the inquisition, and the erecting fourteen new bishopricks in the Low countries; the unrelenting rigour of Cardinal Granville, and the succeeding cruelty of the Duke of Alva, together with the council of twelve, called the Council of Blood, and the execution of Counts Egmont and Horn, were the causes which drove the people to throw off the yoke, and gave rise to the union of Utrecht. *Persevering* valour, joined to the political assistance of other powers, has been the means of preserving their independence; while the decline of the Venetian navy has made them the common carriers of Europe; and the wars of Flanders, and situation of Holland, have conspired to render it what it now is.

The

The Dutch, likewiſe, by the ſucceſs of their arms againſt the Portugueſe in India, and by their treaties with the natives, in proceſs of time, drew the whole trade of India from Lisbon, which was before the ſtaple of the trade to the eaſt.

Holland, moreover, is moſt admirably ſituated for the commerce of the Baltic, which includes Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Ruſſia, Poland, and the North coaſt of Germany; while they ſend merchandize into the interior parts of the empire, and Auſtrian Netherlands, by thoſe watery mines of wealth to them, the Maes, the Rhine, and the Scheld.—Thus you perceive the greatneſs, and much of the vigour of this country has ariſen from a wonderful concurrence of favourable circumſtances—from a long courſe of time—from the confluence of ſtrangers, driven either by perſecution, or invited by the credit of their government—from the cheapneſs of carriage, by the medium of their canals—from the low intereſt of money, and dearneſs of land, which conſequently turn ſpecie into trade—from particular traffic carried on at particular places, each town valuing itſelf for ſome ſpecific branch of trade: as Delft for the Dutch porcelain, Sardam for ſhip-building,

Rotterdam

Rotterdam for the Scotch and English trade; Amsterdam for that of the Straits, Spain, and the East-Indies; and the whole province for the herring fishery. They are also indebted much to their intense application to their navy, to their vast nurseries for their sailors, and to their oriental acquisitions. Such are the circumstances that have conspired to make this little Republic the admiration of the world.

When I next write to you, we will resume our sketches of the ancient inhabitants, the founders and forefathers of this singular country: particularly in their exercises, customs, dresses, and habitations; in all which we shall discover a much stronger resemblance to our own progenitors, than all our good countrymen may be disposed to allow. Assuredly, my worthy compatriots ought to be the most grateful people to the Great Fountain of all good things of any upon the face of the earth, for the stay-at-home part of them, which is always the majority, cannot be persuaded that he has imparted the light of his countenance, or fed with his replenishing hand, any of their fellow-creatures in a nearly equal degree. The happy island they inhabit has alone, they suppose, enjoyed his favour; and

to

to tell them that there are in any other parts of the univerſe, as bright a ſky, as generous a ſoil, wholeſome laws, as beauteous proſpects, hearts as brave, hands as ingenious, or heads as wiſe, would be conſidered as amongſt thoſe liberties which travellers, like poets, are allowed to take with truth.

I muſt own the inflammable parts of my nature are apt to take fire, when I hear my friend John Bull thus dreſs out for univerſal admiration, and homage, his idol Old England, and, applying a verſe of Pope, I cannot but aſk—

"Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good?"

And I am convinced, my friend, amongſt the beſt advantages of travel, ſhould be reckoned its enabling us to "vindicate the ways of God," by firſt diſcovering and then deſcribing the *impartiality* of his beneficence, not only as to his creatures, but as to the climates appointed for their reſidence; and thus proving that he is, "an equal God, the God of all."

ADIEU.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

YOU justly charge me with a digreſſion in my laſt letter, and at the ſame time honourably acquit me. In giving you the hiſtory of the preſent flouriſhing ſtate of the commerce and its cauſes, I have a little anticipated that part of my information, which ſhould have been gleaned afterwards: but the obſervations appeared appoſite to the place where they are introduced, and I think none of their effects can be loſt by your being in poſſeſſion of them a few pages ſooner.

Let us now take up the tangled thread of the early hiſtory of the Britiſh. Originally Germans, they partook of their cuſtoms, manners, and language, frequently their names, and commonly their intereſts. They were, as Tacitus would ſay of them, "of the firſt order of ſize;" their limbs muſcular, their ſhoulders broad, their eyes blue; yet their countenances fierce: better able to endure the rigours of cold than the langours of heat; penury than care; the fatigues of pleaſure in the chace, and the pleaſures of ambition, or of plunder in the toils of war, than the labours of agriculture and domeſ-

tic economy. They could more eaſily ſupport famine itſelf than the corrodings of ſorrow, from which, indeed, they were pretty ſecure while there was enough left on the face of the earth to ſuſtain its inhabitants. The old Batavians, like the Arabs, could never want what others could ſupply. The ſpontaneous good which nature refuſed to beſtow, ready cut and dried to their hands, in the country they had now made their own, they ſought and ſeized upon without any diſtinction of *meum et tuum* in another. And, indeed, whatever could not be had without trouble at home, they raviſhed abroad; the law of might overcoming right, being the only one they acknowledged: and I fancy, my friend, this ſummary code was pretty univerſally adopted in all the countries of the globe, till the ſavage of our own ſpecies, or man in a ſtate of nature, and as the caſtle-builder, Rouſſeau, calls it a ſtate of equality, was taught a very different leſſon of juriſprudence. Natural man, and man *made* ſocial, no doubt are different ſorts of perſons; but with all the boaſted refinements, *civilizations*, and *meliorations* of the latter, what a ſavage he muſt ſtill be to require ſo many thouſand volumes, acts of parliament, ſtatutes in little, and ſtatutes at large, to keep the ſtill unſubdued part of his nature

nature commonly honeſt!! Did ever the wildeſt courſer of the woods; did ever beaſt of prey require ſo much training, trammelling, muzzling, chaining, coaxing, correcting, wheedling, ſpurning, whipping, goading and haltering? And after all, bound hand and foot, and tongue and teeth as he is, he continues to get looſe from his keepers, the lawyers, and ſnap, ſcratch, and bite moſt furiouſly. Is not this ſo ſelf-evident a truth, that before one man dare truſt another; one friend enter into negociations of any kind with the denizen of his boſom; though he may have been nouriſhed with the ſame milk, and been rocked in the ſame cradle—muſt not the aforeſaid keepers double lock and bolt, and bar, and chain every door and crevice of the connexion they are about to form? and how often does one or the other, in deſpite of all this caution, find a loop hole to creep out at? Still more can the gentleſt of gentle creatures, delightful woman herſelf! formed as ſhe is by love, and for love, can even ſhe, who ſeems to wiſh or require only bonds of ſilk, and fetters of roſes, thrown about her by Cupid, as if in ſport; alas and alas, and alas a thouſand times! can this fair being, with any ſafety, truſt, or be truſted in ſettling that tender point, which is to determine, by an honourable union, the

the weal or woe of her life, till the wrecks of our original nature are tied together by contracts, ſettlements, proviſos, conditions, &c. &c. leſt any one of the "nice dependencies," of two eſpouſed hands and hearts ſhould be invaded and broken? A domeſticated tyger, whoſe nature it is expected may break out, is leſs watched, leſs dreaded, and leſs manacled than a modern fine gentleman, or—but remember I am whiſpering this—a modern fine lady.

You will have reaſon to accuſe me of a ſecond digreſſion. Forgive me. I own theſe poor old Batavians are ſadly interrupted, but you are to conſider a Gleaner is a ſad wandering being, and always ſtooping to ſee what he can pick up; one ear of corn lying here, another there, it is impoſſible he can go ſtrait forward, you know, and I once again warn you not to expect it. Nor is it to be deſired. My ſheaf, which I mean to interweave and bind with flowers of all kinds, and of all countries, would want variety, and only prove fit for "Daws to peck at." I am ambitious to add ſweetneſs to ſtrength.

Even the ſports of the old Batavians partook of their averſion to labour. Thoſe games, which flattered with the hope of being acquired with

with little difficulty and leſs attention, were in conformity to their diſpoſitional indolence, which they ſometimes ſuffered to put at hazard the only thing they truly valued—their liberty. They conſumed their exceſs of leiſure in feaſts, carouſals, and ſleep—a long trance of the latter being often neceſſary to prevent the effects of the former, as what they uſually began in good fellowſhip ended in bloodſhed.

How different, I cannot but repeat, from the race of the ſame men in progreſſive ages! How different even from thoſe who in the age immediately ſucceeding the firſt ſettlers became, as in our own ancient hiſtory, often the formidable enemies, and often the powerful auxiliaries of Rome! And yet how widely removed from their hardy, induſtrious, indefatigable poſterity, the late and preſent poſſeſſors of all that proportion of the globe which appertains to the Dutch nation!

In taking a comparative view of ancient and modern Holland, we cannot but be ſtruck with great aſtoniſhment at the contraſt. When the provinces were in their infancy—when a little colony of emigrating Batavians made their election of a part of the world often choſen and

as often renounced, as an impracticable ſoil, the wants of nature were accommodated by nature herſelf, with all the facility theſe her indolent children required. They found the waters teeming with fiſh, and the land covered with cattle: no cities, and few towns; the ancient Germans regarding the firſt as large, and the latter as ſo many ſmall priſons. The camp was at once their reſidence in peace and war, and a field was, luckily for their ſupine tempers, covered with temporary habitations, without much toil. They could pitch an hundred tents in leſs time than they could conſtruct one regular houſe, and could moreover move them at will from one province to another: while many preferred the bare ground, whoſe carpet was ſpread ready to receive them, to any other dwelling-place, living like the beaſts they fed on, as commoners of nature,

"Their footſtool earth, their canopy the ſkies!"

Long after their primary ſettlement, when there were about ten colonies within and without the iſland of the Rhine, each colony cantoned in the impaſſable moors rather than ſuffer the fatigue of moving farther. Were it poſſible for their hiſtorian Tacitus to come from that "bourne whence no traveller returns,"

and

and take a ſurvey of thoſe provinces he wrote about in his life-time, and which I am now gleaning for my friend—were he to obſerve the then impaſſable moraſſes that extended their dreary waſte from province to province, and to ſurvey the then uſurping and uſeleſs waters which inundated the drooping, the almoſt drowning country, *now* converted into a noble republic, embelliſhed with ſome of the moſt magnificent towns in Europe, thickly interſperſed with beautiful villages:

"The ſlow canal, the yellow-bloſſom'd vale,
"The willow-faſhed bank, the gliding ſail,
"The crouded mart, the cultivated plain."

Were he, my friend, to have been the companion of my journey through Holland, North and South, and traverſed with me the fine country of Gueldres—of all which I ſhall write you in their place—and yet more, were he to behold thoſe very provinces inhabited by the deſcendants of thoſe very Batavians, who, though endued with every power to ſuffer every extremity and to overcome it, refuſed either to toil or ſpin, now filled with ſwarming multitudes, whoſe characteriſtic is perſevering induſtry, and who, while they have brought every branch of commerce, perhaps to its

higheſt perfection, have not been unmindful of the elegant arts; he would ſcarcely be able to find a trace of *his* Batavians, except in the unaltered feature of hereditary courage.

In the dreſs of the ancient poſſeſſors of this country, we find a reſemblance to that of the ancient Britons. Children of nature, they depended on their common parent to furniſh them as well with raiment as with food; the ſkin of a beaſt faſtened with a wooden peg or a pointed thorn, was wrapped about them. Their chiefs had, by way of diſtinction, a veſt made of the ſame, and ſo tight, that they ſeemed as if caſed in iron. The women were diſcriminated only by the addition of a thin veil, bordered with purple. Moſt of them diſcovered from bliſsful ignorance of harm what the knowledge of the world, in its poliſhed ſtate, from conſciouſneſs conceals. The arms, neck, and boſom, were always diſplayed. Their hair, though naturally of an ardent brown, was deepened by red ochre. They formed their treſſes into ſeveral large braids, faſtened at the top of the head with field flowers, not unlike the preſent mode, but they ſometimes ſuffered the hair to flow in all the liberty and abundance of nature. The men's beards

beards were permitted to grow till they reached the waiſt; but on the downfal of an illuſtrious enemy, ſlain by their own hands, they were cut ſhort both before and behind.

When they began to domeſticate, and could be prevailed on to prefer a fixed reſidence to a moving tent, they built a local habitation wherever they found the cleareſt fountain, the moſt ſhady thicket, or moſt fruitful meadow, but always on an eminence either natural or artificial, to guard them from the inundations common to the country they had choſen. They were, of courſe, long ignorant of the innumerable arts by which civil ſociety is embelliſhed and advanced. Even when they began a little to civilize, the care of providing for the neceſſaries of life—*their only* care—was left to the ſlaves, the freed men, or the women.

Their education was ſuited to the ſimplicity of their purſuits. Natural courage was taught as the firſt of virtues that ought to be cherished; and a dexterous defence of the body from the attacks of an enemy as the beſt of arts. Perſonal agility, intrepidity in combat, and contempt of death, were the three grand points to be acquired. Their conſtitutions,

ſo ſluggiſh in times of peace, took fire at the very thoughts of war. They would traverſe the deepeſt ſnows, and, under arms, would plunge through the moſt turbulent rivers without even breaking their ranks. Their horſes were neither ſwift nor ſtrong; and being accuſtomed always to run a tilt in the ſtraight line, without having the ſmalleſt idea of the military evolutions, of ſo much importance in the modern art of war, their principal force and dependance was, of courſe, in their infantry. When they were arranged in regular order of battle, they placed their wives and children in the rear, and always certain groups of both within view, as well to ſuſtain and excite the valour of the combatants as to aſſiſt the wounded, and to animate the whole army by intermingled ſhouts, cries, and acclamations. It was common to ſee wives, mothers, daughters, and lovers, ruſh amidſt the thickeſt dangers of the bloody field, carry off the dead, ſuccour the dying, and ſuck the reeking wounds of an huſband, father, lover, or brother. Actions of this kind are mentioned in our own hiſtory as great and glorious inſtances amongſt individuals; but in the firſt approaches to the importance of this little republic, ſuch heroic atchievements were common to the ſex, and hundreds of

Boadicea's

Boadicea's and Eleonora's were to be seen performing wonders in the same army: nay, it was a part of their office to pursue and overtake the fugitives, make them return to the charge, and either contribute to victory, or encounter death.

You may easily believe, my friend, that the effect of such eye-witnesses of glory and disgrace would be great: you feel the strong and lively interest it must have produced on the minds both of the timid and the brave; that it must have converted cowards into men, men into heroes, heroes into conquerors! And you will, at the same time allow, that we shall in vain look for equal enthusiasm, equal prowess, amongst those modern mercenaries who sell their very blood to an unknown master, in whose service they engage with *his* enemies for daily bread. Instead of taking the field like the bold Batavian, at the command of the generous, at least of the glowing passions, instead of fighting an enemy, and embracing a friend on the same heart-felt principle, the hired soldier moves on mechanically to action, without any other idea than to obey. In this automaton state, he is conducted by his master, *pro tempore*, to conquest or defeat—Of the

former he ſhares not, neither deſires to ſhare the glory; nor of the other does he incur or feel any part of the infamy. Few are the real, ſcarce any the adequate reaſons, which juſtify the horrors of public war: but the mercenary is left without the ſhadow of an apology. It is not a neceſſary of his life, becauſe that might be ſuſtained by converting the ſtrength which is demanded of him in battle to the arts of peace: his plunder is but a robbery licenced by the articles of war, and the murder which he commits in action is a butchery in cool blood. Neither perſon nor property, king nor country, bid him unſheath the ſword or fire the muſket, ſpring the mine or dig the trenches: he is an inveterate bravo, a common ſtabber to any man that bids up to his price: that done, his maſter has but to ſay—"Look, ye ſlaves—thoſe are my enemies, whom I have hired you to maſſacre: kill as many of them as you can." On a ſimilar compact, in perhaps the next campaign he turns his arms againſt the ſide he before eſpouſed, and goes on in this manner letting himſelf out firſt to one leader, then to another.

In theſe reflections you ſee your correſpondent's opinion of mercenary troops. I dare ſay

fay it is your's, for you can never approve of a man's ſtanding to be murdered, or to murder with no better reaſon than that it is his trade, and that his bloody work is paid for. War is at beſt an Hydra calamity! Every man has ſome country, ſome chief, ſome relatives. If he muſt take up arms let it be for theſe. At any rate let him fight on ſomething like a principle; but the mercenary's name points out his infamy. But it is ſaid a mercenary troop is often brave. Would it were in a better cauſe! Yet how I argue! Were your life endangered, my friend, and were the danger to threaten it in a diſtant land, far—far from your friends—far from me, I would become a mercenary myſelf, and fight for an hundred different pay-maſters to reward the man who would ſave you! Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

ON the article of marriage I have to inform you, that the ancient Batavians conſidered it as infamous to connect themſelves in that ſtate before each party had reached the twentieth year. The conduct of the courtſhip

even

even to its final ſettlement, was ever in the preſence of the principals of the two families about to enter into the alliance. This might make love very moral, but ſurely not very entertaining. In the nuptial offerings the bridegroom always took the lead. They uſually conſiſted of a yoke of oxen, a war-horſe capariſoned, a ſword, a lance, and a buckler: ſtrange love-gifts you will think for a bridal preſent! But theſe warlike ſymbols taught, or were intended to teach, the bride to elevate herſelf on every great occaſion above the imputed weakneſs of her ſex, to partake the labours and dangers, as well as the laurels, of her lord, in war and in peace, in life and in death. Having thus armed the fair warrior, the bride preſented her offerings which reſembled thoſe of her huſband, whom ſhe accoutred for the field with equal gallantry, that each might defend the other. Very Gothic to be ſure; but perhaps after all nearly as good-ſenſical as the preliminaries of toys and trinkets, ſilks and ſattins, with which a modern Britiſh bride, or even a modern Batavian lady —of whom in due time—is loaded.

As the new-married couple could eaſily procure ſubſiſtence in their flock-herds, and fruits of

of the earth, and game of their forests: for part of their territory was then well wooded; besides their corn-cakes, and a kind of beer, which the Batavians in the most early times were wont to make from their grain, there was little fear of wanting an healthy offspring, which, however numerous, knew no other breast than that of the mother. Then, my friend, Refinement, a very puny and puling babe, and of a very delicate constitution, was but just born, and had not amongst other unnatural ideas, suggested that of committing the pledges of our love to the bosom of a stranger.

Their funerals partook of the same simplicity. The corpse of a distinguished person was burned upon a kind of pyre, always with their arms (a marriage gift), and very often with the horse that had carried them to battle. A verdant hillock, a grassy eminence, at once covered and marked the spot where their ashes were deposited. The natural affections, too, were in their simplicity—of course in their energy. The women honoured the deceased with such tears as refinement seldom sheds, and breathed over the grave with such sighs as fashion rarely heaves; while the men mourned their dead by

rare

more ſilent ſorrow, and no leſs profound regret.

In regard to religion, the ancient Batavian and the ancient Briton had ſomewhat of ſimilitude. Through all the deep diſguiſes of fable, which in barbarous ages have always disfigur'd the truth, one may diſcover among the Germans, as among the Celtes and the Gauls, the idea of one God Supreme, the principal, and the preſervation, and the providence of all. But in the moſt remote time we do not find theſe people had either temples or idols, holding it equally preſumptuous, profane, and abſurd, to attempt *repreſenting* or *encloſing* the Deity. They ruſhed into the thickeſt foreſts in ſearch of certain trees they conſidered to be ſacred, under whoſe ſhade they ſlew their victims, and too frequently, Druid-like, mingled the ſtreams of human blood with thoſe of the animals they ſacrificed. It does not ſeem probable, if we except the ſun, moon, and fire, that they had any of the divinities common to the Romans. Their Woden was different from the Oden of the Scandinavians, who at firſt conſidered this famous perſonage as a hero, then worſhipped him as a God. Woden, Oden, and God, were perhaps names ſynonimous to ſignify Deity.

Nor

Nor had theſe people leſs veneration than our own forefathers for certain oracles and ſoothſayers. Theſe were conſulted on all occaſions of difficulty and danger, and their anſwers were expected with trembling awe, and heard with ſolemnſilve reverence.

As in the ſweet country to which I have devoted moſt of our hitherto correſpondence, the ancient Hollanders alſo had their bards, whoſe office it was to ſing and celebrate the heroes of their country: their romances, tranſmitted with pious care to their poſterity, not only ſerved to perpetuate their own exploits, but to incite in their deſcendants an equal emulation. The prophetic poets were principally reſorted to in the day of battle, concerning which ſo minute was the ſuperſtition, that the preſage of good or bad, of victory or defeat, or the degrees of either depended on the modulations with which theſe warlike ſongs were chanted, the very moment preceding the encounter. Like the Romans, they took alſo a fortunate or inauſpicious omen from the flight of birds, or the neighing of horſes, which were fed in conſecrated woods. The iſſue of a ſingle combat, between one of their own ſoldiers and a priſoner of war, brought forth to determine their ſu-

ceſs

ceſs or their miſcarriage, was an omen of the utmoſt importance.

Of their public ſpectacles little is to be ſaid. Their young men, however, frequently exhibited one which you will think pretty extraordinary; and yet in conformity with the ferocity of their manners. They would jump naked into the middle of a ſort of theatre, encircled with lances, leaving only almoſt impaſſible mazes between them, for the whole arrangement formed a labyrinth of ſpears. The dexterity conſiſted in threading theſe meanders, and performing the circuit of the whole narrow and almoſt indiſcernable path with infinite rapidity, and without drawing blood: and they thought themſelves ſufficiently rewarded, if by theſe hazardous feats they amuſed the ſpectators.

Now, my dear friend, amongſt all the perilous arts which have been invented by idle people in modern times, to entrap the money of perſons as idle as themſelves; ſome by ſwallowing flint-ſtones, fire, &c. I think we have never yet matched this pleaſant exerciſe of the youth of old Batavia; and therefore if the enterpriſing Aſtley, Hughes, or any other great men who trade in the marvellous,

vellum, could attempt something of this kind with the improvement, perhaps, of a little *drapery* to the picture—letting the tour of the lance-surrounded hero to music—it might give us all the address and agility of their most expert tumblers and posture-masters, without any of their abominable distortion.

Suppose you were to give one of them the hint, and when these letters come into volumes to make him a present of a copy, doubling down the page. By this act of courtesy you would, at least, gain the free *entrée* of a winter's run to all the jugglers, trickfters, brutes upon two legs, and brutes upon four! Nay, I know not but the thing might, with better effect, be brought upon the ftage, under the title of Harlequin in Old Holland. Worfe feats have been enacted by the hero of the wooden fword and truncheon, and if he could but once dance round this Britavian gauntlet *al frefco*, he might bid defiance to the hackneyed, worn out puriuits of Panteloon, and the fooleries of Scaramouch.

But to leave ſporting, and return to our proper objects. It remains only to ſay a few words on the *ancient* legiſlation, and public

aſſemblies of the United States. An account of the *modern* government ſhall not be forgotten.

When they began to legiſlate, which was not till long after their ſettlement in this country, the ſovereignty reſided in a kind of National Convention. It was there that their freemen and nobles inaugurated their generals and kings: there that they elected their centurions, tribunes, and judges, to diſtribute juſtice through their colonies: there that their firſt Diet was eſtabliſhed, either at new or full moon, when all ſubjects were diſcuſſed, and propoſitions made for peace or war. The unanimity of the ſuffrage determined the meaſure: if the ſpectators clapped their hands it was adopted; and if a tumultuous murmur followed the propoſal it was rejected.

In the origin of this little ſenate every man appeared armed. When the youths had gained a certain age they were admitted as members, and on the day—if I may be permitted to uſe parliamentary language—that they took their ſeats, they were preſented with a javelin and buckler. They were then to be conſidered as connecting the characters of ſenator and ſoldier, and

and were expected to contribute their services to the government, and defence of the ſtate.

With reſpect to the monarchy of the rude ages of the Batavian people, the name of king has been too generally confounded with that of chief. Whatever was then his title, his power exceeded not that of the firſt citizen: there was always an appeal from his authority to the ſenſe of the public: and if his elevation inſpired any ſentiment, or carried him into any action that wore but the ſemblance of tyranny, or that trenched upon thoſe to whom he owed his diſtinctions, he was inſtantly marked and controlled as one who had violated his truſt, and incurred the penalty of ſuch forfeiture.

The legiſlature of the country demands a few more obſervations: for even in the infancy—the babyhood of Batavian juriſprudence—the moſt wholeſome laws were framed, though their code was little more than what was taught by a ſenſe of natural juſtice: and, perhaps, that is conſcience at the ſame time. The very people who, in their moſt barbarous ſtate, fed their indolence by invaſion of public and private rights, in proceſs of time began to contemplate with horror and with ſhame, a life of

lazineſs and rapacity. They were induſtrious; and on induſtry grew the ſentiments both of property and probity, and they ſoon enacted laws to reſtrain themſelves as well as others, from the farther violation of theſe.

They were, however, ſimple and conciſe. The ſuperior magiſtrates in the great diſtricts, and the inferior ones in the towns and villages conducted the proceſs. It was carried on without any ſort of difficulty or delay, and, what will equally confound our modern lawyers, without any expence. The cauſe was tried in open court, and invariably ended the *day it was begun*, without a poſſibility of farther appeal. Neither written laws, nor printed ſtatutes were known, or neceſſary to be known. Privileges, rights and wrongs, when well defended and ſettled *in foro conſcientiæ* remain for ever clear, and were men as honeſt as they are artful, would require but one hearing and one deciſion. A twenty, or even a fifth year's ſuit in Chancery, would have ſounded in Batavia like putting off the final iſſue to the day of judgment. But I am aware that ſociety in its higheſt ſtate of population, power, and paſſion, muſt have its wrongs mingled with its rights; and they are ſo twiſted together by a variety of intereſts,

interests, that we must take them, just as we find them, worked into the piece. So may the laws flourish and we enjoy their protection, my friend, without either incurring their censure, or wanting their active interference; for perhaps, as many honest men have been ruined by their friendship as there have been knaves destroyed by their enmity.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

HAVING thus taken a transient view of "the family canvafs" in the long picture-gallery of times paft, we fhall be more amufed to look at, and better able to judge of the portraits of the lineal defcendants; in fhort, we fhall, with more profit and more pleafure, catch the refembling fimilitudes, obferve where the impreffion of original character has been preferved or loft; and from this progreffive furvey inveft ourfelves with the power of comparing progenitors with their pofterity in all the regards the principles and purfuits of both. Thefe, as I faid fpirits and before to arrange and parcel out, (for remember I have now the

pickings of half a year in my portable ſtore-houſe, but lying in heaps) ſhall be ſent you.

Meantime, as what I have already exported, will make a pretty conſiderable ſheaf, I ſhall beg of you to look upon this letter as the band to make it up! and as every harveſt-home is accompanied by ſigns of ſatisfaction that the grain is got in, ſuch as garlands, ſongs, &c. &c. as not even the humbleſt Gleaner, who has picked her ſcanty portion from day to day through all the leaſing ſeaſon, but adorns the laſt handful with a few field flowers, and carols over them as ſhe bends her way to her cottage. I propoſe to crown our little harveſt-home, my friend, with a wreath of poetry, to which there appertains a long ſtory; but which, I perſuade myſelf, a mind like yours will find ſhort in the narration, when the time is ripe to "aſk your "hearing patiently," as the player ſays in Hamlet.

Much have I for your fancy, your feelings, your affection; much for your information, and ſomething for your uſe. Matter for my affections in Holland! methinks I hear thoſe who have found, or determined to think it barren ſoil, tauntingly exclaim! Any thing that can

can intereſt my fancy in that region of fogs, bogs, and vapours! there ſhall the ſpices of the eaſt eject their fragrance from the ditch! and the roſes of Paradiſe bloom in the fen!

You remember Yorick's beautiful paſſage, beginning—"I pity the man who can travel "from Dan to Bathſheba, and cry all's barren; "and ſo it is, and ſo is all the world to him "who will not cultivate the fruits it offers," &c. Be that my anſwer to all ſuch children of ſpleen, prejudice, or wilful blindneſs. Be the reſt of the ſentence implicating a tenderneſs of nature, and a candour of ſpirit ſo expreſſive of your heart, a pledge to you, that whenever you make a reſidentiary tour of this country, your affections, your imagination, your feelings, will not want their proper objects. You will not be reduced to "faſten them on the ſweet "myrtle;" or on the "melancholy cypreſs;" but be preſented with many opportunities of enjoying

"The fruit of reaſon, and the flow'r of ſoul;"

notwithſtanding what has ſo often, and by ſo many different people, been ſaid to the contrary, that dulneſs and the Dutch nation are become ſynonimous.

I am really concerned to find every where, and about every thing, the repreſentations of a truth in many reſpects ſo different, and in not a few ſo diametrically oppoſite to the truth itſelf. Men, women, places, people, manners, cuſtoms, are all ſo drawn into this falſe colouring, and are ſo thrown out of their due proportions of mind and body, ſituation and circumſtance; here a caricature, there a figure, ſo fulſomely flattered, that a friend that loves one would be diſguſted; and, in ſhort, things, as they are, ſo very generally differ from what they are ſaid to be, that in whatſoever I can, I am fully reſolved to form my opinions on the evidence of my own ſenſes; as in all human caſes the only proof poſitive, and in whatever falls ſhort of this oral and ocular conviction, ſtill humanly ſpeaking, to believe whatever is of good report as much as I dare; and of evil, no more than I can poſſibly help.

With reſpect to the tales of travellers, thoſe of the Genii and Fairies are not more fanciful or fallacious, when they chooſe to throw the rein upon the neck of prejudice or imagination, which they are very often ſufficiently diſpoſed to do. The tricks they play on their readers are the more dangerous, when they are expert enough

enough at illusion, to keep on this side of the line of probability, which can neither on or off the stage be violated without counteracting the effect intended to be produced.

What would you think of me, said a sprightly young man, in a letter to his relation, the Baroness De S——, what would you think of your cousin and correspondent, who stops only to refresh himself, and when refreshed, writes to you *en passant*, were he in imitation of many travellers to give himself the airs of a dictator, and talk of the dispositions of a people, the customs of a country, their finance, their government, their passions, their pursuits, risquing every thing, fearing nothing; not even the derision and contempt of the friend he addresses! How, in fact, is it possible to avoid sending falsehoods of one country into another, when running from country to country, as if in a fox-chace, without knowledge of the language, without becoming stationary amongst the people, without comparing the living volume with the dead letter, with many social and many silent opportunities, a true idea, much less a faithful description of men and things should be given! If a traveller *en gallop* would content him-

ſelf with "catching the manners as they "riſe before him at the moment," his etching might often be agreeable, always juſt, as far as it went; but he muſt be an hiſtorian, a politician, a philoſopher, and take up his pen to convince his private friend, and perhaps the world, that he knows or can know no more of the matter than a courier or a running footman. I touched on this folly before, my dear friend, but I have ſince that time been ſo miſled by truſting to falſe guides; have loſt ſo much of my time and my money, by their advice about the diſtribution of it, that—in fine—leſt I ſhould loſe my temper into the bargain, I will only re-aſſure you it is not without *reaſon*, the United Provinces have been often called the compendium of the univerſe: and that notwithſtanding a very entertaining traveller has declared, in a kind of epigrammatic tour, that he has publiſhed—Martin Sherlock—the cardinal virtue of a Dutchman is cleanlineſs; his only Gods, Mercury and Plutus? and as for the Nine Siſters and Apollo, they were never heard of in the country; notwithſtanding it is inſiſted upon in a volume of our univerſal hiſtory, that the Dutch are cold, phlegmatic, brutal, without a ray of invention, a ſhadow of liberty, genius, reflection, or forecaſt: that love

love was never known to figh in the nation, that the only paſſions are gluttony and avarice; notwithſtanding even the Abbé Raynal has condeſcended to join the herd of calumniators; *certainement en de périodes arrondies et de belles phraſes*: I will venture to unite with a good old writer who viſited this country near a century ago, when it was comparatively rude and unimproved to what it now is, and who juſtly remarked, that he who hath obſerved the eaſy accommodation for travel in Holland; their excellent order and regular courſe in all things; the number of learned men; the variety of ingenious foreigners conſtantly reſiding in, or paſſing through it; the abundance of rarities of all kinds; the induſtry, frugality, and wealth of the people; their numerous towns, each extremely beautiful; their proper laws, and adminiſtration of juſtice; their incredible number of ſhipping and boats; a country of little extent, indeed, and ſoon paſſed over; but ſo repleniſhed with objects of curioſity, commerce, profit, and pleaſure, that not to admire it is to be devoured with prejudice, ſpleen, or inſenſibility.

My loved friend, where there is taſte, judgment, and a heart, there will be always objects

to employ them. You can, therefore, never find a ſterile ſpot on any part of the earth; and in theſe Provinces, had you made the tour in them as often as I have, and ſtopped as long in each, you would ſtill ſay as Titus does to Berenice in the French play—

" Depuis deux ans entiers chaque jour je la vois,
" Et crois toujours la voir pour la premiere fois."

And this reminds me of the verſes which were to form the bandeau of my firſt ſheaf, or volume; and which you may imagine I have forgot. Ah no! I ſhall never forget them while I am alive to the memory of ſenſations of gratitude, elegance, or ſocial pleaſure; for amidſt ſuch were they written in the boſom of a numerous family, from each of whom I found comfort in affliction, attendance in ſickneſs, and felicitations on recovery, that made me almoſt congratulate myſelf that I had been both unwell and unhappy. Of all this I will one day—

" A round unvarniſh'd tale deliver."

Meanwhile accept the poetical bouquet, an offering of juſtice to the talents of one of the family party.

NATURE

NATURE *vs* MEA. **********.

ON CUTTING * BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS AND FRUITS OUT OF CARROTS AND TURNIPS.

MADAM,

THE God who made the world, and saw it fair,
Gave it in trust to my peculiar care;
Presented with it a *reforming* power
O'er ev'ry living herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r.
NATURE, he said, be this my high decree,
No God but I!—no Goddesses but thee!

This law divine all human things confess'd,
And own'd the *mark of Nature* were the best.
Like NATURE none could bid the flow'rs bloom,
Paint in *such colours*, blend such rich perfume;
My pink, rose, violet, jasmine, seem'd so fair,
While NATURE triumph'd, ARE was in despair;
Where'er I mov'd, a thousand odours flew,
And at my touch a thousand beauties grew.

But my reign ends;—with rage, with shame I burn!
Since you my *mimic* arms against me turn;
'Tis thee for NATURE to renounce her pow'rs,
When from her *carrots* you can form her *flow'rs*.

* But lest you should imagine the Muse is here searching to Gratitude only, I must offer a caveat by observing to you in myself, plain prose, that the imitations of Nature here attempt to are only as beautiful; that if Nature [illegible] *did not reflate them* for her own, she need not be ashamed to vote them.

And

And of her vileſt *turnips* of the field—
Yes—robber—yes, 'tis time that I ſhould yield—
In one ſhort hour you bid a pink appear,
Would keep me *hard at work* for half a year.

Madam, beware—ah! dread Prometheus' fate!
You've ſtole *my* fire—repent ere yet too late.
Turnips and Carrots! O my burſting heart!
The God that made us both ſhall know your art.
And this, Ingrate! to me! to whom you owe
Unnumber'd other charms: thus, thus, to go,
Thus ſteal my paint and pencil! all my ſtore!
Here, take my *throne*, ſince you've uſurp'd my *power*.

THE ANSWER.

Mrs. *H**********, *to* NATURE.

DEAR MADAM,

WHY this harſh complaint of me?
Two of a trade, 'tis plain, can ne'er agree.
But if between us rights were fairly ſettled,
About theſe flow'rs, 'tis I, Ma'am, ſhould be nettled.

From Spring's firſt bud to Autumn's lateſt flow'r,
I own your magic, and admire your pow'r:
And as I count thoſe wond'rous beauties o'er,
E'en with a lover's fondneſs I adore.
Affection kindles, warms th' enthuſiaſt heart,
Till love of NATURE leads to love of ART.

Dear

Dear NATURE, "thou 'rt my goddess!" yet 'tis hard
Thou wilt not grant thy vot'ry her reward.
Suppose yourself a moment in my place,
Pray, Madam, let us truly state the case;
The carrots and the turnips both are thine,
Your's the material, tho' the work be mine;
And if I build, 'tis with your brick and straw:
The abettor and the thief both feel the law.
You say I steal—who help'd me, Ma'am, to cheat?
'Tis NATURE at the bottom of the seat,
But e'en in theft you owe my art a favor,
Since my stol'n goods give yours a double flavor.
Nor for my flow'rs might you to be my foe,
Mine do not come 'till yours are out of blow.

A FRIEND,

To NATURE and Mrs. **********,

DEAR LADIES,

CEASE your squabbling; I advise
You settle this affair by compromise.
Out of the four, you, NATURE, have three seasons,
Which for your full contents are three good reasons.
From Spring to Winter yours the smiling earth,
When fruits and flow'rs by intrinsic ruth to birth,
But sure the fourth fall quarter, when they sleep,
Die in their beds, or only wake to weep;
When you yourself with cold are half expiring,
And half your works are only fit for firing;
Three dismal months, I trail, you'll not deny
To her who can your loss so well supply.

Worth

Work then like ſiſters, lovingly together,
You take the ſmiling, ſhe the frowning weather;
When froſt and ſnow benumbs the wonted pow'rs,
Let one ſupply the roots, and one the flow'rs.
United thus, in love and friendſhip dear,
You'll make between you—*Summer all the year!*

SUPPLEMENTARY GLEANINGS.

LETTER I.

TO THE SAME.

ON a ſurvey of my ſtores, however, under the article "*Scraps*, or Single Wheat "Ears, and Field Flowers, collected in Holland, "and arranged at the Brielle," the place whence I culled the fragrant Bandeau which binds the Gleaning I laſt ſent you, I judge it beſt to attach them to this my firſt ſheaf. You will, therefore, receive them herewith in ſome Supplementary Letters, juſt as you may have obſerved an induſtrious day-labourer in the leaſing ſeaſon following his gleaning family home, gathering up the ears that may drop from their pleaſing burthens as they bear them to the cottage. And firſt I ſhall offer to your feelings ſome emigrant hiſtories.

Even *before* the cloud broke into flame it was really afflicting to fee, in paffing the Frontiers of Germany, the fituation of the French emigrants, the greater part of whom were of the firft rank, and reduced like thofe of the laft to fubfift on the good faith, and good will of thofe, in whofe towns and villages they had taken refuge. But good will and good faith, like all other things, have their bound, and like all other things too, are fubject to contingence. I ftaid long enough in the different retreats of thefe unhappy people to perceive that the protection, at firft offered, was amongft the objects of this changeable world that fhew early figns of earthly mutability. Whether rendered in the beginning by urbanity, pity, or politics, the warmth of the welcome began to abate. I faw but too often the altered air of the hoft cut into the heart of his gueft. The protections were not, indeed, nay are not even yet withdrawn; but infinitely different is the being endured and invited, being fuffered to remain, and foliated to continue.

The fevere chagrin which this caufed in an high-fpirited and high-born fet of men, whofe fenfibility is always in proportion to rank,

rank, habits, and education, may eaſily be gueſſed; but their endeavours to *conceal* that chagrin from the people with whom they have taken refuge, and yet more from the lower orders of their own country, exhibited to the obſerving eye a picture truly touching. Prior to the breaking out of the war I was at Neuwied and Coblentz, and from theſe towns I paſſed into many others while hoſtilities were preparing: and I found wherever the French emigrants were permitted to have "a local "habitation," you might ſee this inward ſtruggle betwixt *blood and ſituation.* I frequently obſerved the expatriated Nobleſſe gather together towards evening in the ſuburbs, ſurrounded by ſeveral hundreds of their adherents, not to abuſe the time but to engage in all thoſe manly exerciſes which ſerved a triple purpoſe: Firſt, to hide their regret from common ſpectators: ſecondly, to obviate for a time the ſenſe of their condition; thirdly, to ſupport and cultivate that ſtrength of body and mind which grief and idleneſs might impair. I took notice that their ſwords were either at their ſides or lying by them, even in their ſports. But* *after* all this, I have followed them into their private apartments, where their minds, no longer

* I was lodged in the ſame hotel with a number of theſe unhappy gentlemen ſome months.

Linger in the French; relaxed and yielded to the truth of circumstance. Yet without particularizing, the general survey was lamentable. Many thousands of human beings in the highest rank, and of the highest talents, lived in the enjoyment and expenditure of ample fortune, driven from their possessions in the pleasantest, gayest, and most agreeable country of the world, or what very lately was such, of great natural vivacity, and of habitual elegance, all of them reduced by, what at least to them appears, a virtue to vassals, the love of their king, their country, the maintenance of their hereditary rights, and the recovery of their patrimonial honours. My friend, however their unfortunates may fare on your side of the German Ocean, I have seen hundreds of them on this side, constrained like the poor soldier to take their cold lodging on a bed of straw, their nourishment coarse as their bed; far from their friends, their wives, their children; their estates confiscated, themselves exiled.

Was not all this, and much more that might with too much truth be added, enough to break down the highest spirit and unbrace the strongest arm? Stand they not, according to the expression of a great Divine, "in the full

" rank of objects of our ſympathy, entitled not " only to relief, but reſpect and veneration?" A ſet of men born in and inured to far leſs poliſhing, and as they are uſually thought, leſs emaſculating circumſtances, ſuch as a cold country, a rigorous diſcipline, and a leſs ardent temperament, might ſeem wanting to ſupport this ſad reverſe. For Frenchmen, and more particularly for French *nobility*, to bear it with an equal mind, (without taking into the account the *rapidity* of a tranſition from the livelieſt and moſt abundant to the moſt gloomy and unſupplied ſtate,) certainly ſhews of what theſe once airy ſpirits are capable, when called out by an extraordinary occaſion.

From theſe primary ſurveys, I plainly foreſaw what has ſince happened: that when theſe wretched wanderers did come into action, they would maintain their ſhare in the dreadful day of open rupture as firmly, and as bravely, as if they had never known a ſoftneſs or indulged a luxury. But *long before* the time was ripe to enter the field of blood, it would have wrung your heart to have ſeen the unaccommodated ſituation of thouſands, who have ſince ſhed their blood in *la Vendée*, a name not

to

to be mentioned without an association of horrors and sacrifices, from which every reflecting mind must turn with *shuddering sympathy*: for if ever human creatures were devoted on *all sides*, these are they who must everlastingly stand in the first rank of victims; and whether their destruction arose from the cold delays of policy, or from the malice of adverse fortune, the families, the legions, the armies, the almost *myriads* of persons who found untimely graves in that ill-star'd country, are the most to be honoured, compassionated, and deplored. Peace to their ashes, and recompence to their souls!

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

I Had scarce entered the Hotel on my first visit to this town, when the death of the late Emperor was announced by an express, who came into the inn yard, from Vienna, illustrating the expression of the Great English Poet, where he tells us a Cavalier had

"Spurr'd his proud courser hard, and rode in blood."

Although the deceaſed was as well beloved of his ſubjects as it is in the nature of things to be, it is amazing with what philoſophical compoſure this event was received by all who were not perſonally or politically intereſted. Being myſelf neither the one nor the other, I mention it but to tell you the ſurprize of a very large company, on my informing them while ſitting at a table d'hote ſupper, that as their Emperor and King was dead, I ſhould put on my ſuit of ſables. For what? have you the honour to be related? Related! No: but I preſume every gentleman who can command a black coat, will wear it on this occaſion, at leaſt every gentleman who reſides in the German dominions.

Not an individual in the whole empire, replied my next neighbour, except thoſe of the royal family and its immediate connections, with the officers of the houſehold.

Very ſtrange, Sir: our Engliſh taylors work double tides to get mourning ready in time for the general order.

Order! what are you then commanded?

Yes:

Yes; both by *etiquette* and custom. Not a gentleman, lady, in decent trader in the realm, will think himself entitled to appear, amongst even his familiar friends, unless he conforms to the rule, which in our private parties and public places is almost without an exception. Within eight-and-forty hours after the news gets to England, its inhabitants will all be as black as the Styx, and so remain till another edict of the Lord Chamberlain, who is our Grand Master of little ceremonies, tells our sympathy it may assume a slighter shade, and fix at the same time the period of our regaining our robes of *valour*.

Monsieur Anglois, cried a profound personage at the farther end of the table, yours is a mighty sympathizing nation, truly! but though we love our sovereigns, perhaps, more than you, we mourn for them in our hearts, and do not hang the trappings of our sorrow on our backs: nor are we single in this matter; our neighbours of Holland will be no blacker next week than *quel* (here our German wit smiled significantly) even though, you know, the alliances of the Houses of Orange, Prussia, and England, compose a sort of family compact.

They told me ſimply the truth with reſpect to themſelves and the Dutch; for, in paſſing back into the United Provinces a few days after, then returning into Germany, by way of Weſtphalian Pruſſia, I met with but three ſets of beings arrayed in the mourning garb, to wit, ſome of the friars, the crows, and the blackbirds. Notwithſtanding which, there ſeems to me a dignity and decorum in this cuſtom which attaches me to it.

The event itſelf, even in the inſtant it happened, ſeemed in no degree to have checked the deſigns of the emigrants. No form of words can paint to you the vehemence, the indignation, the almoſt inſanity, with which (in a journey through the different parts of the empire,) I have heard their grievances diſcuſſed, their wrongs deſcribed, their rights aſſerted, and their ravages anticipated. To theſe violences, if there could poſſibly be found in the language of paſſions a parallel, it would be heard in the phrenzies of the Revolutioniſts. Even at the time of which I am ſpeaking both parties were in a ferment, beyond the reach of perhaps *any* compariſon in ancient or modern hiſtory. But what is extremely curious in this diſpute is, that while the emigrants inſiſt that

they

ters themselves are made up of gentry, men of property, and nobility; nothing being left in France except its refuse: the favourers of the Republic are, that no man has *left* his native land who was worthy to stay in it: meantime, allowance being made for these overcharged animosities on both sides, it was palpable that when the gathering storm burst it would pour down the *torrents of human blood* which *have* since deluged the land.

In regard to the *expatriated* French, I can speak to the claims of several, to all that admiration or sympathy can offer; and they have given largely since, especially in the British dominions. About the time that the armies of Dumouriez were upon the point of seizing the Republic of Holland in the summer of 1793, it was, as you well remember, amongst the number of those who did not think it prudent to wait the event of a threat, which was expected with anxiety by every man. But resolved to stay till the last, apparently fair minute, I retorted to the banks of a friend, which lying in the highway passage to Helvoetsluice, I had an opportunity of observing many hundreds—I might fairly write thousands—of those who were hastening to England; and as

my friend's houſe was partly appropriated to the ſervice of his Britannic Majeſty, they were obliged to make a ſtop officially; their paſſports from Holland to the Britiſh ſhore being attainable only from this quarter. And farther, my friend, uniting much private worth with his public character, very many of theſe unfortunate perſons were ſo "gaily and ſmilingly preſſed to ſtay," that ſo long as the danger of the French army was not immediate they profited of his hoſpitality for two or three days together. By theſe means princes, generals, chevaliers, women of quality, and whole bodies of the prieſthood, paſſed under my eye; and I had made my Gleaning of their minds, manners, and pretenſions; their miſeries at home, and their hardſhips abroad, before they had gained our protecting country.

In truth, the houſe above alluded to, gave them a very favourable impreſſion of Britiſh courteſy; for being compoſed of the elegant wife and blooming daughters of my friend, theſe children of misfortune met a variety of *agrémens* well ſuited to their preſent circumſtances. It would have charmed you to have ſeen as I did, the family endeavours to diſſipate the chagrin too heavy not to be obſerved, in the

the countenances, and heard in the sighs of many of the sufferers.—It was truly pitiful to hear this ruined band descant on their general or particular misfortunes; the infinite losses they sustained before they left their own country; the difficulty and disorder in which they quitted it; the extortions made upon them both by land and by water in their passage. A Dutch landlord, for instance, had insisted on a small party paying *five French crowns* for tea, milk, and a little dry bread!

I was extremely interested by three Chevaliers of different orders of merit, who came together always united by friendship, and now more strongly knit by the cement of misfortune. Of these, one produced written testimonies of having twice saved the life of Louis XVI. His wife was left in hazard at Paris; his faithful domestic who followed him to the wars, was taken prisoner and hanged at Lisle.—Another had escaped with his lady at Dieppe, but was there constrained to leave her, and the third had been lucky enough to bring away his wife in disguise; but since had the misfortune to understand that his children, who were in one of the Provinces for education, had been seized upon, and brought to the guillotine to atone for

the crimes of their parents; the crimes of loyalty to their king, and ſaving themſelves from death; truſting that the innocent children would be no objects of that univerſal *edict of blood* which has ſince been iſſued.

The name of the firſt of theſe gentlemen was St. Leger; of a noble perſon and a noble mind; covered with laurels and the wounds by which they were acquired. Without gaſconade, he bade me take note of them as they ſtood diſplayed in different parts of his body—ſome received at Pondicherry in a former war; ſome in Flanders; moſt of them by *Britiſh ſhot*; but *all*, Sir, exclaimed the Marquis, (ſuch was his title) in the ſervice of *my* ſovereign, and I am ſure that will be a ſufficient apology to the forgiveneſs, and a ſufficient motive to the protection of *your* ſovereign.

He renounced the name of Frenchman, he ſaid, and gloried that he was of Iriſh anceſtry; "nor do I renounce only a Frenchman's * *name*, Sir," ſaid the Marquis, "but a Frenchman's *language*, and the very moment I can recover that of England, I ſhall deem it diſloyal, nay a

* Conſidering him as an officer and friend to the Prince, who had been his benefactor, we muſt allow him this latitude.

crime

crime to speak a tongue in common with the traitors of a king, whom I have defended from my earliest youth, and whom I will continue to love and honour to my latest age."

I think my knowledge of the human heart warrants me, without too much relying on the human voice, or human countenance, in asserting that he spoke with sincerity, when he said farther, that if he could save his devoted master by the loss of his left hand or his right, (extending both while he asseverated,) he would offer them up with joy, and kiss the hand of the man appointed to cut them off!

His personal character of Louis, founded as he assured me on personal knowledge, differed essentially from the commonly received opinion. The Marquis de St. Leger represented him not only as a man of general goodness, but of general knowledge, of great reading, observation and courage. Of the latter he instanced as follows. When the cannon of the enraged populace were dragged into his palace, and the swords of fifty blood thirsty hirelings were at his throat, and when asked by the ring-leaders whether Louis *was not afraid?* He took hold of one of the grenadiers' arms, desiring

him

him to feel whether the heart of Louis palpitated with any of the daſtard emotions imputed to it? "But he muſt die, Sir," added the Marquis, "I foreſee, Sir, that Louis XVI. *muſt* ſoon die. It is according to the new ſyſtem that he ſhould be deſtroyed: nor will any part of his ill-fated family, left in France, fare better than himſelf! *They are all proſcribed* *."

How far this prophecy is fulfilled, my dear friend, you need not be told.

In the courſe of the evening on which theſe converſations took place, the three Chevaliers took a meaſure perhaps inadequate and partial of each other's particular ſituation; each admitted a ſimilitude in *general* calamity, but each thought ſome trait of harder and more difficult fortune was appropriate in particular to himſelf! The two who had been compelled to leave their wives in an enemy's land, of courſe conſidered *their* lot as the moſt ſevere; while the third, whoſe children had fallen ſacrifices to their parents' ſecurity, ſeemed to think the fate of his two friends more tolerable than his own.

* The ſtrength of the axiom, ſelf preſervation is the firſt of Nature's laws, precludes our aſking why the Marquis, or any other perſon who foreſaw the death, and had been benefitted by the life of Louis XVI. left him to his fate?

"I have

"I have the conversation of the Countess, my wife, it is true," said the Count de R——, "and no man can be more sensible of domestic consolation than I am; but as there seems to me no apparent *end* to the horrors of France, and as the slight means with which we have provided ourselves are already on the decline, I know not whether death itself would not have been a blessing to me, rather than living to see my slender finances diminish daily, and the habited of my soul condemned to forget, or remember with anguish, the decent pride of hereditary and habitual independence, or be in danger of starving under the eyes of a tender husband." "As to the latter grievance, it can *never come to pass*," observed the Countess, "while we have both of us so much youth, health, and affection. And though my inward soul bewails the loss of our loved children; yet, as their innocent lives must have ensured them eternal happiness, there are moments when I *congratulate them and ourselves* on their being placed beyond the reach of the tygers who now infest our country, and who would have drank their blood.—Yes, dear Count, their lot is no longer to be deplored, and I have almost ceased to grieve for them ——"

During

During every ſentence of this declaration her tears fell in abundance, and ſhe exhibited all the agonies of a mother who had loſt her children, while ſhe talked of reſignation.

The amiable family, under whoſe hoſpitable roof thoſe unfortunates were now received, tried the magic of their various accompliſhments to charm away the no leſs various diſtreſſes of their gueſts. The different enchantments of muſic, converſe, and cards, were by turns put in force, and had their effects: but what ſeemed moſt to intereſt and amuſe, was putting together one of the wooden maps of Europe, invented, it is ſaid, for the improvement of the young and happy, but calculated as it appeared in this inſtance, to ſooth the wretched and the mature. As the component parts of this play-thing were preſented in diſorder, the emigrants began to arrange, in progreſs of which they had no little difficulty. The Marquis was for throwing *France* wholly out of the map, being no longer worthy, he ſaid, to fill a ſpace in the Continent of Europe. This was oppoſed by his friend, who faſtened with a tender ſort of miſery on *Dieppe*, where he had laſt left his wife, but he agreed partially to eject *Paris*: to this propoſal, however, the other

other after a short pause objected, for the like reason, with the additional one of its being still the residence of his beloved king, whose very prison-house was precious. And both the countess and her husband were for preserving all the cities, towns, and villages, which still contained their surviving friends. O had you seen the pallid hue which seized their cheeks, and the tears that filled their eyes, as they pointed to the place where stood their patrimonial mansion, and where their murdered children were *born*, you would have felt that the recollection of past happiness, and the sight of any dear spot in "the mind's eye," are amongst the griefs that, however poignant the source of altered fortune, cannot be thought of or looked at, without some emotions of consolation.

I was myself an advocate for allowing France its place, in the hope that every part of the company who were its natives, would return to it one day with honour and joy.

Throw but a hint to the French—give them in their deepest affliction the slenderest clue, though no stronger than a silken thread; direct but their hearts to the remotest hope that the fortune

ſunſhine of happier and fairer days is or may be in reſerve, and the preſent *cloud*, however obtuſe, ſeems already to begin diſperſing, and you will ſee them, as it were, come dancing from behind it.

The then improbable, and now, alas! almoſt impoſſible idea of returning to their homes, renovated in a moment their before-deſpairing ſpirits, and for the reſt of the evening they were leſs afflicted than thoſe who pitied them. I have obſerved many inſtances of this felicity of conſtitution, habit, or country. How, in all inſtances, but particularly in the preſent condition of their lives and fortunes, are they to be gratulated upon it?

In the packet-boat, which ſome time after this little adventure took me to England, there were not leſs than eighty emigrant French on their paſſage to London. I had reaſon to know that they left other countries either by command of the governors, or from terror of an approaching enemy; and that the greater part of them, ſo far from having wherewith to make London a comfortable reſidence, had barely ſufficient to pay their fare at an *indulged* price over the water. Yet meeting with a few per-

ſons who *had been in Paris*, who deſcribed its ſplendours, its ſeducing elegancies, and its amuſing trifles, they forgot the preſent in the paſt, and were by no means the leaſt gay or merry of the crew. Half ſeas over, however, one of the ſailors deſcried from the maſt a veſſel of an unpromiſing appearance bearing down upon us, and favoured by the wind. The Captain pronounced it to be a French privateer, and as far as his glaſſes could determine, one that would take them captive with a ſingle broadſide. At the cloſe of this information, he obſerved that, though it would be a vain effort, it was his duty to clear the ſhip for fighting. This was accordingly done, and the emigrants were not the leaſt alert in the preparation, nor would they, it is likely, have been the leaſt vigorous in the action; but on ſome of them, the dread of falling into the hands of their implacable countrymen was ſo great, that in caſe of defeat, they came to the deſperate reſolve of becoming their own executioners in the ſhort interval betwixt the giving up the packet-boat and the boarding of her by the conquerors. The alarm increaſed as the veſſel approached, and the reſolution became ſo ſolemn, that each man who meant to adopt it pledged his honour to his friend. Poſſibly it

might, in a caſe of death, be the leaſt evil in point of ſufferance and ſhame, however it might violate the laws of morality and religion. It was luckily an unneceſſary alternative: for the veſſel coming near enough to be ſatisfied ſhe had been in chaſe of an Engliſh packet-boat, proved herſelf to be an Engliſh frigate; and ſoon ſtood off in the direction ſhe had quitted on firſt obſerving us. "After all, ſhe's *one of us*," cried the captain. The inſtantaneous effect of the remark on the emigrants would have been aſtoniſhing to a ſpectator not acquainted with their temperament.

Thoſe who had the moſt deſpairing thoughts had now the gayeſt ideas, and ſuch as had been moſt agile in preparing for war, gave proof of agility in the contrary extreme of preparing for peace, for they leaped, laughed, ſung, and even played as it were, with the edge of the guillotine: one facetiouſly obſerved, that he fancied his neck (feeling it) was too *ſhort* to be fitted to the inſtrument; and another cunningly ſaid, though he did not think *his* neck too *ſhort* he hoped it would be *long enough* before any experiment was made upon it, by *Meſſ. les Republicains*; while a third gentleman (with a ſhrug which would have aſcertained his country,

had every other testimony been wanting; remarked, "*Ma foi, cette dame Guillotine est* "*un personage bien commode au service de ces* "*gueux là; mais, pour moi, il ne me convient pas* "*du tout du tout!*"—"On my word, that Mr. "Guillotine is a mighty convenient gentleman "in the cause of those beggarly patriots: ex-"vertheless, it is not at all to my taste." In short, my friend, if the immediate circumstances of the present moment are not absolutely threatening; if good company, good wine, gay conversation, or any other pleasant object of the senses, are within the reach, or in the view of these beings, the past and future are forgotten. This is not, I am now convinced, what is generally thought, and as I myself once supposed, the effect of little sensibility, of much levity, and a total want of solid reflection; but proceeds in great measure, as I have before observed, from constitutional felicity. Yet you are too well skilled in the equal laws of nature and Providence to infer from hence that the French are, from this bias, more blessed than the rest of mankind. If they annihilate all that is gone by, and all that may come, when the "Cynthia of "the minute" smiles before them, they suffer with a bitterness of despondence peculiar to

 themselves,

themſelves, all that *has* afflicted them, or that *may* afflict, when the *preſent* is but a continuation of their gloom. They then collect all the diſaſtrous parts of time into one point of miſery. The paſt, preſent, and future ſeem, through this focus, but as one maſs, accumulated like ſo many mountains to cruſh them; and they feel the weight of adverſity, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, in all its tenſes. In the Engliſh, Dutch, and German minds I think it is different. Amidſt the thickeſt glooms of their condition, whatever be their degrees of natural feeling, they bear the heavy *collection* of grief with more equanimity. Either their minds are ſtronger, or their ſenſibility weaker; and beſides, education, climate, and habits may contribute; but it brings into equipoiſe the allotments of heaven, and the diſpenſations of nature, whoſe ſyſtem is, perhaps, the only poſſible one in which equality can ſubſiſt—the equality of human happineſs; ſince ſhe has made it with very few exceptions, almoſt all her children, though not partakers of the ſame felicity, proceeding from the ſame cauſes, nearly the ſame in effects. To bring this matter home to the ſcene I have been relating: had theſe paſſengers been unmoved in the degree that a Dutch family felt themſelves (the

(the males smoking, and the females snuffing all the time upon deck) they would have suffered less panic at the time of clearing the ships, and by the same rule, they would have enjoyed less when the danger was over:

"Cool, in the nature of each being, founds
"Its proper bliss."

And thus it may be pronounced, that one man is, upon *the whole of life*, allowing always exceptions, as happy as another.

"The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
"The fool is happy that he knows no more;
"The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
"The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
"See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
"The sot a hero, lunatic a king,
"The starving chymist, in his golden views
"Supremely blest; the poet in his Muse."

If then by the very laws of nature, my dear friend, the universally varied situations of human life are thus happily arranged, why presume to invert her laws by introducing a *forced* and *unnatural* equality? that is, by making all men different from what they have been; by forcing them from their natural and proper stations; and by making them as universally discontented with their past and present state as they have been contented. Miserably

will the founders of the new Republic be diſappointed, if they ſeriouſly conceive that by making the ignorant learned, or the poor rich, or (ſtill worſe) by making *all alike*, they ſhall increaſe the felicity of mankind. By a change of condition they may make the induſtrious idle, and the humble diſſatisfied; but never can either the diſſatisfied or the idle be happy. There is a paſſage from the noble poem I have juſt quoted ſo deciſive on this great queſtion, which now agitates the globe, that ſurely the reaſoning is as ſtrong and indiſputable as the poetry is ſweet and beautiful. It has all the condenſation of thought, for which Pope is ſo juſtly celebrated; and, methinks, ſhould be written in letters of gold in a tranſlation ſuited to all languages, and ſolemnly read as an article of political, civil, and religious faith, by all the now contending nations, and indeed, all the neutral nations of the earth. On the tablet of every BRITISH memory, that has but a reliſh of poeſy, it is *already* engraved; but by many, even of thoſe who have it by rote, it ſeems by the laſt accounts you ſent me from England, to have left ſo little impreſſion that, were I rich enough, I ſhould be ſo far from contenting myſelf with the narrow diffuſion of theſe volumes, that I would print the paſſage, and

and disperse it amongst my countrymen throughout every part of the realm:

"*Order is Heav'n's first law*; and this confess'd,
"Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
"More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
"That such are happier; shocks all common sense.
"Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
"If all are equal *to their happiness*;
"But mutual wants this happiness increase,
"*All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.*
"Condition, circumstance, is not the thing,
"Bliss is the same, in subject or in king,
"In who obtain defence, or who defend,
"In him who is, or him who wants a friend.
"Heav'n breathes through every member of the whole,
"One common blessing, and one common soul.
"But fortune's gifts, if *each alike* possess'd,
"And each *were equal*, must not all connest?
"Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
"And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
"*But heav'n's just balance equal will appear*,
"While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear,
"Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
"But future views of better or of worse."

It is more than probable the *late violent rulers of the French were secretly *aware* of the great truths comprised in these sentiments, and that the present more political conductors are no less conscious of their force; although it

* The reader has in mind that I extend not this to the *present*,

may be ſtill neceſſary to make a hue-and-cry about liberty, equality, and confraternity; and when they have ſettled their ambition in the beſt and ſureſt manner for *themſelves*, they will, no doubt, convince the ſubordinate claſſes of the republic, that the word liberty in the new dictionary of France is to mean no more than —*an uncontrouled and ſovereign will of certain individuals, in convention, to govern the reſt of mankind*; and that *Confraternity* and *Equality* were *convenient cant words and nicknames*, uſed in the beginning of the French revolution as mere tools to work with by the Republican Maſons, but which are now become obſolete, and are to be thrown, like other plauſible trumpery, amidſt the common lumber. And it cannot be doubted but that at leaſt ninety-nine out of every hundred perſons will find, ſhould the preſent ſyſtem ſucceed in acquiring any thing like a durable baſis, that the grand majority have been conſidered as nothing more than journeymen, who, unleſs new work is cut out for them by their employers, may lie out of buſineſs for the reſt of their lives, with the aggravated reflection of having thrown themſelves out of good places under one maſter, for the miſerable trade of building caſtles, which, with reſpect to themſelves at leaſt, will prove to be raiſed in the air.

To

To return, however, to the emigrants of that unhappy country; I muſt very diſtinctly point out to you amongſt theſe, the Vicomte de Gand, a man of ſuch verſatility of talent, that he appears to have an appropriate genius for every occaſion; ſince in the whole courſe of the twenty-four hours, could the aſſembly continue unbroken, he has powers to occupy them without fatigue, and to make them glide imperceived away.—The airy and elegant levities of France, the ſolid reflective powers of England, the ſoftening *ornaments* of Italy, ſeem to meet, as if by the common conſent of nations, in this man's character; and as he ſhifts

"* From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere,"

in different languages, each country, not only for the ſake of his accompliſhments but his virtues, might be proud to

"† Mark him for its own."

He has reſided for ſome time paſt in London, where you may have had an opportunity to ſee and hear that he is not over-rated in my deſcription. It is a tribute of juſtice due to a

* Pope. † Grey.

man,

man, from whoſe converſation I have received the higheſt ſocial pleaſure; and although, juſt as it is, it would bring me to the guillotine, were I a French patriot, it is a tribute which I ſhould pay even to one of *thoſe patriots* were I to find an equal aſſemblage of great and happy endowments, independent of their political jargon and madneſs of the moment. Honeſt praiſe is of no party, my dear friend; and it is very compatible to applaud talents, and deteſt principles in the ſame character. In this inſtance, the admiration of one includes that of the other.

After having ſaid this, you will be prepared for a little poetical gleaning, which my muſe made of the viſcount as he ſat at the table, encircled by a number of his admirers, each of whom he had enlivened by his wit, improved by his judgment, or amuſed by his fancy, for ſeveral hours.—I have only to require you will conſider it the poetry of the moment, flowing from the heart into the ſocial current of converſation, and not elaborated by ſtudy.

THE CONTENTION.

FROM hapless France to Britain came,
One whom he may parents claim;
Then those who know him best declare,
'Tis city Others he is heir;
Yet ev'ry fire protests this son
Belongs to him, and *him alone*.

Say: WIT, his sparkling eyes on fire,
Ensam'd that others should expire,
By heav'n the *vicinant's* only *mine*,
I claim him, sire, by right divine!
Cries PANCY, with addition wild,
Fearing to lose her darling child,
WIT scale to boast, I will not share
With thee, my just and well-known heir.
Then swift from heav'n the God of *song*
Came down to swear they both were wrong;
By all that Phœbus loves, 'tis known,
Pretenders, that the *count's* my *sister*;
& Dance, music, poetry, unite
To publish and support my right.
Sage WISDOM, then, with solemn face,
Declar'd Apollo must give place;
Since 'tis by all the world confess'd,
WISDOM his culture'd mind has dress'd.
But FASHION, ELEGANCE, and EASE:
—Three great, though modern deities—
Lent him *their* varied powers to please.
Said SENSIBILITY, you go
Too far, my rights from nature flow;

† In each of three the C. de O. is pronounced

And who, quoth COURAGE, of *my* part,
Shall rob me of my viſcount's heart;
Mars and Bellona both declare,
He's *ours* by all the *rights of war*;
And by yet *greater* powers we ſwear,
De Gand is *our* peculiar care.
Jove ſmiling, heard them from above,
And bade the ſtrife conclude in love:
Ye ALL aſſiſted at his birth,
Exclaim'd the Sire of heaven and earth,
One cannot boaſt beyond the reſt,
SHARE HIM AMONGST YOU, and be bleſt!

And now for a review of the Dutch troops by the Prince Stadtholder, who is fond of military diſcipline, and in point of bravery and ſkill, a not unworthy deſcendant of the illuſtrious Houſe of Orange.

During one of my former viſits at this Brielle-home, as I uſed to call it, on account of the apartment always ſacred to my returns, happened the annual viſitation of the Prince Stadtholder, who yearly makes a tour of the States to inſpect his garriſons, and to review his ſoldiers. Although of an athletic and ſomewhat dropſical form, and of a heavy appearance, which indeed is uſually attached thereto, the mind of this Prince is active; and notwithſtanding a conſtitutional weakneſs in

in his knees, he is said to be capable of enduring incredible fatigue. Well is it that he is so, for some trying ones happened to him on the day above-mentioned: the business of which included an examination of the forces of the Republic, both at the Brielle and Helvoetsluice. He arrived at the former about eight in the morning from his residence at the Hague, which is a distance of four leagues. Every body expected him in their best dresses, and for that day at least, in their best looks. The streets were lined with town militia under arms; the many-coloured flags of different states were waving over the canals; and I do verily think more than two hundred were hoisted on poles at the doors of the Burghers: every street, every avenue, every window was crowded with the sons, and in yet greater numbers with the daughters of Curiosity, whose family is to be found, you know, in all countries; and I do assure you as many of its branches are resident amidst these torpid Dutch dikes and standing pools as near more rapid waters. In his way to the Brielle, his Highness had two small arms of the Maese to pass, but he was no sooner deserted on the opposite side of the first than the usual demonstrations of joy, real or counterfeit, began: cannon were fired

fired from the ramparts, and all the bells of all the churches were in tune to greet him right loyally, before his perſon *could be ſeen*. At length appeared his barge, which by the bye, was moſt curiouſly bepainted and begilt: there was given a general ſalute of the military (I mean of the regulars) in garriſon: to this ſucceeded an *apparently* univerſal huzza of the people. I particularly remarked one man, who had the ſame morning been pointed out to me as "*horriblement patriot*," who waved his hat higher, and ſent forth the voice of gratulation louder than the reſt: but it is the nature of every ſort of hypocriſy to overact its part, and frequently to betray what it *is* by the very attempt of appearing what it is *not*.

I ſaw his Highneſs at a conſiderable diſtance. It was not Cleopatra meeting Mark Antony *, when ſhe ſailed down the Cydnos, in the bark which Shakſpeare has made immortal; but it was, perhaps, a much better Prince, and certainly a much better man, than that Roman,

* The author could certainly on this as on many other occaſions, have reſorted to claſſical alluſions by quoting an ancient hiſtorian, but that he deems his immortal countryman in general the beſt, becauſe the moſt correct illuſtrator in the world.

coming

coming to see that his bulwarks and their heroes were in a fit state to defend his subjects, should defence be necessary: as you know most necessary it was but too soon.

His yacht came up the canal to the middle of the first street, where he landed, and was received by the garrison officers with all due ceremonies. Unfortunately those ceremonies are performed *sans chapeau* (with the hat off), but the elements which are by no means respecters of persons, were in this instance, as in divers others, wanting in common civility; for just as the Stadthalder-Prince landed, a most violent shower of rain burst incontinently on his illustrious head. This torrent had been a long while collecting, and could one suppose there was any mischievous waggery in a matter of this sort, I should suppose the said torrent watched its opportunity, to prove that Princes and mighty men were like the feeblest, as well as meanest of mortals in the general designs of nature. Methought, however, I observed three of the bareheaded officers cast up a sort of commanding, yet fretful eye at the clouds, while this *[illegible]* was pouring upon them, as much as to say, and "shall not gravitation "cease as we go by?" The Prince himself bore this

this "pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm," much better. He had to ſtand, hat in hand, in the midſt of it, till he had ſettled the etiquette of receiving and returning at leaſt fifty fine bows and gracious bendings, all which he did with the moſt magnanimous compoſure, ſhaking the "big round drops" from his yet rounder face and ſacred ears!

In the like reſigned way he ſet off, breaſting the hurricane, which, inſtead of yielding to his patience, made head againſt him more violently. He ran the military gauntlet of courteſy through all the principal ſtreets, and from thence to a meadow at the diſtance of a mile, where tents were pitched to receive him. I have a very great objection to take long walks in the rain, albeit of a rambling diſpoſition; but I made it matter of conſcience to expoſe myſelf to a good wetting on this great occaſion. You would not gueſs the grandeur of my ſoul in ſuch a trying hour, were I not to tell you on the faith of an hiſtorian, that although I was armed with an umbrella I never ſpread it over my head; by which emulative action, I reduced myſelf to the ſituation of the Prince himſelf, except that I had ſtill the advantage of him in the article of the head, upon which I retained my hat, thus gaining in

comfort

comfort what I loſt in glory. Indeed, I repented that I had carried the imitation of my ſuperiors to the other parts of my body, feeling that my apothecary's bill (the conſequence of taking cold) was neither paid by the States-General, nor the Stadtholder, as in the caſe of the military, whoſe pay goes on when they are placed on the ſick liſt, eſpecially if they become invalids by doing duty; for me, I did not get a ſingle ſtiver to purchaſe ſugar-candy! and my cold coſt me in that article and others, the groſs ſum of three guilders*! But I have purchaſed a cure for my cough, and my ambition at the ſame time; and were great men to ſwim up to their necks, and little men to follow their example, I ſhall never more be amongſt their competitors; being inveterately fixed not to wet my ſlipper any more for the ſake of ambition; though for that of humanity, I hope I ſhall ever continue to venture far beyond my depth into the moſt *troubled* waters. Many of the officers, amongſt whom were ſeveral pretty fellows, looked as if they would have been glad to take ſhelter in the tents till the hurricane was over; but the Prince reſolved heroically to diſpatch the morn-

* Five ſhillings.

ing buſineſs firſt, and daſhed through all the manœuvres with the diſpoſitions of a duck; all his ſoldiers following his example of courſe; though evidently with ſomewhat of the reluctance of a brood of chickens unnaturally fathered, or rather mothered upon the ſaid duck. Preſently the air cleared, the ſun broke out, and the weather became more favourable to the manœuvres, which were very adroitly performed, and gave great ſatisfaction to the Prince, who was indefatigable in his attention and attendance; he did not finiſh at the Brielle till near three in the afternoon: it muſt have been near five before he got to Helveotſluice, and probably midnight ere he regained his palace. Such are the taxes which governments levy upon the governors; and I have not the ſmalleſt doubt, but that this chief military commander of the Republic, laid his deluged head that night upon the pillow, heartily weary of pre-eminence, and awoke to the conſoling thought that he ſhould not be condemned to pay ſo dear a price for a few huzzas till that time twelve-months.

My friend, men are in the habit of calling kings and emperors tyrants, when moſt of them, at leaſt now a-days, are inveſted with a kind of

of impotent dignity, and are in a state of more intellectual slavery than the meanest subject of their realms; yet are often envied for those splendid vapours, which are but the shining chains and trappings of that very slavery more cumbrous and insupportable: and the history of thrones, alas, scarce furnishes us with a monarch who might not exclaim with one of our own Henries, even as he lies stretched on his couch of royalty,

"Ah, happy lowly clown,
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Adieu.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

THE customs observed in marriages and burials are singular. Respecting the first, the parties, if of the middling rank, are dressed in a suit of sables on the nuptial day, either to indicate the solemnity of the bond or as a *memento mori*, that all hope of conquest should then be dead and buried, at the foot of the altar.

Funerals are no leſs remarkable. A numerous body of the burghers, in black gowns and decent bands, attend the body of every deceaſed citizen. The prieſts, paſtors, &c. viſit the houſe of the deceaſed, which, even as if it was wholly evacuated, is ſhut up, and that with moſt jealous caution, till the morning of the burial. The corpſe is brought out by twelve burghers, and carried by them not on ſhoulders, but by hand to the grave, where it is depoſited without any prayer whatever, though occaſionally a ſermon is preached. The mourners look into the yawning earth that is to hold their relation, or friend, and then depart. They take off theſe "cuſtomary ſuits of com-"mon black," and mix in the buſineſs or diverſions of the world.

Amongſt the advantages of a reſidentiary or a deliberate traveller, who ſtays in a place long enough, or viſits it often enough to gather its produce, whether natural or accidental, are thoſe chances which throw you into the path of brother wanderers, whether preparing to take the field or returning home with the harveſt of obſervation, from the different quarters of this wide world of enterprize. Several of theſe, the Chapter of Accidents has already preſented: ſome

some laden with wheat, others only with chaff; many with flowers, and many with weeds; and not a few again with a mixture of all these: according to the constitution of Nature, which is compounded of good, bad, and indifferent.

During one of my residences alternately at the Hague and the Brielle, I encountered two travellers of very opposite powers, making as opposite impressions. The one, whom by way of characteristic, I shall call Mr. Blank, is of that order of travellers who give to every airy unimportance an inflated grandeur, and describe every trifle with a pomp of words appropriate only to that heroi-comic burlesque, or false sublime, which would very well become the mice and the frogs in the old fable. I soon perceived this self-imagined mountain was always in labour, and brought forth nothing but some of the above-named animals; yet that they were ushered into the world with all the pageantries of eastern phraseology: as ridiculous and unnecessary as it would be to let off a cannon at a gnat, which might more easily be exterminated by a fillip of the finger. This Mr. Blank (so let me call one of them) has travelled the Lord knows where, and is going, I believe

I believe in my conſcience, the Lord knows *not* whither; for he talks of traverſing regions, "where human enterprize has never yet "directed itſelf; of *terræ incognitæ*, of which "human beings have no preciſe ideas of exiſt-"ence, but which he is ſure do exiſt, and which "it is reſerved for him, and him *alone*, to "explore."* Ah, bliſsful vanity! that can thus amuſe thyſelf with the ſhining vapours of thy own ſelf-love, and thus give

"To airy *nothing*,
"A local habitation!"

This Mr. Blank travels with his works in his portmanteau; enters an inn, calls for pen and ink in a violent hurry, to write down his laſt thoughts, ſcribbles at full ſpeed, and notes—joins the public dining-table—introduces *himſelf*—and, what he conceives to be the beſt part of him, his works, to the company—*forces* his right and left hand neighbour to be his auditors—while the firſt courſe is removing he takes care to fill up the interval with the richeſt *entremet*—he ſerves *himſelf up again*—begs the company to hear or read ſome favourite paſſage, which has been admired, copied, and got by heart in every court of Europe; rehearſed

* This is Mr. Blank's own account of his travels.

rehearsed by minor Emperors, and spouted by queens Dowager! but in the midst of reading, being seized with a new idea, he starts up regardless of his own appetite, but happily leaving you to the enjoyment of your's, turns out of the room, or to the side-board, or makes a table of his plate turn'd topsy-turvy, and has scrawled half a sheet of paper before you can help yourself to a glass of wine; for never surely did mortal author produce such "an "infinite deal of nothing" in so little time: and he *talks* nonsense as fast as he *writes* it. Happy powers! but, beware! during his scribbling moments make on your part the best use of them, or your dinner will be again in danger. Our author returns to cram you with food that will add little to your nourishment; and, unless you prefer his windy banquet to good animal sustenance, I see no escape but hunger and flight from a well-filled table; unless you follow the example of a pleasant gentleman, who knowing the disposition of our traveller, declared himself *deaf and blind*; regretting at the same time, in the politest terms, (on a slip of paper he scrawled in a written hint he had received,) that he was *thus* prevented the honour and advantage of either reading or listening to his compositions. Do not, however, suppose

that a traveller who has encountered ſo many more difficulties than Robinſon Cruſoe, or Mr. Bruce, is to be diſmayed by a few natural impediments in any of his auditory: he goes on reciting with the moſt perſevering vehemence; and as in the above inſtance, he fatigues you out of your well-diſſembled deafneſs, he wearies you out of every *other* aſſumed misfortune, by making you at leaſt confeſs that though you *have* eyes you *will not ſee*, and though you have ears you *will not hear*. Thus you muſt either ſacrifice your appetite to your politeneſs, or your politeneſs to your appetite. Mr. Blank has written deſcriptions of countries, through which he has never paſſed; held diſcourſes with the inhabitants who never had habitation; having firſt invented and then converſed with them; painted ſufferings with which it has not yet pleaſed the juſtice of God to reward his falſhood; and incurred many hair-breadth eſcapes without his ever having been in danger.

As it is however well obſerved, that "nothing can come of nothing," I ſhall haſten to repay you for having made ſo "much ado" about it by the introduction of another traveller, who will make his *entrè* under every circumſtance

cumstance that can contribute to Mr. Frank, and whom therefore I shall call Mr. Prize. This gentleman comes recommended to your friendship by all the advantages of good sense, heroism, modesty, and misfortune. Mr. Prize is one of the few who was shipwrecked in the South Seas in the Pandora frigate, and he has been preserved from the general crush of his fellow-creatures by encountering difficulties, from the surmounting which the residue of his life seems *entitled* to every honour and comfort his country can bestow. But as in various other cases, so in this, his misfortunes have been productive of many interesting adventures amongst a people, concerning whom public curiosity has been so much indebted to the immortal Captain Cooke. Mr. Prize with equal modesty and force, related such a variety of anecdotes respecting the inhabitants of Otaheite, that I passed from town to town in the public boats without perceiving the distances, except to regret the stops in the narrative, while we changed our barges, though this at other times is a not unwelcome interruption. I was earnest with him to extend the pleasure he had given me, by publishing his account as a supplement to Cooke. The modesty with which he declined this, "because the talk had been already better

"performed,"

"performed," was in perfect contraſt to the literary, or rather the illiterate arrogance with which Mr. Blank had the day before roundly aſſerted in my hearing, that "if he was ever "again tempted to gratify the curioſity of an "ungrateful world it ſhould be well paid for;" becauſe, added the vain-glorious boaſter, "I "cannot afford to throw away my time and "talents on a work, which, by annihiliating all "other travellers in the like route, beſides the "traverſe of unknown realms, will throw a new "light and luſtre upon hiſtory!"

Nothing ſhort of the pleaſure one derives from the unaffected diffidence of a Mr. Prize, adorned with all the bluſhing powers of merit, and of genius unconſcious of thoſe powers, could atone for the diſguſting pain one ſuffers from the ſwelling conceit of a Mr. Blank, who with the proudeſt opinions coupled the moſt impotent abilities; for, as the relation of Mr. Prize was given in the ſimpleſt dreſs of Truth and Wiſdom, ſo that of Mr. Blank was tricked off in all the meretricious ornaments of abortive labour, panting after the eloquence it could not reach.

Indeed I never but in one ſingle inſtance, knew

knew uncommon talents united with wonderful vanity; and that one exception protested itself to my view the very next day after I had been regaled by the society of Mr. Prize.

That you may have these three extraordinary characters brought as close together upon paper as they were in life, you shall now have a sketch of this third traveller, whom, if you please, we will distinguish by the name of Blank-and-Prize.

Mr. Blank-and-Prize is a Swiss officer of distinction in the service of the Prince of Orange. He unites the spirit of a soldier and the manners of a gentleman, to the enthusiasm of a man of real genius. The powers of that genius, indeed, like many of his natal mountains in Switzerland, are sublime without sterility; they flower to the very summits; and, like his natal valleys, are rich and picturesque; and "fling their fragrance" from the very bottom of the deepest glens. He was introduced to me by a party of familiar friends who take pleasure in obliging me; but having so lately suffered from the obtrusion of Mr. Blank, I did not expect a similar reparation to that which I had found in Mr. Prize. The first appearance of

of the man, however, was menacing. He had not been announced a minute ere he was at the heels of his announcer. I was introduced to him as a traveller, a man of letters, and an Engliſhman. "I have a reſpect for all thoſe "characters," replied Mr. Blank-and-Prize: "I "make my bow to them, even when I meet "with them ſeparately, but when I ſee them "combining before me in a ſingle character, "and concentrating in one perſon, as I under- "ſtand is the caſe at preſent, I open my arms "to receive him in this manner!"—embracing.

Here he expanded himſelf, pulled me into his embraces, and gave me the hug of literary brotherhood. "I am myſelf a traveller, a man "of letters, and though not an Engliſhman, "ſpeak the language, as you perceive, as per- "fectly as the beſt educated native," continued Mr. Blank-and-Prize. "I have traverſed three "parts of the earth, and am ſoon to ſet off for "a tour of the other quarter. I am by birth "a Switzer, glory in my country, and hope "and believe it will *glory in me*."

As he pronounced this, a private of our author's regiment came in with a box of no inconſiderable

inconsiderable free-reader his arts: he placed it at his commanding—*officer's feet*, and making the *new military*, marched off in a drill step.

"Aye, here are some of my works; a short "*specimen*, sir, said he." He took out the key. I trembled. He threw open the lid, and brought forth as many *folio* sheets of paper, very closely penned, as he could grasp. With a no less determined hand, he hurried out a second, and then a third bundle, threatening *such* an attack upon my patience and politeness, as my submissive and often suffering nature almost sunk under: and yet I would go, and have many a time gone, very far *indeed* to let every man and woman have their humour.

The weather was extremely hot and ill-adapted to any very severe trials of attention. I had ever an aversion to that class of authors who are *addicted* to read their own works; and to be hedged into an enclosure where there is no room for any body *but* the author to move a foot or a finger, perhaps for several hours together, to the destruction of my dear forecasting ramble, or twilight *stolen* visit to nature or the moon, with whom I have, you know, nightly assignations. Did you all this threatens

too much? Had there been but a loop-hole left for apology, I would have crept out at it. But the meeting was concerted by my friends, on purpoſe *pour me faire plaiſir*, purely to oblige me. Martyrdom, thought I!

Having rapidly turned over about an hundred leaves, Mr Blank-and-Prize ſaid (*ſtill turning*) "I ſee you are impatient for me to "begin. I will not keep you on the rack "much longer. Come then, come, I will "have mercy on you. You ſhall have a little "of my account of Switzerland firſt, then we "will trip acroſs the ſeas to America, and then "I will bring you back to Europe; after which, "if we have time, you ſhall inſpect my book "of maps and drawings. Let me ſee, we have "ſix hours good, and if I find you deeply "intereſted, as I am ſure you will be, I will "ſtrain a point to paſs the whole evening at this "houſe (where I am always at home), and "where though I read my works twenty times, "they wiſh for them twenty more."

Gueſs my ſituation! a cat pent up in a corner never meditated more fell deſigns. I could have ſtopped his cruel lips by cramming his own works *down his throat!* A ſoliloquy broke out

out in something between a grumble and a sigh. How! am I condemned to *bear* down the summer's day and night, and make the tour of Europe and America chained to this chair! in such a day as this!

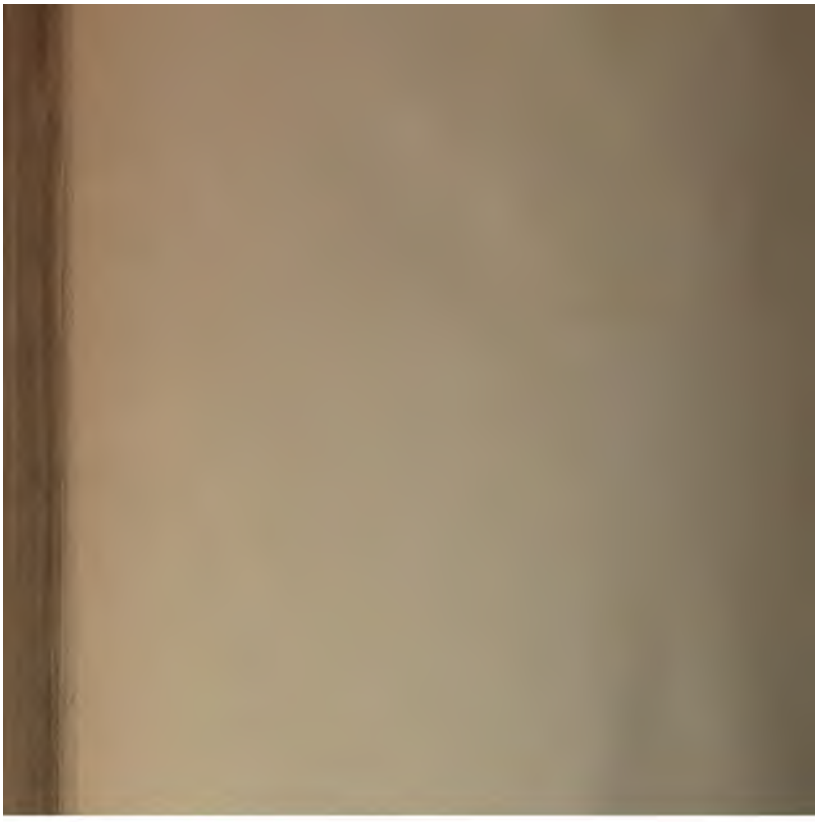
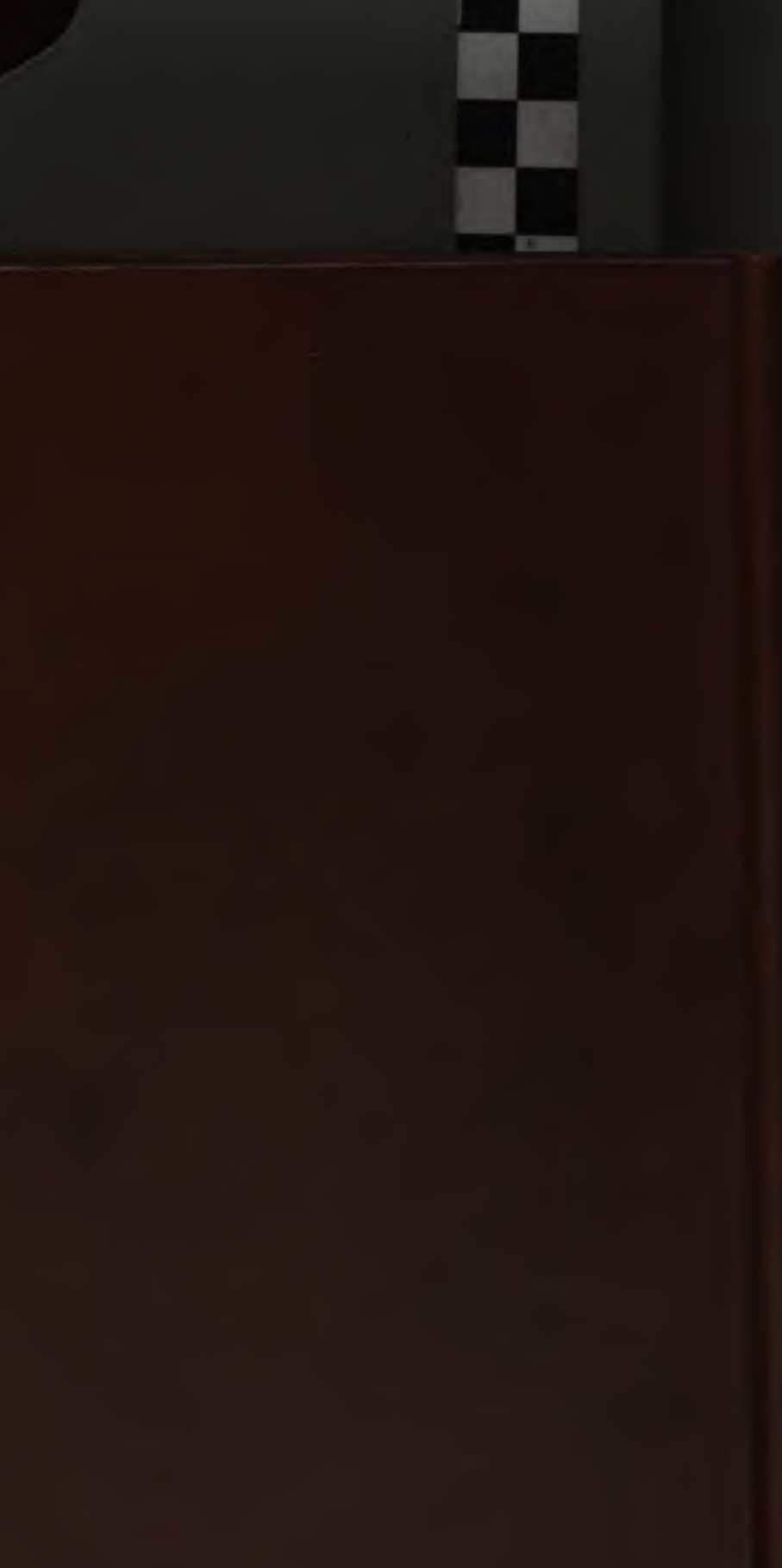
Our historian began. I anticipated periods of a mile, and yawnings of a league. I was mistaken: not only the genuine matter of the compositions, but the manner in which they were delivered was a treat. Albeit I do not boast much of the supposed saturnine, or phlegmatic characteristic of my countrymen, and have possibly suffered not a little from indulging the bias of a contrary disposition, I do assure you *my* most headlong sallies (even when they have driven me from a plain path and open country, into the entanglements of an untrodden wood, in the which, friend and reader, thou hast often seen me involved) might be deemed cold-hearted apathy to the deportment of our literary hero while in the act of reading his manuscripts!

He first took me into Switzerland, and had he kept me there till now, amidst the scenery with which his pen and pencil brought me acquainted, I should have looked on myself as

a very happy mountaineer, and him as a delightful guide! It is as impoſſible to read his book without wiſhing to viſit his country, and to poſſeſs the power to feel and to deſcribe its beauties with the ſame force, as to view with *ſangfroid* the exquiſite and magic ſcenery of De Loutherbourg.

I cannot repeat the name of the laſt-mentioned gentleman, without ſubſcribing fully to your eulogium on his talents. He paints to the ſoul, "The cloud-capt hill," the profound valley, the ſcarce-heard rill, the deafning cataract, the proudeſt ſublimities, and all the intereſting minutiæ of nature, in her labours, in her paſtimes, in her awful operations, and in her ſports, are before you. *He places you on the ſpots deſcribed.* His pencil carries you where its owner pleaſes; you converſe with the perſons; you loſe ſight of the painter; you forget he is ſitting in a chair beſide you, or even deſcribing to you the ſtory of his piece. He is loſt in the ſcene he has painted: the object he groupes, the ſtory he tells, are in your heart. He perſonifies imaginary, and annihilates actual beings. In ſhort, he intereſts you ſo much for the abſent, that you neglect or overlook the preſent. For himſelf,

self, he is frequently out of sight; and we have eyes and ears only for the places and personages with whom he brings us acquainted; but when the charm on the canvas is dissolved, and De Loutherbourg comes again into view, you recollect that he is not only one of the best painters, but one of the worthiest men in the world. This combines love of the man with admiration of the artist, and your satisfaction is complete.

By a retrograde motion I shall now conduct you back to the *first* field of our observation in Holland (Helvoetsluys), in order to carry you progressively to the *last*, to the advantage of your purse, the ease of your person, and the amusement of your mind.

I should apologize for these Gleanings being somewhat out of place, had I not been previously authorized in our compact of correspondence, to take what freedoms I pleased with time and circumstance, to carry you backwards and forwards as seemed best unto me; taking care to arrange the whole amidst this "regular "confusion" as to give you the greatest variety of entertainment and information.